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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING

The CAPTAIN,
The PROPHETESS,
The QUEEN *of* CORINTH,
BONDUCA,
The KNIGHT *of the* BURNING PESTLE,
Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Sympson.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand*.

MDCCL.

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B5T9WM
V.6

THE

CAPTAIN.

A

COMEDY.

378157

PROLOGUE.

TO pleaſe you with this Play, we fear, will be
(So does the Author too) a Myſtery
Somewhat above our Art; for all Mens Eyes,
Ears, Faiths, and Judgments, are not of one ſize.
For to ſay Truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor Comedy, *nor* Tragedy,
Nor Hiſtory, *nor any thing that may*
(Yet in a Week) be made a perfect Play:
Yet thoſe that love to laugh, and thoſe that think
Twelve Pence goes farther this way than in Drink,
Or Damſels, if they mark the matter through,
May ſtumble on a fooliſh Toy, or two,
Will make 'em ſhew their Teeth: Pray, for my ſake
(That likely am your firſt Man) do not take
A diſtaſte before you feel it: for ye may
When this is hiſt to Aſhes, have a Play,
And here, to out-hiſs this; be patient then,
(My Honour done) you're welcome, Gentlemen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Julio, *a noble Gentleman, in Love with* Lelia.
Angelo, *a Gentleman, Friend to* Julio.
Lodovico, } *two Cowardly Gulls.*
Piſo, }
Frederick, *a Gentleman, Brother to* Frank.
Jacomo, *an angry Captain, a Woman-hater.*
Fabritio, *a merry Soldier, Friend to* Jacomo.
Lelia's *Father, an old poor Gentleman.*
Hoſt.
Vintner.
Drawers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Frank, *Siſter to* Frederick, *a Lady paſſionately in Love with* Jacomo.
Clora, *Siſter to* Fabritio, *a witty Companion to* Frank.
Lelia, *a cunning wanton Widow.*
Waiting-woman.
Maid-Servants.

SCENE *VENICE.*

THE

THE CAPTAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lodovico, *and* Piſo.

LODOVICO.

THE truth is, *Piſo*, ſo ſhe be a Woman,
And rich and wholeſome, let her be of what
Condition and Complexion it pleaſe,
She ſhall pleaſe me I am ſure: thoſe Men are
Fools
That make their Eyes their chuſers, not their Needs.

Piſo. Methinks I'd have her honeſt too, and handſome.

Lod. Yes, If I could have both, but ſince they are
Wiſhes ſo near Impoſſibilities,
Let me have that that may be.

Piſo. If't were ſo,
I hope your Conſcience would not be ſo nice
To ſtart at ſuch a Bleſſing. *Lod.* No, believe me,
I do not think I ſhould. *Piſo.* But thou wouldſt be,
I do not doubt, upon the leaſt ſuſpicion,
Unmercifully jealous.

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Lod. No I ſhould not,
For I believe thoſe mad that ſeek vexations.
A Wife, though ſhe be honeſt, is a trouble,
Had I a Wife as fair as *Helen* was,
That drew ſo many Cuckolds to her Cauſe,
Theſe Eyes ſhould ſee another in my Saddle,
Ere I believe my Beaſt would carry double.
Piſo. So ſhould not I by'r Lady, and I think
My Patience, by your leave, as good as yours,
Report would ſtir me mainly, I am ſure on't.
Lod. Report? you are unwiſe, Report is nothing;
For if there were a truth in what Men talk,
I mean of this kind, this part of the World
I am ſure would be no more call'd Chriſtendom.
Piſo. What then?
Lod. Why Cuckoldom, for we ſhould loſe
Our old Faiths clean, and hold their new Opinions:
If talk could make me ſweat, before I would marry,
I'd tie a ſurer knot, and hang myſelf;
I tell thee there was never Woman yet,
Nor never hope there ſhall be, though a Saint,
But ſhe has been a ſubject to Mens Tongues,
And in the worſt ſenſe; and that deſperate Husband,
That dares give up his peace, and (1) follow rumours,
Which he ſhall find too buſy, if he ſeek 'em,
Beſide the forcing of himſelf an Aſs,
He dies in Chains, eating himſelf with anger.
Piſo. Having theſe Antidotes againſt Opinion
I would marry any one; an arrant Whore.
Lod. Thou doſt not feel the Nature of this Phyſick,
Which I preſcribe, not to beget Diſeaſes,
But where they are, to ſtop them.
Piſo. I conceive ye;
What thinkeſt thou? thy way of the Widow *Lelia?*

(1) ——*follow* humours.] This Reading, tho' perhaps not quite indefenſible, carries not ſo clear and obvious a Meaning as that I have ſuggeſted. Mr. *Seward* too hit upon this Conjecture, and as I had his Concurrence, my Scruple of receding from the old Lection was eaſily overcome.

Lod.

Lod. Faith thou haſt found out one, I muſt confeſs,
Would ſtagger my beſt Patience: From that Woman,
As I would bleſs myſelf from Plagues and Surfeits,
From Men o' War at Sea, from Storms and Quickſands.
From hearing Treaſon and concealing it,
From daring of a Madman, or a Drunkard,
From Herely, ill Wine, and ſtumbling Poſt-horſe;
So would I pray each Morning, and each Night
(And if I ſaid each hour, I ſhould not lye)
To be delivered of all theſe in one,
The Woman thou haſt named.

Enter Julio, Angelo, *and* Father.

Piſo. Thou haſt ſet her in a pretty Litany.
Ang. Pray take my counſel.
Jul. When I am myſelf
I'll hear you any way; love me though thus,
As thou art honeſt, which I dare not be
Leſt I deſpiſe myſelf. Farewel. [*Exit* Julio.
Piſo. Do you hear my Friend: Sir, are you not a Setter
For the fair Widow here of famous Memory?
Fath. Ha? am I taken for a Bawd? O Heav'n!
To mine own Child too? Miſery, I thank thee
That keep'ſt me from their knowledge: Sir, believe me
I underſtand ye not.
Lod. You love plain dealing.
Are you not parcel Bawd? confeſs your Function,
It may be we would uſe it.
Fath. Were ſhe worſe,
As I fear ſtrangely ſhe is ill enough,
I would not hear this tamely.
Piſo. Here's a Shilling
To ſtrike good luck withal.
Fath. Here's a Sword, Sir,
To ſtrike a Knave withal; thou lyeſt, and baſely,
Be what thou wilt.
Ang. Why how now, Gentlemen?
Fath. You are many: I ſhall meet you, Sir, again,
And make you underſtand, you've wrong'd a Woman
Compar'd with whom thy Mother was a ſinner.
Farewel. [*Exit Father.*

Piſo. He has amaz'd me.
Ang. With a blow?
By'r Lady 'twas a ſound one; are ye good
At taking knocks? I ſhall know you hereafter:
You were to blame to tempt a Man ſo far
Before you knew him certain: h'as not hurt ye?
Piſo. No, I think.
Lod. We were to blame indeed to go ſo far,
For Men may be miſtaken; if he had ſwinged us
H'had ſerv'd us right: Beſhrew my Heart, I think,
We have done the Gentlewoman as much wrong too,
For hang me if I know her
In my particular.
Piſo. Nor I; this 'tis to credit
Mens idle Tongues; I warrant they have ſaid
As much by our two Mothers.
Lod. Like enough.
Ang. I ſee a beating now and then, does more
Move and ſtir up a Man's contrition
Than a ſharp Sermon, here *probatum eſt.*

Enter Frederick, *and Servant.*

Ser. What ſhall I tell your Siſter?
Fred. Tell her this,
'Till ſhe be better converſation'd,
And leave her walking by herſelf, and whining
To her old melancholy Lute, I'll keep
As far from her as th' Gallows. [*Exit Servant.*
Ang. Who's that, *Frederick?*
Fred. Yes marry is't. O *Angelo*, how doſt thou?
Ang. Save you, Sir, pray how does my Miſtreſs?
Fred. She is in Love I think, but not with you
I can aſſure you: Saw ye *Fabritio?*
Ang. Is he come over? *Fred.* Yes, a Week ago:
(2) Shall we dine?
Ang. No, I cannot.

(2) *Shall we dine?*
Ang. *I cannot.*
Fred. *I prithee do.*] I have ventur'd for the ſake of Meaſure here, to put in one Monoſyllable on my own Authority, and leave out another on that of the Folio of 1647.

Fred.

Fred. Prithee do.
Ang. Believe me I have Buſineſs.
Fred. Have you too, Gentlemen?
Piſo. No, Sir.
Fred. Why then let's dine together.
Lod. With all my Heart.
Fred. Go then: Farewel, good *Angelo*,
Commend me to your Friend.
Ang. I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Frank, *and* Clora.

Clo. Do not diſſemble, *Frank*, mine Eyes are quicker
Than ſuch Obſervers, that do ground their Faith
Upon one Smile or Tear; you're much alter'd,
And are as empty of thoſe Excellencies
That were Companions to you, I mean Mirth
And free diſpoſure of your Blood and Spirit,
As you were born a Mourner.
Frank. How, I prithee?
For I perceive no ſuch Change in myſelf.
Clo. Come, come, this is not wiſe, nor provident,
To halt before a Cripple: if you love,
Be liberal to your Friend, and let her know it,
I ſee the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove, without a true Companion.
Frank. Sure thou wouldſt have me love.
Clo. Yes, marry would I,
I ſhould not pleaſe ye elſe.
Frank. And who, for Heav'n's ſake?
For I aſſure myſelf, I know not yet:
And prithee *Clora*, ſince thoul't have it ſo
That I muſt love, and do I know not what,
Let him be held a pretty handſome Fellow,
And young, and if he be a little valiant
'Twill be the better; and a little wiſe,
And faith a little honeſt.
Clo. Well, I will ſound ye yet for all your Craft.

Frank. Heigh ho! I'll love no more.
Clo. Than one; and him
You ſhall love, *Frank.*
Frank. Which him? Thou art ſo wiſe
People will take thee ſhortly for a Witch:
But prithee tell me, *Clora*, if I were
So mad as thou wouldſt make me, what kind of Man
Wouldſt thou imagine him?
Clo. Faith ſome pretty Fellow
With a clean Strength, that cracks a Cudgel well
And dances at a Wake, and plays at Nine-holes.
Frank. O God what pretty Commendation thou haſt given him!
Faith if I were in Love, as I thank Heav'n
I do not think I am; this ſhort Epiſtle
Before my Love would make me burn the Legend.
Clo. You are too wild, I mean ſome Gentleman.
Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiſer:
Some Gentleman? no *Clora*, till ſome Gentleman
Will keep ſome Land, and fewer Whores, believe me
I'll keep no love for him; I do not long
To go a foot yet, and ſollicit Cauſes.
Clo. What think you then of an Adventurer?
I mean ſome wealthy Merchant.
Frank. Let him venture
(4) In ſome decay'd Crare of his own: He ſhall not
Rig me out, that's the ſhort on't; out upon't:
What young thing of my Years would endure
To have her Husband in another Country
Within a Month after ſhe is married
Chopping for rotten Raiſins, and lye pining
At home under the mercy of his Foreman? no,

(4) *In ſome decay'd* Crare *of his own:* —] Thus rightly reads the Copy of 1647. The Editor of 1679 has corrupted the Paſſage, tho' at the ſame time I own he has well explain'd it; for thus he reads,

In ſome decay'd Crare *or* Carrack:

Crare here ſignifies juſt what *Carrack* does, being the Name of a trading Veſſel then, tho' I believe at this time 'tis entirely diſus'd.

Though

Though they be wealthy, and indifferent wiſe,
I do not ſee that I am bound to love 'em.
Clo. I ſee ye are hard to pleaſe; yet I will pleaſe ye.
Frank. Faith not ſo hard neither, if conſidered
What Woman may deſerve as ſhe is worthy:
But why do we beſtow our time ſo idly?
Prithee let's entertain ſome other talk,
This is as ſickly to me as faint Weather:
Clo. Now I believe I ſhall content you, *Frank*,
What think you of a Courtier?
Frank. Faith ſo ill,
That if I ſhould be full, and ſpeak but Truth,
'Twould ſhew as if I wanted Charity:
Prithee good Wench let me not rail upon 'em,
Yet I have an excellent Stomach, and muſt do it;
I have no mercy of theſe Infidels
Since I am put in mind on't, good Wench bear with me.
Clo. Can no Man fit you? I will find him out.
Frank. This Summer Fruit, that you call Courtier,
While you continue cold and froſty to him
(5) Hangs faſt, and may be found: But when you fling
Too full a heat of your Affections
Upon his Root, and make him ripe too ſoon,
You'll find him rotten in the handling;
His Oaths and his Affections are all one
With his Apparel, things to ſet him off;
He has as many Miſtreſſes as Faiths,
And (6) all *Apocryphal*; his true belief
Is only in a private Surgeon;
And for my ſingle ſelf (7) I'd ſooner venture

(5) *Hangs faſt, and may be* found:] The Reading I have given, in the preſent Text, tho' different from the old Editions, ſo well carries on the Alluſion in this and the following Lines, by the ſmall Change of only a ſingle Letter, that I hope the Recovery of good Senſe, by the Inſertion of an *f* for an *f*, will not be thought any Violation of the Rules of Criticiſm. Mr. *Theobald*, whom I muſt always mention with Honour, reads juſt as I do; and I wiſh I could not ſay, that this is the only Correction or Attempt towards one thro' this whole Play.

(6) — *all* Apocrypha;] So the other Editions.

(7) —— *I'd ſooner venture.*] I have not dar'd to alter the ancient Text, tho' I don't think it quite agreeable to that Clearneſs of Expreſ-

A new Converſion of the *Indies*,
Than to make Courtiers able Men, or honeſt.
Clo. I do believe you love no Courtier,
And by my troth to gueſs you into Love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your Will, or my Imagination:
And yet I am ſure you're caught, and I will know him.
There's none left now worthy the thinking of,
Unleſs it be a Soldier, and I am ſure
I would ever bleſs myſelf from ſuch a Fellow.
Frank. Why, prithee?
Clo. Out upon 'em, Fire-locks!
They're nothing in the World but Buff and Scarlet,
Tough, unhewn pieces to hack Swords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a Cannon,
As one of thoſe.
Frank. Thou art too malicious,
Upon my faith methinks they're worthy Men.
Clo. Say ye ſo? I'll pull ye on a little further.
What worth can be in thoſe Men, whoſe Profeſſion
Is nothing in the World but drink and damn me,
Out of whoſe violence they are poſſeſt
With Legions of unwholeſome Whores and Quarrels?
I am of that opinion, and will die in't,
There is no Underſtanding, nor can be
In a ſouſt Soldier.
Frank. Now 'tis ignorance
I eaſily perceive, that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of Truth; I'll lay my Life
If thou'dſt been made a Man, thou hadſt been a Coward.
Clo. If to be valiant, be to be a Soldier;
I'll tell ye true, I had rather be a Coward,
I am ſure with leſs ſin.—*Frank.* This Hereſie
Muſt be look'd to in time: for if it ſpread
'Twill grow too Peſtilent; were I a Scholar

ſion uſual in our Authors. *To venture a Wager*, &c. is common, not ſo a Converſion. If I might be indulg'd, I would humbly offer at reading thus,

——— *I'd ſooner venture on*
A new Converſion of the Indians.

I would ſo hamper thee for thy Opinion,
That ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the World, and make thee not believ'd
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A Reprobate out of the State of Honour.
By all good things, thou haſt flung Aſperſions
So like a Fool (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a ſort of Men, that let me tell thee
Thy Mother's Mother would have been a Saint
Had ſhe conceiv'd a Soldier; they are People
(I may commend 'em, while I ſpeak but truth)
Of all the old World, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.
They are the model of thoſe Men, whoſe Honours
We heave our Hands at, when we hear recited.

Clo. They are, and I have all I fought for, 'tis a Soldier
You love, hide it no longer; you have betray'd yourſelf;
Come, I have found your way of Commendations,
And what I ſaid was but to pull it from ye.

Frank. 'Twas pretty, are ye grown ſo cunning, *Clora?*
I grant I love a Soldier; but what Soldier
Will be a new task to ye? But all this
I do imagine was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.

Clo. I will have the Man,
Ere I forſake ye.

Frank. I muſt to my Chamber.

Clo. May not I go along?

Frank. Yes, but good Wench
Move me no more with theſe fond queſtions,
They work like Rhubarb with me.

Clo. Well, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lelia *and her Waiting-woman.*

Lel. How now? who was that you ſtaid to ſpeak withal?

Wom. The old Man forſooth.

Lel. What old Man? [that you call Father.

Wom. The poor old Man, that uſes to come hither, he

Lel.

Lel. Have you diſpatch'd him?
Wom. No; he would fain ſpeak with you.
Lel. Wilt thou ne'er learn more Manners, than to draw in
Such needy Raſcals to diſquiet me?
Go, anſwer him I will not be at leiſure.
Wom. He will needs ſpeak with you; and good old Man he weeps ſo,
That by my troth I have not th' heart to deny him,
Pray let him ſpeak with you. *Lel.* Lord
How tender Stomach'd you are grown of late?
You are not in love with him, are ye?
If ye be, ſtrike up the Match; you ſhall have
Three *l.* and a pair of Blankets! Will ye go anſwer him?
Wom. Pray let him ſpeak with you, he'll not away elſe.
Lel. Well, let him in then, if there be no remedy;
I thank Heav'n I am able to abuſe him,
I ſhall ne'er come clear elſe of him.

Enter Father.

Now Sir, what is your buſineſs? Pray be ſhort;
For I have other Matters of more moment
To call me from ye.
Fath. If you but look upon me like a Daughter,
And keep that Love about ye that makes good
A Father's Hope, you'll quickly find my buſineſs,
And what I would ſay to you, and before
I ask, will be a giver: Say that ſleep,
I mean that Love, or be but num'd within ye,
The nature of my want is ſuch a ſearcher,
And of ſo mighty Power, that where he finds
This dead forgetfulneſs, it works ſo ſtrongly,
That if the leaſt heat of a Child's Affection
Remain unperiſh'd, like another Nature,
It makes all new again; pray do not ſcorn me,
Nor ſeem to make yourſelf a greater Buſineſs
Than my relieving.
Lel. If you were not Old
I ſhould laugh at ye; what a vengeance ails ye
To be ſo childiſh to imagine me

(8) A founder of old Fellows? Make him drink, Wench,
(9) And if there be any cold Meat in the Buttery,
Give him ſome broken bread, and that, and rid him.
Fath. Is this a Child's Love? Or a Recompence
Fit for a Father's Care? O *Lelia*,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadſt not been;
Or like me miſerable: But 'tis impoſſible
Nature ſhould die ſo utterly within thee,
And loſe her Promiſes; thou art one of thoſe
She ſet her Stamp more excellently on,
Than common People, as foretelling thee
A general Example of her Goodneſs;
Or ſay ſhe could lye, yet Religion
(For love to Parents is religious)
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me,
I am the Root that gave thee Nouriſhment,
And made thee ſpring fair, do not let me periſh
Now I am old and ſapleſs.
Lel. As I live
I like ye far worſe now ye grow thus holy.
I grant you are my Father; am I therefore
Bound to conſume myſelf, and be a Beggar
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any ſuch mad Compaſſion yet within me.
Fath. I gave up all my State to make yours thus.
Lel. 'Twas as ye ought to do, and now ye cry for't
As Children do for Babies back again.
Fath. How wouldſt thou have me live?

(8) *A Founder of old Fellows?*——] We muſt underſtand this Expreſſion (if right) in the Senſe of making a comfortable Proviſion for People advanc'd in Years, during the remaining Portion of their Lives. Yet I can ſcarce help thinking, but that the Text is corrupted, and that the true Reading ought to be,

A Fondler *of old Fellows*—— i. e. a Pamperer.
So in this Scene *Lelia* ſays,

——— *Are ye ſo fooliſh*
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my Heir, or I ſo old to make
A Nurſe at theſe Years for you, and attend
While you ſup up my State in Penny Pots
Of Malmſey, &c.

(9) So the Edition of 1647. The other, *And if there any*

Lel.

Lel. I would not have ye;
Nor know no Reaſon Fathers ſhould deſire
To live, and be a trouble when (10) their Children
Are able to inherit; let them die,
'Tis fit, and lookt for, that they ſhould do ſo.
Fath. Is this your Comfort?
Lel. All that I feel yet.
Fath. I will not curſe thee.
Lel. If you do I care not.
Fath. Pray you give me leave to weep.
Lel. Why pray take leave,
If it be for your eaſe.
Fath. Thy Mother died,
Sweet peace be with her, in a happy Time.
Lel. She did, Sir, as ſhe ought to do, would you
Would take the Pains to follow; what ſhould you,
Or any old Man do wearing away
In this World with Diſeaſes, and deſire
Only to live to make their Children Scourge Sticks,
And hoard up Mill-Money? methinks a Marble
Lies quieter upon an old Man's Head
Than a cold fit o'th' Palſey.
Fath. O good (11) God!
To what an impudence, thou wretched Woman,
Haſt thou begot thy ſelf again! Well, Juſtice
Will puniſh Diſobedience.
Lel. You miſtake, Sir;
(12) 'Twill puniſh Beggars; fie for Shame, go work,
Or ſerve, you are grave enough to be a Porter
In ſome good Man of Worſhips Houſe, and give
Sententious Anſwers to the Comers in.
A pretty Place; or be of ſome good Conſort,
You had a pleaſant Touch o'th' *Cittern* once,
If Idleneſs have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old and beggarly,
Two Sins that ever do out-grow Compaſſion;

(10) —— *when Children.*] I have inſerted *their* for the ſake both of the Meaſure and the Senſe.

(11) So the Edition of 1647. The other Editions, *Heav'n!* The ſame thing occurs in Page 20.

(12) *'Till*] The Edition of 1647 gives the preſent Text.

If

If I might ſee you offer at a Courſe
That were a likely one, and ſhew'd ſome Profit,
I would not ſtick for ten Groats, or a Noble.
Fath. Did I beget this Woman?
Lel. Nay, I know not:
And' till I know, I will not thank you for't;
However, he that got me had the Pleaſure,
And that, methinks, is a Reward ſufficient.
Fath. I am ſo ſtrangely ſtrucken with Amazement,
I know not where I am, nor what I am. [bring ye
Lel. You had beſt take freſh Air ſomewhere elſe, 'twill
Out of your Trance the ſooner.
Fath. Is all this
As you mean, *Lelia?*
Lel. Yes believe me is it,
For yet I cannot think you are ſo fooliſh,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my Heir, or I ſo old to make
A Nurſe at theſe Years for you, and attend
While you ſup up my State in penny Pots
Of *Malmſey:* When I am excellent at Cawdles,
And Cullices, and have enough ſpare Gold
To boil away, you ſhall be welcome to me;
'Till when I'd have you be as merry, Sir,
As you can make yourſelf with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with theſe Relations,
Of what you have been to me, or you are,
For as I hear them, ſo I loſe them; this,
For ought I know yet, is my Reſolution.
Fath. Well, God be with thee, for I fear thy end
Will be a ſtrange Example. [*Exit Father.*
Lel. Fare ye well, Sir;
Now would ſome poor tender-hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: Such Children
(I thank my Underſtanding) I hate truly,
For by my troth I'd rather ſee their Tears
Than feel their Pities; my Deſires and Ends
Are all the Kindred that I have, and Friends.

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?

Wom. Yes, but here's another.

Lel. Not of his Tribe I hope; bring (13) me no more,
I would wish you, such as he is; if thou seest
They look like Men of Worth, and State, and carry
Ballast of both Sides like tall Gentlemen,
Admit 'em, but no Snakes to poison us
With Poverty; Wench, you must learn a wise Rule,
Look not upon the Youths of Men, and Making,
How they descend in Blood, nor let their Tongues,
Though they strike suddenly, and sweet as Musick,
Corrupt thy Fancy; see, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thyself without their Distance,
Unless the Love thou swallow be a Pill
Gilded, to hide the Bitterness it brings,
Then fall on without fear, wench, yet so wisely
That one Encounter cloy him not; nor promise
His Love hath made thee more his, than his Monies;
Learn this and thrive, then let thine Honour ever
(For that's the last Rule) be so stood upon,
That Men may fairly see
'Tis want of Means, not Virtue makes thee fall;
And if you weep 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more Compassion, which includes
A greater Tenderness of Love and Bounty:
This is enough at once, digest it well:
Go let him in, Wench, if he promise Profit,
Not else.

Enter Julio.

O you are welcome my fair Servant,
Upon my Troth I have been longing for ye.

Wom. This, by her Rule, should be a liberal Man,
I see the best on's may learn every Day.

Lel. There's none come with you?

Jul. No.

Lel. You do the wiser;
For some that have been here (I name no Man)

(13) *Me* is wanting in the Edition of 1711. That of 1647 supplies this Deficiency.

Out

Out of their Malice, more than Truth, have done me
Some few ill Offices.
Jul. How, Sweet?
Lel. Nay, nothing,
Only have talkt a little wildly of me;
As their unruly Youth directed 'em;
Which though they bite me not, I would have wiſht
Had light upon ſome other that deſerv'd 'em.
Jul. Though ſhe deſerve this of the looſeſt Tongue
(Which makes my Sin the more) I muſt not ſee it;
Such is my Miſery. I would I knew him.
Lel. No, no, let him go,
He is not worth your Anger; I muſt chide you
For being ſuch a Stranger to your Miſtreſs,
Why would you be ſo, Servant?
Jul. I ſhould chide,
If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being ſuch a Stranger to your Servant,
I mean to his Deſires; when, my dear Miſtreſs,
Shall I be made a happy Man?
Lel. Fie, Servant,
What do you mean? unhand me, or, by Heav'n,
I ſhall be very angry, this is Rudeneſs.
Jul. 'Twas but a Kiſs or two, that thus offends you.
Lel. 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant for.
Jul. I'm ſorry I deſerv'd no more.
Lel. You may,
But not this rough way, Servant; we are tender,
And ought in all to be reſpected ſo;
If I had been your Horſe, or Whore, you might
Back me with this Intemperance; I thought
You had lov'd as worthy Men, whoſe fair Affections
Seek pleaſures warranted, not pull'd by violence:
Do ſo no more.
Jul. I hope you are not angry?
Lel. I ſhould be with another Man, I'm ſure,
That durſt appear but half thus violent.
Jul. I did not mean to raviſh ye.
Lel. You could not.
Jul. You are ſo willing——

Lel. How?
Jul. Methinks this ſhadow,
If you had ſo much ſhame as fits a Woman,
At leaſt of your way, Miſtreſs, long ere this
Had been laid off to me that underſtand ye.
Lel. That underſtand me? Sir, ye underſtand,
Nor ſhall, no more of me than modeſty
Will, without fear, deliver to a Stranger;
You underſtand I'm honeſt, elſe I tell ye,
(Though you were better far than *Julio*)
You, and your Underſtanding are two Fools,
But were we Saints, thus we are ſtill rewarded:
I ſee that Woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the Maſter of a Kindneſs,
She durſt not anſwer openly; O me!
How eaſily we Women may be cozen'd!
I took this *Julio*, as I have a Faith,
(This young Diſſembler with the ſober Vizard,)
For the moſt modeſt temper'd Gentleman,
The cooleſt, quieteſt, and beſt Companion;
For ſuch an one I could have wiſh'd a Woman.
Jul. You've wiſh'd me ill enough o' Conſcience,
Make me no worſe for ſhame; I ſee the more
I work by way of Service to obtain ye,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a Woman,
For if you uſe me thus, that Faith will periſh)
What is your end, and whither you will pull me;
Tell me, but tell me that I may not ſtart at,
And have a cauſe to curſe ye.
Lel. Bleſs me goodneſs!
To curſe me, did you ſay, Sir? let it be
For too much loving you then, ſuch a curſe
Kill me withal, and I ſhall be a Martyr.
You've found a new way to reward my doating,
And I confeſs a fit one for my folly,
For you yourſelf, if you have good within ye,
And dare be Maſter of it, know how dearly
This Heart hath held you ever; O good Heav'n!
That I had never ſeen that falſe Man's Eyes,

That

That dares reward me thus with fears and curſes;
Nor never heard the ſweetneſs of that Tongue,
That will, when this is known, yet cozen Women;
Curſe me, good *Julio*, curſe me bitterly,
(I do deſerve it for my confidence,)
And I beſeech thee, if thou haſt a Goodneſs
Or Power yet in thee to confirm thy wiſhes,
Curſe me to Earth, for what ſhould I do here
Like a decaying Flower, ſtill withering
Under his bitter words, whoſe kindly heat
Should give my poor Heart life? No, curſe me, *Julio*,
Thou canſt not do me ſuch a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heav'ns may hear it.

Jul. O fair Tears! were you but as chaſt as ſubtle,
Like Bones of Saints, you would work Miracles;
What were theſe Women to a Man that knew not
The thouſand, thouſand ways of their deceiving?
What Riches had he found? O he would think
Himſelf ſtill dreaming of a bleſſedneſs,
That like continual Spring ſhould flouriſh ever.
For if ſhe were as good as ſhe is ſeeming,
Or, like an Eagle, could renew her Virtues,
Nature had made another World of ſweetneſs.
Be not ſo griev'd, ſweet Miſtreſs, what I ſaid,
You do, or ſhould know, was but Paſſion;
Pray wipe your Eyes and kiſs me; take theſe trifles,
And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on: indeed I love ye,
Beſhrew my ſick Heart, if I grieve not for ye.

Lel. Will you diſſemble ſtill? I am a Fool,
And you may eas'ly rule me; If you flatter,
The ſin will be your own.

Jul. You know I do not.

Lel. And ſhall I be ſo childiſh once again,
After my late experience of your ſpight
To credit you? You do not know how deep
(Or if you did, you would be kinder to me,)
This bitterneſs of yours has ſtruck my Heart.

Jul. I pray, no more.

Lel. Thus you would do, I warrant,

If I were married to you.

Jul. Married to me?
Is that your end?

Lel. Yes, is not that the beſt end,
And, as all hold, the nobleſt way of Love?
Why do you look ſo ſtrange, Sir? Do not you
Deſire it ſhould be ſo?

Jul. Stay.

Lel. Anſwer me.

Jul. Farewel. [*Exit* Julio.

Lel. Ay! Are you there? Are all theſe Tears loſt then?
Am I ſo overtaken by a Fool
In my beſt Days and Tricks? My wiſe Fellow,
I'll make you ſmart for't, as I am a Woman;
And if thou beeſt not Timber, yet I'll warm thee.
And is he gone?

Enter Woman.

Wom. Yes.

Lel. He's not ſo lightly ſtruck,
To be recovered with a baſe Repentance,
I ſhould be ſorry then; Fortune, I prithee
Give me this Man but once more in my Arms,
And if I loſe him, Women have no Charms. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Jacomo, *and* Fabricio.

Jac. SEignior, what think you of this ſound of Wars?

Fab. As only of a ſound; they that intend
To do, are like deep Waters that run quietly,
(14) Leaving no Noiſe of what they were, behind 'em.

(14) *Leaving no* face ---] Deep Waters, 'tis true, have generally a ſmooth unruffled face, but the Expreſſion *leaving a face behind 'em*, ſeems to have no propriety, nor does it agree with the former or ſubſequent Metaphors, which *Noiſe* does. *T. Seward.*

I am apt to believe that neither *Face* or *Noiſe* are at all proper in this Place, as the learned Reader will eaſily perceive.

This

This Rumour is too common, and too loud,
To carry truth.
Jac. Shall we ne'er live to ſee
Men look like Men again, upon a March?
This cold dull ruſty Peace makes us appear
Like empty Pictures, only the faint Shadows
Of what we ſhould be; would to Heav'n my Mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me Woman, to ſit ſtill and Sing,
Or be Sick when I liſt, or any thing
That is too idle for a Man to think of;
Would I had been a Whore, 't had been a courſe
Certain, and (of my Conſcience) of more gain
Than two Commands, as I would handle it:
'Faith, I could wiſh I had been any thing
Rather than what I am, a Soldier;
A Carrier, or a Cobler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a Sword firſt; for their Trades
Are, and ſhall be, a conſtant way of Life,
While Men ſend Cheeſes up, or wear out Buskins.
Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'ſt thy Anger a far more Vexation
Than the not having Wars; I am a Soldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,
Though I could wiſh a breach with all the World,
If not diſhonourable, a'n't ſo malicious,
To curſe the fair Peace of my Mother Country;
But thou want'ſt Mony, and the firſt ſupply
Will bury theſe Thoughts in thee.
Jac. 'Pox o' Peace,
It fills the Kingdom full of Holidays,
And only feeds the wants of Whores and Pipers;
And makes the idle drunken Rogues get Spinſters:
'Tis true, I may want Mony, and no little,
And almoſt Cloaths too; of which if I'd both
In full abundance, yet againſt all Peace,
That brings up miſchiefs thicker than a Shower,
I would ſpeak louder than a Lawyer;
By Heav'n, it is the ſurfeit of all Youth,
That makes the toughneſs and the ſtrength of Nations

Melt into Women. It is an Eaſe that
Broods Thieves and Baſtards only.
Fab. This is more
(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And favours only of an indiſcretion.
Believe me, Captain, ſuch diſtemper'd Spirits
Once out of motion, though they be Proof valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own Diſgraces; and are nearer
Doubt and Suſpect in Princes, than Rewards.
Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you thoſe true Spirits ill affected,
That whilſt the Wars were, ſerv'd like Walls and Ribs
To girdle in the Kingdom; and now faln
Through a faint Peace into Affliction,
Speak but their Miſeries? Come, come, *Fabritio*,
You may pretend what patience ye pleaſe,
And ſeem to (15) Yoak your wants like Paſſions;
But while I know thou art a Soldier,
And a Deſerver, and no other Harveſt
But what thy Sword reaps for thee, to come in,
You ſhall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell ye,

(15)——*to Yoak your Wants* like *Paſſions*] Want is one of our Paſſions, more properly than Anger, Love, &c. which have all ſomething active in them, though they are more frequently called Paſſions than Hunger, &c. in which we are merely paſſive. If therefore Wants are a Species or Part of our Paſſions, what Writer wou'd make a Simile between them? It is little more than to ſay, *You yoak your Paſſions like your Paſſions.* Whereas Wants and Paſſions will ſignify your Wants, and the Paſſions of Anger, Diſcontent, &c. which thoſe Wants occaſion. Upon this Account I wou'd read thus,

——— *Your Wants and Paſſions.*

T. Seward.

The Reaſoning of Mr. *Seward*, for his Alteration of *like* for *and*, I have given at full length. If my Objection to the Paſſage in queſtion was the ſame with his, I ſhou'd readily agree to his Correction: I ſuppoſe the Line to be corrupted, but not in the Place he mentions: I object to *yoak*, he to *like*, and wou'd read thus,

——— *to cloak your Wants like Paſſions.*

To cloak our Wants is tantamount *to conceal 'em*, and the ſame thing not only may be, but is, ſaid of our Paſſions. Thus in the *Queen of Corinth*, Act 1. Scene 1. *Crates* ſays to the Prince,

Tho' in your Heart *there rage a* thouſand Temp
All Calmneſs *in your* Looks.

You

You wiſh a Devil of this muſty Peace;
To which Prayer, as one that's bound in Conſcience,
(16) With all that love our Trade, I cry, Amen.
Fab. Prithee no more, we ſhall live well enough,
There's ways enough beſides the Wars to Men
That are not Logs, and lie ſtill for the Hands
Of others to remove 'em.
Jac. You may thrive, Sir,
Thou'rt young and handſome yet, and well enough
To pleaſe a Widow; thou canſt Sing, and tell
Theſe fooliſh Love-tales, and indite a little,
And if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the Honourable,
Which may awaken his Compaſſion,
To make ye Clerk o' th' Kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my Lady's Woman,
After ſhe's *crack'd i' th' Ring.*
Fab. 'Tis very well, Sir.
Jac. But what doſt thou think ſhalt become of me,
With all my Imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I ſhall ever reach above
A forlorn Tapſter, or ſome frothy Fellow,
That ſtinks of ſtale Beer.
Fab. Captain *Jacomo*,
Why ſhould you think ſo hardly of your Virtues?
Jac. What Virtues? By this light, I have no Virtue
But down-right buffetting; what can my Face,
That is no better than a ragged Map now
Of where I've march'd and travell'd, profit me?
Unleſs it be for Ladies to abuſe, and ſay
'Twas ſpoil'd for want of a Bongrace when I was young,
And now 'twill make a true Prognoſtication
Of what Man muſt be? Tell me of a Fellow
That can mend Noſes, and complain, ſo tall
A Soldier ſhould want Teeth to his Stomach;
And how it was great pity, that it was,

(16) ——— *and all*] The old Text is ſcarcely Grammar, and I a little ſuſpect the *and* to have chang'd Places with the *like* in the Note *above:* For *like all* would be good Senſe tho' *with* ſeems rather preferable. *T. Seward.*

That he that made my Body was ſo buſied
He could not ſtay
To make my Legs too; but was driv'n to clap
(17) A pair of Cat-ſticks to my Knees, for which
I am indebted to two School-Boys; this
Muſt follow neceſſary.

Fab. There's no ſuch matter.

Jac. Then for my Morals, and thoſe hidden pieces,
That Art beſtows upon me, they are ſuch,
That when they come to light, I'm ſure will ſhame me,
For I can neither write, nor read, nor ſpeak
That any Man ſhall hope to profit by me;
And for my Languages, they are ſo many,
That put them all together, they will ſcarce
Serve to beg ſingle Beer in; the plain truth is,
I love a Soldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk;
This is my Virtue, and if this will do,
I'll ſcramble yet amongſt 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way
To be thus pleaſant ſtill, but fear not, Man,
For though the Wars fail, we ſhall ſcrew ourſelves
Into ſome courſe of Life yet.

Jac. Good *Fabricio*,
Have a quick Eye upon me, for I fear
This Peace will make me ſomething that I love not;
For by my Troth, though I am plain and dudgeon,
I would not be an Aſs; and to ſell Parcels,
I can as ſoon be hang'd: Prithee beſtow me,
And ſpeak ſome little good, though I deſerve not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come, we'll conſider more; ſtay, this
Should be another Wind-fall of the Wars.

(17) *To clap a pair of* Catskins] So runs the Copy of 1647, the Text is from the Edition of 1679, and may be confirm'd (if occaſion requires) from *Maſſenger*'s *Maid of Honour*,

Page to *Sylli.* —— *You, Sirrah, Sheep's Head,*
With a Face cut on a Catſtick, *do you hear?*

Jac.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd Colours,
That every Wind would borrow from the Staff:
Theſe are the hopes we have for all our hurts;
They have not caſt his Tongue too.
Fath. They that ſay
Hope never leaves a wretched Man that ſeeks her,
I think are either patient Fools, or Liars,
I'm ſure I find it ſo, for I am maſter'd
With ſuch a Miſery and Grief together,
That that ſtay'd Anchor Men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me Lead that bows,
Or breaks with every ſtrong Sea of my Sorrows.
I could now queſtion Heav'n (were it well
To look into their Juſtice) why thoſe Faults,
Thoſe heavy Sins others provoke 'em with
Should be rewarded on the head of us,
That hold (18) the leaſt Alliance to their Vices;
But this would be too curious; for I ſee
(19) Our ſuffering, not diſputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all theſe Miſeries.
Jac. Twenty ſuch holy *Hermits* in a Camp
Would make 'em all *Carthuſians*, I'll be hang'd
If he know what a Whore is, or a Health,
Or have a Nature liable to learn,
Or ſo much honeſt Nurture to be drunk.
I do not think he has the Spleen to ſwear
A greater Oath than Semſters utter Socks with.
Spur him a Queſtion.
Fath. They are Strangers both
To me, as I to them I hope; I would not have
Me and my ſhame together known by any,
I'll rather lie myſelf unto another.
Fab. I need not ask you, Sir, your Country,
I hear you ſpeak this Tongue, 'pray what more are you?

(18) I a little ſuſpect that a negative Particle ought to have place here, for he ſeems to think it hard, that the Virtuous ſhou'd be at all involv'd in the Puniſhments due only to the notoriouſly Vicious; May we not then without any great Strain read,

That hold not *th' leaſt Alliance*, &c.

(19) *Our* Sufferings——] The Text is from Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture, and is confirm'd by the Edition of 1647.

Or

Or have you been? if it be not offenſive
To urge ye ſo far, Miſery in your Years
Gives every thing a Tongue to queſtion it.
Fath. Sir, though I could be pleas'd to make my Ills
Only mine own, for grieving other Men,
Yet to ſo fair and courteous a Demander
That promiſes Compaſſion, at worſt Pity,
I will relate a little of my Story.
I am a Gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy; which believe me, Sir,
Was not born with me; for I well have try'd
Both the extreams of Fortune, and have found
Both dangerous; my younger Years provok'd me,
Feeling in what an eaſe I ſlept at home,
(Which to all ſtirring Spirits is a Sickneſs,)
To ſee far Countries, and obſerve their Cuſtoms:
I did ſo, and I travell'd till that Courſe
Stor'd me with Language, and ſome few ſlight Manners,
Scarce worth my Mony; when an Itch poſſeſs'd me
Of making Arms my active end of Travel.
Fab. But did you ſo?
Fath. I did, and twenty Winters
I wore the Chriſtian Cauſe upon my Sword
(20) Againſt his Enemies; at *Buda* Siege
Full many a cold Night have I lodg'd in Armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine Honour;
And many a Day, when both the Sun and Cannon
Strove who ſhould moſt deſtroy us, have I ſtood
Mail'd up in Steel, when my tough (21) Sinews ſhrunk,
And this parch'd Body ready to conſume

(20) *Againſt* his *Enemies*;—] Mr. *Seward* wou'd have us read *its* for *his*, as neceſſary to the Grammar of the Paſſage: I ſee no Reaſon for this, becauſe it is uſual in the *Saxon* Writers, and thoſe who ſucceeded 'em; *Spenſer* particularly abounds in it; our Authors too, as the learned Reader will obſerve, have it more than once in their Plays, and even *Milton* himſelf has approv'd the Practice.

(21) Thus I conjectur'd, and found the Edition of 1647 to concur with me. The Octavo reads *Sinew.*

As

As ſoon to Aſhes, as the Pike I bore;
Want has been to me as another Nature,
Which makes me with this patience ſtill profeſs it;
And if a Soldier may without Vain-glory
Tell what he 'as done, believe me, Gentlemen,
I could turn over Annals of my Dangers;
With this poor weakneſs have I man'd a Breach,
And made it firm with ſo much Blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was Anger;
Thrice was I made a Slave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had; the Miſeries
Of which times, if I had a Heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like Children; but I'll ſpare ye.
Jac. Fabricio, we two have been Soldiers
Above theſe fourteen Years, yet o' my Conſcience,
All we have ſeen, compar'd to his Experience,
Has been but Cudgel-play, or (22) Mock-fighting.
By all the faith I have in Arms, I reverence
The very Poverty of this brave Fellow;
Which were enough itſelf, (23) as his to ſtrengthen
The weakeſt Town againſt half *Chriſtendom*.
I was never ſo aſham'd of ſervice
In all my life before, now I conſider
What I have done; and yet the Rogues would ſwear
I was a valiant Fellow; I do find
The greateſt Danger I have brought my Life through,
Now I have heard this Worthy, was no more
Than ſtealing of a *May*-pole, or at worſt,

(22) —— *or* Cock-fighting.] What *Cock-fighting* has to do with Gentlemen of the Sword, wou'd perhaps puzzle a Grand Council of War to explain. But *Mock-fighting*, as I read, carries on the Senſe of the Authors and makes it conſiſtent; Cudgels being properly to be look'd upon as no more than the *Tela luſoria* of the Ancients.

(23) ——*and his*] This ſeems ſcarcely Senſe, tho' the Sentiment intended is viſible. It might be *and he*; or *with him* or *in him*, or *being his*, or *as his*. Indeed I ſcarce know which to prefer. *T. Seward.*

I once thought that *as his*, was the true Lection, and as ſuch have corrected the Text; tho' I can't, upon ſecond thoughts, but think, that for *and his*, or *as his*, we ſhou'd read nearer the trace of the Letters, *and is*, i. e. the Poverty of *Lelia*'s Father, not only might be, but is enough, to fortify, *&c.*

Fighting

Fighting at ſingle Billet with a Barge-man.
Fab. I do believe him, *Jacomo.*
Jac. Believe him?
I have no Faith within me, if I do not.
Fath. I ſee they are Soldiers;
And if we may judge by Affections,
Brave and deſerving Men; how are they ſtir'd
But with a meer Relation of what may be?
Since I have won belief, and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour, I'll make uſe of thee.
Fab. Sir, would I were a Man, or great, or able
To look with liberal Eyes upon your Virtue.
Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.
Here, Soldier, there's even five (24) Months pay, be merry,
And get thee handſome Cloaths.
Fab. What mean you, *Jacomo*?
Jac. Ye are a Fool,
The very Story's worth a hundred Pound.
Give him more Mony.
Fath. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deſerve this Bleſſing;
But if I live to ſee fair Days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your Goodneſs,
That ſhall ſhew Thankfulneſs, if not Deſert.
Fab. If you pleaſe, Sir, till we procure ye place,
To eat with us, or wear ſuch honeſt Garments
As our poor means can reach to, you ſhall be
A welcome Man; to ſay more, were to feed ye
Only with Words; we honour what you've been,
For we are Soldiers, though not near the worth
You ſpake of lately.
Fath. I do gueſs ye ſo,
And knew, unleſs ye were a Soldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my Wants.
Jac. But methinks all this while you are too temperate?
Do you not tell Men ſometimes of (25) their dulneſs

(24) ——— *Month's pay*, he *merry*,] All the old Books read, as I have given it in the Text, which confirms Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture.
(25) ——— the *dulneſs*] The Text is from the old Copies, and ſo Mr. *Seward* amended the Paſſage.

When

When you are grip'd, as now you are with Need?
I do, and let them know thoſe Silks they wear,
The War weaves for 'em; and the Bread they eat
We Sow, and Reap again to feed their Hunger;
I tell them boldly, they are Maſters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair Women
Lie playing in their Arms, whilſt we, like *Lares*,
Defend their Pleaſures; I am angry too,
And often rail at theſe forgetful great Men
That ſuffer us to ſue, for what we ought
To have flung on us, ere we ask.

Fath. I have
Too often told my Griefs that way, when all
I reapt, was rudeneſs of Behaviour;
In their opinion Men of War that thrive,
Muſt thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

Fab. Come, Sir, I ſee your wants need more relieving,
Than looking what they are; pray go with us.

Fath. I thank you, Gentlemen; ſince you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not croſs it,
And what my Service or Endeavours may
Stand you in ſtead, you ſhall command, not pray.

Jac. So you ſhall us,
I'll to the Taylors with you Bodily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick, Lodovico, *and* Piſo.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a Woman
When I have nothing elſe to do.

Piſo. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In Bluſhes, Smiles, and Commendations;
For by this Light, I've heard her praiſe yon' Fellow
In ſuch a pitch, as if ſh' had ſtudied
To crowd the worths of all Men into him;
And I imagine theſe are ſeldom us'd
Without their ſpecial Ends, and by a Maid
Of her Deſires and Youth.

Fred. It may be ſo.

She's

She's free, as you, or I am, and may have,
By that Prerogative, a liberal Choice
In the beſtowing of her love.
Lod. Beſtowing?
If it be ſo, ſhe has beſtow'd herſelf
Upon a trim Youth, *Piſo*, what do you call him?
Piſo. Why, Captain *Jacomo*.
Lod. O, Captain Jack-boy,
That is the Gentleman.
Fred. I think he be
A Gentleman at worſt.
Lod. So think I too,
Would he would mend, Sir.
Fred. And a tall one too.
Lod. Yes, of his Teeth; for of my Faith I think
They're ſharper than his Sword, and dare do more
(26) If the Beef meet him fairly.
Fred. Very well.
Piſo. Now do I wonder what ſhe means to do
When ſhe has married him.
Lod. Why, well enough;
Trail his Pike under him, and be a Gentlewoman
Of the brave Captain's Company.
Fred. Do you hear me?
This Woman is my Siſter, Gentlemen.
Lod. I'm glad ſhe's none of mine; but *Frederick*
Thou art not ſuch a Fool ſure to be angry
Unleſs it be with her; we are thy Friends, Man.
Fred. I think ye are.
Lod. Yes, 'Faith, and do but tell thee
How ſhe will utterly o'erthrow her Credit,
If ſhe continue gracing of this Pot-gun.
Piſo, I think ſhe was Bewitch'd, or Mad or Blind,
She would ne'er have ta'en ſuch a Scar-crow elſe
Into Protection; o' my Life he looks
Of a more ruſty, ſwarth Complexion,

(26) *If the* Buff *meet him fairly.*] *Beef*, as Mr. *Seward* reads, is certainly right, and carries on the Humour even to the height; for what can be a greater Sneer on the Captain, than to ſay, He was a better Trencherman by much than a Soldier?

Than

Than an old arming Doublet.
Lod. I would ſend
His Face to th' Cutlers then, and have it ſanguin'd,
'Twill look a great deal ſweeter; then his Noſe
I would have ſhorter, and my reaſon is,
His Face will be ill-mounted elſe.
Piſo. For's Body,
I will not be my own Judge, leſt I ſeem
A Railer, but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a Trunk-ſellar, to ſend Wines down in,
Or a long walking Bottle, I'll be hang'd for't;
His Hide (for ſure he is a Beaſt) is ranker
Than the *Muſcovy*-Leather, and Grain'd like it:
And by all likelyhoods he was begotten
Between a ſtubborn pair of Winter Boots;
His Body goes with Straps, he is ſo churliſh.
Lod. He's poor and beggarly beſides all this,
And of a Nature far uncapable
Of any benefit; for his Manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a Man that does one,
He's ſo uncivil; you may do a part
Worthy a Brother, to perſwade your Siſter
From her undoing; if ſhe prove ſo fooliſh
To marry this caſt Captain, look to find her
Within a Month, where you, or any good Man,
Would bluſh to know her; ſelling Cheeſe and Prunes,
And retail'd Bottle-Ale; I grieve to think,
Becauſe I lov'd her, what a march this Captain
Will ſet her into.
Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant Knaves, and were it not for taking
So juſt an Execution from his Hands
You have bely'd thus, I would (*a*) ſwaddle ye,
Till I could draw off both your Skins like Scabbards.
That Man that you have wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a Stranger, yet I know ſo worthy,

(*a*) He means *beat*. So *Hudibraſs*. B. 1. C. 1. 23, 24.
Great on the Bench, great in the Saddle,
That cou'd as well bind o'er as ſwaddle.

However low in Fortune, (27) that his worſt Parts,
The very wearing of his Cloaths, would make
Two better Gentlemen than you dare be,
For there is Virtue in his outward Things.
Lod. Belike you love him then?
Fred. Yes marry do I.
Lod. And will be angry for him.
Fred. If you talk,
Or pull your Face into (28) a ſtitch again,
As I love truth I ſhall be very angry.
Do not I know thee, though thou haſt ſome Land
(To ſet thee out thus among Gentlemen,)
To be a prating and vain-glorious Aſs?
I do not wrong thee now, for I ſpeak truth.
Do not I know th' haſt been a cudgel'd Coward,
That has no cure for ſhame but Cloth of Silver?
And think'ſt the wearing of a gaudy Suit
Hides all Diſgraces?
Lod. I underſtand you not, you hurt not me,
Your Anger flies ſo wide.
Piſo. Seignior *Frederick*,
You much miſtake this Gentleman.
Fred. No, Sir.
Piſo. If you would pleaſe to be leſs angry,
I'd tell you how——
Fred. You'd better ſtudy, Sir,
How to excuſe yourſelf if ye be able,
Or I ſhall tell you once again.
Piſo. Not me, Sir;
For I proteſt what I have ſaid, was only
To make you underſtand your Siſter's danger.
Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it ſo.

(27) Mr. *Seward* reads thus, and the Edition of 1647 confirms it. The other Copies run ſo,

——— *that this worſt Parts.*

(28) ——— *a* ſtitch *again,*] 'Tis plain by *Stitch* here we muſt underſtand *Smile,* but how it is to be made out, perhaps may not be ſo eaſy to every Capacity: I have not alter'd the Text, tho' I ſuſpect it is corrupted, and as ſuch propoſe a Conjecture which may ſtand or fall according to its worth,

Or draw your face into a Smirk *again.*

Smirk comes from the A. S. *Smercian, ſubſidere, arridere.* To ſmile.

Fred.

Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, ſtand ſtill and hear
My Siſter made a *May*-game, might I not?
And give Allowance to your liberal Jeſts
Upon his Perſon, whoſe leaſt Anger would
Conſume a (29) Legion of ſuch wretched People,
That have no more to juſtify their Actions
But their Tongues ends? that dare lie every way,
As a Mill grinds? From this Hour, I renounce
All part of Fellowſhip that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of ye, but for Knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole Skins and Coxcombs,
How, and to whom, ye prate thus; for this time,
I care not if I ſpare ye; do not ſhake,
I will not beat ye, though ye do deſerve it
Richly. *Lod.* This is a ſtrange courſe, *Frederick:*
But ſure you do not, or you would not know us;
Beat us?

Piſo. 'Tis ſomewhat low, Sir, to a Gentleman.

Fred. I'll ſpeak but few Words, but I'll make 'em Truths;
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,
Or looking big; and yet before you go,
I will have this confeſs'd, and ſeriouſly,
That you two are two Raſcals.

Lod. How?

Fred. Two Raſcals.
Come ſpeak it from your Hearts, or by this light
My Sword ſhall fly among ye; anſwer me,
And to the point directly.

Piſo. You ſhall have
Your Will for this time: Since we ſee you're grown
So far untemperate; Let it be ſo, Sir,
In your Opinion.

Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But ſpeak the Words plain; and you, *Lodovick*,
That ſtand ſo tally on your Reputation,

(29) — Legend *of ſuch*, &c.] This nonſenſical Reading, ſo much contradictory to the Tenor of this Speech, made me ſuſpect that *Legion* was the true Reading, and upon conſulting the two oldeſt Editions, they happily confirm'd it.

You ſhall be he ſhall ſpeak it.
Lod. This is pretty.
Fred. Let me not ſtay upon't,
Lod. Well we are Raſcals,
Yes, *Piſo*, we are Raſcals. [*Exeunt* Lod. *and* Piſo.
Fred. Get ye gone now, not a Word more, you're Raſcals.

Enter Fabricio, *and* Jacomo.

Fab. That ſhould be *Frederick.*
Jac. 'Tis he: *Frederick?*
Fred. Who's that?
Jac. A Friend, Sir.
Fred. It is ſo, by th' voice:
I've ſought you, Gentlemen, and ſince I've found you,
So near our Houſe, I'll force ye ſtay a while,
I pray let it be ſo.
Fab. It is too late,
We'll come and dine to Morrow with your Siſter,
And do our Services.
Jac. Who were thoſe with you?
Fab. We met two came from hence.
Fred. Two idle Fellows,
That you ſhall beat hereafter, and I'll tell ye
Some fitter time a Cauſe ſufficient for it.
Fab. But *Frederick*, tell me truly; do you think
She can affect my Friend?
Fred. (30) No certainer
Than when I ſpeak of him, or any other,
She entertains it with as much deſire
As others do their Recreations.
Fab. Let not him have this light by any means;
He will but think he's mock'd, and ſo grow angry,

(30) *No certainer*
Than when I ſpeak of him, or any other,
This Line may eaſily be miſunderſtood for want of attending to the Conſtruction, as well as one in *Jonſon*'s *Sejanus*,
Mean time give Order that his Books be burnt
To th' Ædiles.

Ev'n

Ev'n to a quarrel: He's ſo much diſtruſtful
Of all that take occaſion to commend him ——
Women eſpecially: for which he ſhuns
All Converſation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a Mirth to all their Sex.
Whence is this Muſick?

Fred. From my Siſter's Chamber.

Fab. The touch is excellent, let's be attentive.

Jac. Hark, are the Waits abroad?

Fab. Be ſofter prithee,
'Tis private Muſick.

Jac. What a din it makes?
I'd rather hear a Jew's Trump than theſe Lutes,
They cry like School-boys.

Fab. Prithee *Jacomo.*

Jac. Well I will hear, or ſleep, I care not whether.

Enter at the Window Frank, *and* Clora.

The SONG.

1. *Tell me deareſt, what is Love?*
2. *'Tis a Lightning from above,*
'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,
'Tis a Boy they call Deſire.
Both. *'Tis a Grave,*
Gapes to have
Thoſe poor Fools that long to prove.

1. *Tell me more, are Women true?*
2. *Yes, ſome are, and ſome as you.*
Some are willing, ſome are ſtrange,
Since you Men firſt taught to change.
Both. *And till troth*
Be in both,
All ſhall love, to love anew.

1. *Tell me more yet, can they grieve?*
2. *Yes, and ſicken ſore, but live:*
And be wiſe, and delay,
When you Men are wiſe as they:
Both. *Then I ſee,*
Faith will be,
Never 'till they both believe.

Fran. Clora, come hither: who are theſe below there?

Clo. Where? *Fran.* There.

Clo. Ha! I ſhould know their ſhapes
Though it be darkiſh; there are both our Brothers,
What ſhould they make thus late here?

Fran. (31) What's the other?

Clo. What t'other?

Fran. He that lies along there.

Clo. O, I ſee him
As if he had a branch of ſome great Pedigree
Grew out on's Belly.

Frank. Yes.

Clo. That ſhould be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion ——

Fab. They ſee us. *Fred.* 'Tis no matter.

Fab. What a Log is this,
To ſleep ſuch Muſick out? *Fred.* No more, let's hear 'em.

Clo. If I have any knowledge in proportion
The Captain *Jacomo*, thoſe are his Legs
Upon my Conſcience.

Frank. By my faith, and neat ones.

Clo. You mean the Boots, I think they're Neat by nature.

Frank. As thou art knaviſh, would I ſaw his Face!

Clo. 'Twould ſcare you in the dark.

(31) So Edition of 1647, and 1679. The Octavo: *What's t'other.*

Frank.

Frank. A worſe than that
Has never ſcar'd you, *Clora*, to my knowledge.
Clo. 'Tis true, for I never have ſeen a worſe;
Nor while I ſay my Prayers heartily,
I hope I ſhall not.
Frank. Well, I am no Tell-tale:
But is it not great pity, tell me, *Clora*,
That ſuch a brave deſerving Gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more reſpect and worth flung on him
By able Men? Were I one of theſe great ones,
Such Virtues ſhould not ſleep thus.
Clo. Were he greater
He would ſleep more, I think: I'll waken him.
Frank. Away ye Fool.
Clo. Is he not dead already, and they two taking order
About his Blacks? methinks they're very buſy,
A fine clean Coarſe he is: I'd have him buried
Ev'n as he lies, croſs-leg'd, like one o'th' *Templers*,
(If his *Weſtphalia* Gammons will hold croſſing)
And on his Breaſt, a Buckler with a (32) Pike in't,
In which I would have ſome learned Cutler
Compile an Epitaph, and at his Feet
A Muſquet, with this (*a*) word upon a Label,
Which from the Cock's Mouth thus ſhould be delivered.
I have diſcharg'd the Office of a Soldier.
Frank. Well, if thy Father were a Soldier
Thus thou wouldſt uſe him.
Clo. Such a Soldier,
I would indeed.
Fab. If he hear this, not all
The Power of Man could keep him from the Windows
'Till they were down, and all the Doors broke open:
For God's ſake make her cooler, I dare n't venture
To bring him elſe: I know he'll go to buffets
Within five Words with her, if ſhe holds this Spirit;

(32) ——*Pike* in't,] The Pike and Sword in Funerals are laid upon the Shield, perhaps therefore the Original might be *on't*; unleſs the Term *in't* be us'd in Heraldry. *T. Seward.*

(*a*) *Word* here means *Sentence*. So *Spenſer* in his *Fairy Queen*, more than once.

Let's waken him, and away, we ſhall hear worſe elſe.
Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee, *Clora*,
Let me be hang'd for this: I know thou doſt it
Only to anger me, and purge thy wit
Which would break out elſe.
Clo. I have found ye,
I'll be no more croſs, bid 'em a good Night.
Frank. No, no, they ſhall not know we have ſeen 'em;
Shut the Window: [*Ex.* Frank *and* Clora.
Fab. Will you get up, Sir?
Jac. Have you paid the Fidlers?
Fab. You are not left to do it: Fie upon thee,
Haſt thou forſworn Manners?
Jac. Yes, unleſs
They would let me eat my Meat without long Graces,
Or drink without a Preface to the Pledger,
(33) Of will it pleaſe you, ſhall I be ſo bold, Sir,
Let me remember your good Bed-fellow,
And lye and kiſs my Hand unto my Miſtreſs
As often as an Ape does for an Apple;
Theſe are meer Schiſms in Soldiers; where's my Friend?
Theſe are to us as bitter as Purgations,
We love that general freedom we are bred to;
Hang theſe faint fooleries, they ſmell of Peace,
Do they not, Friend?
Fab. Faith, Sir, to me they are
As things indifferent, yet I uſe 'em not,
Or if I did, they would not prick my Conſcience.
Fred. Come, ſhall we go? 'tis late.
Jac. Yes, any whither?
But no more Muſick, it has made me dull.
Fab. Faith any thing but drinking diſturbs thee, *Jacomo*,
We'll ev'n to bed. *Jac.* Content.
Fab. Thou'lt dream of Wenches.

(33) The Reading in the Text Mr. *Seward* communicated to me, and which I indeed had hit on, on my firſt peruſal of this Play.—— The old Copies have the Paſſage thus,

——— *to the Pledger*;
Oft will it pleaſe, &c.

What ſtrange ſtuff is this made by the Addition of a ſingle Letter, and a ſmall Error in the Punctuation?

Jac.

Jac. I never think of any, I thank Heav'n,
But when I'm drunk, and then 'tis but to caſt
A cheap way how they may be all deſtroy'd
Like Vermine; let's away, I am very ſleepy.
Fab. Ay, thou art ever ſo, or angry; come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio, *and* Angelo.

Jul. I WILL but ſee her once more, *Angelo*,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myſelf again.
Ang. I would not have thee tempt Luſt,
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadſt thou the conſtancy of all Men in thee.
Jul. Having her Sins before me, I dare ſee her
(Were ſhe as catching as the Plague, and deadly,)
And tell her ſhe is fouler than all thoſe,
And far more Peſtilent, if not repentant,
And like a ſtrong Man, chide her well, and leave her.
Ang. 'Tis eaſily ſaid; of what Complexion is ſhe?
Jul. Make but a curious Frame unto thyſelf
As thou wouldſt ſhape an Angel in thy thought;
Such as the Poets, when their fancies ſweat,
Imagine *Juno* is, or fair-ey'd *Pallas*,
And one more excellent, than all thoſe Figures
Shalt thou find her; ſhe's brown, but of a ſweetneſs,
(If ſuch a poor word may expreſs her Beauty)
Believe me, *Angelo*, would do more miſchief
With a forc'd ſmile, than twenty thouſand *Cupids*
With their Love-quivers, full of Ladies Eyes,
And twice as many Flames, could fling upon us.
Ang. Of what Age is ſhe?
Jul. As a Roſe at faireſt,
Neither a Bud, nor blown, but ſuch a one,
Were there a *Hercules* to get again
With all his Glory, or one more than he,

The

The God would chuſe out 'mongſt a Race of Women
To make a Mother of: She's outwardly
All that bewitches Senſe, all that entices;
Nor is it in our Virtue to uncharm it.
And when ſhe ſpeaks, oh *Angelo*, then Muſick
(Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a Soul
To aged Mountains, and made rugged Beaſts
Lay by their Rages; and tall Trees that knew
No ſound but Tempeſts, to bow down their Branches
And hear, and wonder; and the Sea, whoſe Surges
Shook their white Heads in Heav'n, to be as mid-night
Still, and attentive) ſteals into our Souls
So ſuddenly, and ſtrangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what ſhe pleaſes.

Ang. Why look, how far you've thruſt yourſelf again
Into your old Diſeaſe? Are you that Man
With ſuch a reſolution, that would venture
To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Ev'n in repeating her?

Jul. I had forgot me.

Ang. As you will ſtill do.

Jul. No, the ſtrongeſt Man
May have the grudging of an Ague on him,
This is no more; let's go, I'd fain be fit
To be thy Friend again, for now I'm no Man's.

Ang. Go you, I dare not go, I tell you truly,
Nor were it wiſe I ſhould.

Jul. Why? *Ang.* I am well,
And if I can, will keep myſelf ſo.

Jul. Ha?
Thou mak'ſt me ſmile, though I have little cauſe,
To ſee how prettily thy fear becomes thee;
Art thou not ſtrong enough to ſee a Woman?

Ang. Yes, twenty thouſand; but not ſuch a one
As you have made her: I'll not lie for th' matter;
I know I'm frail, and may be cozen'd too
By ſuch a Siren.

Jul. Faith thou ſhalt go, *Angelo.*

Ang. Faith but I will not; no, I know how far, Sir,
I'm able to hold out, and will not venture

Above

Above my depth: I do not long to have
My ſleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly
Like a poor Wench had loſt her Market-mony;
And when I ſee good Meat, ſit ſtill and ſigh,
And call for ſmall Beer, and conſume my wit
In making *Anagrams*, and faithful Poſies;
I do not like that Itch, I'm ſure I had rather
Have the main Pox, and ſafer.

Jul. Thou ſhalt go,
I muſt needs have thee as a witneſs with me
Of my Repentance; as thou lov'ſt me go.

Ang. Well I will go, ſince you will have it ſo;
But if I prove a Fool too, look to have me
Curſe you continually, and fearfully.

Jul. And if thou ſeeſt me fall again, good *Angelo*,
Give me thy Counſel quickly leſt I periſh.

Ang. Pray Heav'n I have enough to ſave myſelf,
For as I have a Soul, I'd rather venture
Upon a ſavage Iſland, than this Woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Father and Servant.

Fath. From whom, Sir, comes this Bounty? for I think
You are miſtaken.

Ser. No, Sir, 'tis to you
I am ſure my Miſtreſs ſent it.

Fath. Who's your Miſtreſs,
That I may give her thanks?

Ser. The virtuous Widow.

Fath. The virtuous Widow, Sir? I know none ſuch:
Pray what's her Name? *Ser. Lelia.*

Fath. I knew you err'd,
'Tis not to me I warrant ye; there, Sir,
Carry't to thoſe ſhe feeds fat with ſuch Favours,
I am a Stranger to her.

Ser. Good Sir take it,
And if you will, I'll ſwear ſhe ſent it to you,
For I am ſure mine Eye never went off ye

Since

Since you forſook the Gentlemen you talk'd with
Juſt at her Door.

Fath. Indeed I talk'd with two
Within this half hour in the Street.

Ser. 'Tis you, Sir,
And none but you I'm ſent to; wiſer Men
Would have been thankful ſooner, and receiv'd it,
'Tis not a Fortune every Man can brag of,
And from a Woman of her Excellence.

Fath. Well, Sir, I'm catechiz'd; what more belongs to't?

Ser. This only, Sir; ſhe would intreat you come
This Evening to her without fail.

Fath. I will.

Ser. You gueſs where. *Fath.* Sir, I have a Tongue elſe. She
[*Exit Servant.*

Is downright Devil; or elſe my Wants and
Her Diſobedience have provok'd her
To look into her foul Self, and be ſorry.
I wonder how ſhe knew me? I had thought
I'd been the ſame to all, I am to them
That chang'd me thus: Heav'n pardon me for lying,
For I have paid it home: Many a good Man,
That had but found the profit of my way,
Would forſwear telling true again in haſte.

Enter Lodovico, *and* Piſo.

Here are my Praters; now if I did well
I ſhould belabour 'em, but I have found
A way to quiet 'em, worth a thouſand on't.

Lod. If we could get a Fellow that would do it.

Fath. What Villany is now in Hand?

Piſo. 'Twill be hard to be done in my Opinion,
Unleſs we light upon an *Engliſhman*
With ſevenſcore Surfeits in him. *Lod.* Are the *Engliſhmen*
Such ſtubborn Drinkers? *Piſo.* Not a leak at Sea
Can ſuck more Liquor; you ſhall have their Children
Chriſten'd in mull'd Sack, and at five years old
Able to knock a *Dane* down: Take an *Engliſhman*,
And cry St. *George*, and give him but a Raſher,
And you ſhall have him upon even Terms

Defy

Defy a Hogſhead; ſuch a one would do it [Weapon?
Home, Boy, and like a Work-man. (34) *Lod.* At what
Piſo. Sherry Sack: I would have him drink ſtark dead
If it were poſſible: At worſt paſt Portage.
Lod. What is the end then?
Piſo. Doſt thou not perceive it?
If he be drunk Dead, there's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The Fool is, that admires him; and if ſober
His Nature be ſo rugged, what will't be
When he is hot with Wine? Come let's about it,
If this be done but handſomely, I'll pawn
My head ſh' hath done with Soldiers.
Lod. This may do well.
Fath. Here's a new way to murther Men alive,
I'll choak his train. God ſave ye, Gentlemen.
It is to you, ſtay: Yes it is to you.
Lod. What's to me?
Fath. You are fortunate,
I cannot ſtand to tell you more now, meet me
Here ſoon, and you'll be made a Man. [*Exit* Father.
Lod. What Viſion's this?
Piſo. I know not.
Lod. Well, I'll meet it,
Think you o'th' other, and let me a while

(34) Lod. *At what Weapon?*] I have made a Change in the Perſons of the Speakers *Lodovic* and *Piſo*, giving to *Lodovic* what was in the other Edition ſpoke by *Piſo* and *è contra*; as thinking the Speeches ſomething out of Character. *Piſo*'s Deſign ſeems to be, by the whole Tenor of the Converſation, to make *Jacomo* ſoundly drunk: His hope of doing this is built upon one of our Countrymen, whom he deſcribes as capable of tunning down an Hogſhead with the Shoing-horn of a Raſher. But wou'd the Poet on this Suppoſition put *At what Weapon* into the Mouth of *Piſo*, make him ask himſelf a Queſtion and let *Lodovic* give the Anſwer? No ſurely. *Lod.* has certainly been dropt upon us, who ſhou'd have interrupted *Piſo*'s Narrative, both as to the Means and End of making the Captain drunk. What ſeems to confirm this, is the Speech of *Lodovic* at the Cloſe of the Scene, where he bids *Piſo think of the other, viz.* making *Jacomo* fuddled; to which *Piſo* anſwers

For the Drunkard Lodovic
Let me alone.

Dream

Dream of this Fellow.

Piſo. For the Drunkard, *Lodovic*,
Let me alone.

Lod. Come, let's about it then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clora, *and* Frank.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, pray let me laugh extreamly.

Frank. Why? Prithee why? Haſt thou ſuch cauſe;

Clo. Yes faith,
My Brother will be here ſtraightway, and——

Frank. What?

Clo. The other Party: Ha, ha, ha.

Frank. What Party?
Wench, thou art not drunk?

Clo. No faith.

Frank. Faith thou haſt been among the Bottles, *Clora.*

Clo. Faith but I have not, *Frank:* Prithee be handſom,
The Captain comes along too, Wench.

Frank. O is that it
That tickles ye?

Clo. Yes, and ſhall tickle you too;
You underſtand me?

Frank. By my troth thou'rt grown
A ſtrange lewd Wench; I muſt e'en leave thy Company,
Thou wilt ſpoil me elſe.

Clo. Nay, thou art ſpoil'd to my Hand;
Hadſt thou been free, as a good Wench ought to be,
When I went firſt a Birding for thy Love,
And roundly ſaid, that is the Man muſt do it,
I had done laughing many an hour ago. [know'ſt him,

Frank. And what doſt thou ſee in him, now thou
To be thus laught at?

Clo. Prithee be not angry,
And I'll ſpeak freely to thee.

Frank. Do, I will not.

Clo. Then as I hope to have a handſom Husband,
This Fellow in mine Eye, and *Frank* I'm held
To have a ſhrewd gueſs at a pretty Fellow,

Appears

Appears a ſtrange thing.
Frank. Why, how ſtrange for God's ſake?
He is a Man, and one that may content
(For any thing I ſee) a right good Woman:
And ſure I am not blind.
Clo. There lyes the Queſtion?
For, (but you ſay he is a Man, and I
Will credit you,) I ſhould as ſoon have thought him
Another of God's Creatures; out upon him,
His Body, that can promiſe nothing
But lazineſs and long ſtrides.
Frank. Theſe are your Eyes;
Where were they *Clora*, when you fell in Love
With the old Foot-man, for ſinging of Queen *Dido?*
And ſwore he look'd, in his old Velvet Trunks
And his ſlic'd *Spaniſh* Jerkin, like *Don John?*
You had a parlous Judgment then, my *Clora.*
Clo. Who told you that?
Frank. I heard it.
Clo. Come, be Friends,
The Soldier is a *Mars*, no more, we're all
Subject to ſlide away.
Frank. Nay, laugh on ſtill.
Clo. No faith, thou art a good Wench, and 'tis pity
Thou ſhould'ſt not be well quarried at thy entring,
Thou art ſo high flown for him: Look, who's there?

Enter Fabricio, *and* Jacomo.

Jac. Prithee go ſingle, what ſhould I do there?
Thou know'ſt I hate theſe Viſitations,
As I hate Peace or Perry.
Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right Man?
Jac. You make a right Fool of me,
To lead me up and down to viſit Women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at; let me ſtarve
If I know what to ſay, unleſs I ask 'em
What their Shoes coſt?
Fab. Fy upon thee, Coward,
Canſt thou not Sing?

Jac.

Jac. Thou know'ſt I can ſing nothing
(35) But *Plumpton Park.*
Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.
Jac. I'd rather enter
A breach: If I miſcarry, by this Hand
I will have you by th' Ears for't.
Fab. Save ye, Ladies.
Clo. Sweet Brother, I dare ſwear you're welcome hither,
So is your Friend.
Fab. Come, bluſh not, but ſalute 'em. [welcome,
Frank. Good Sir believe your Siſter; you're moſt
So is this worthy Gentleman, whoſe Virtues
I ſhall be proud to be acquainted with.
Jac. Sh' has found me out already, and has paid me;
Shall we be going? *Fab.* Peace; your Goodneſs, Lady,
Will ever be afore us; for myſelf
I will not thank you ſingle, leſt I leave
My Friend, this Gentleman, out of acquaintance.
Jac. More of me yet?
Franc. Would I were able, Sir,
From either of your worths to merit Thanks.
Clo. But Brother, is your Friend thus ſad ſtill? Methinks
'Tis an unſeemly Nature in a Soldier.
Jac. What's ſhe to do with me, or my Behaviour?
Fab. He do's but ſhew ſo; prithee to him, Siſter.
Jac. If I don't break thy Head, I am no Chriſtian,
If I get off once.
Clo. Sir, we muſt intreat you
To think yourſelf more welcome, and be merry,
'Tis pity a fair Man of your proportion
Should have a Soul of Sorrow.
Jac. Very well;
Pray Gentlewoman what would you have me ſay?
Clo. Do not you know, Sir?
Jac. Not ſo well as you
That talk continually.

(35) *But* Plumpton *Part.*] This Lection is peculiar to the Edition of 1711, the oldeſt *Folios* giving, as I conjectur'd it ſhou'd be, the Reading in the Text.

Frank.

Frank. You've hit her, Sir.
Clo. I thank him, ſo he has,
Fair fall his ſweet Face for it.
Jac. Let my Face
Alone, I'd wiſh you, leſt I take occaſion
To bring a worſe in queſtion.
Clo. Meaning mine?
Brother, where was your Friend brought up? H'as ſure
Been a great lover in his youth of Pottage,
They lie ſo dull upon his Underſtanding.
Fab. No more of that, thou'lt anger him at Heart.
Clo. Then let him be more Manly, for he looks
Like a great School-Boy that had been blown up
Laſt Night at Duſt-point.
Frank. You will never leave
Till you be told how rude you are, fye *Clora.*
Sir, will it pleaſe you ſit?
Clo. And I'll ſit by you.
Jac. Woman be quiet, and be rul'd I'd wiſh you.
Clo. I've done, Sir Captain.
Fab. Art thou not aſham'd?
Jac. Your'e an Aſs, I'll tell you more anon,
Y'had better have been hang'd than brought me hither.
Fab. You are grown a ſullen Fool; either be handſome,
Or by this Light I will have the Wenches bait thee;
Go to the Gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your Head up; what?
Jac. By this light I'll brain thee.
Frank. Now o' my faith this Gentleman do's nothing
But it becomes him rarely; *Clora*, look
How well this little Anger, if it be one,
Shews in his Face.
Clo. Yes, it ſhews very ſweetly.
Frank. Nay, do not bluſh Sir, o' my troth it does,
I would be ever angry to be thus.
Fabricio, o' my Conſcience if I ever
Do fall in Love, as I will not forſwear it
Till I am ſomething wiſer, it muſt be,
I will not ſay directly with that Face,
But certainly ſuch another as that is,

And thus (36) diſpos'd may Chance to hamper me.
Fab. Doſt thou hear this, and ſtand ſtill?
Jac. You will prate ſtill;
I would you were not Women, I would take
A new courſe with ye.
Clo. Why couragious?
Jac. For making me a Stone to whet your Tongues on.
Clo. Prithee, ſweet Captain.
Jac. Go, go ſpin, go hang.
Clo. Now could I kiſs him.
Jac. If you long for kicking,
You'd beſt come kiſs me, do not though, I'd wiſh ye;
I'll ſend my Foot-man to thee, he ſhall Leap thee,
And thou wanteſt Horſing: I'll leave ye, Ladies.
Frank. Beſhrew my Heart, you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a Gentleman
Of his deſerts, that comes ſo worthily
To viſit me, I cannot take it well.
Jac. I come to viſit you, you fooliſh Woman?
Frank. I thought you did Sir, and for that I thank you,
I would be loth to loſe thoſe Thanks; I know
This is but ſome odd way you have, and faith
It do's become you well to make us merry;
I have heard often of your pleaſant Vein.
Fab. What wouldſt thou ask more?
Jac. Pray thou ſcurvy Fellow,
Thou haſt not long to live; adieu dear Damſels,
You filthy Women farewel, and be ſober,
And keep your Chambers.
Clo. Farewel old *Don Diego*.
Frank. Away, away, you muſt not ſo be angry,
To part thus roughly from us; yet to me
This does not ſhew, as if 'twere yours, the Wars
May breed Men ſomething plain I know, but not
Thus rude; give me your Hand, good Sir. I know

(36) —— *diſpoſe my Chance* —] Thus read the old Copies, contrary both to Senſe and Grammar: The ſlight Change in two Words which I have made, make the whole clear and conſiſtent; *Frank* is praiſing *Jacomo*'s Anger, and ſays naturally enough, *that a Face thus diſpos'd may chance to captivate her Affections.* *T. Seward.*

'Tis

'Tis white, and ——

Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating Houſewives?

Clo. For any thing I know, we would in to Supper,
And there begin a Health of luſty Claret
To keep care from our Hearts, and it ſhould be ——

Fab. I'faith to whom? Mark but this, *Jacomo.*

Clo. Even to the handſomeſt Fellow now alive.

Fab. Do you know ſuch a one?

Frank. He may be gueſt at,
Without much Travel.

Fab. There's another Item.

Clo. And he ſhould be a Soldier.

Frank. 'Twould be better.

Clo. And yet not you, ſweet Captain.

Frank. Why not he?

Jac. Well; I ſhall live to ſee your Husbands beat you,
And hiſs 'em on like Ban-dogs.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Green Sickneſſes and Serving-men light on ye
With greaſy Codpieces, and woollen Stockings,
The Devil (if he dare deal with two Women)
Be of your Counſels: Farewel Plaiſterers — [*Exit* Jac.

Clo. This Fellow will be mad at Mid-ſummer
Without all doubt.

Fab. I think ſo too.

Frank. I'm ſorry,
He's gone in ſuch a Rage, but ſure this holds him
Not every Day.

Fab. 'Faith every other Day
If he come near a Woman.

Clo. I wonder how his Mother could endure
To have him in her Belly, he's ſo boyſterous.

Frank. He's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.

Clo. Yes, if they taw him as they do Whit-leather
Upon an Iron, or beat him ſoft like Stock-fiſh.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lelia *and her Waiting-woman with a Vail.*

Lel. Art t' ſure 'tis he?

Wom. Yes, and another with him.

Lel. The more the merrier; did you give that Mony,
And charg'd it be delivered where I ſhew'd you?

Wom. Yes, and what elſe you bad me.

Lel. That brave Fellow,
Though he be old, whate'er he be, ſhews toughneſs,
And ſuch a one I long for, and muſt have
At any price; theſe young ſoft melting Griſtles
Are only for my ſafer ends.

Wom. They're here.

Lel. Give me my Vail, and bid the Boy go ſing
That Song above, I gave him; the ſad Song;
Now if I miſs him, I am curſt: Go, Wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forſworn
All company of Men, yet make a venture
At laſt to let 'em in; thou know'ſt theſe things,
Do 'em to th' life.

Wom. I warrant you I'm perfect.

Lel. Now ſome ill Woman for her uſe would give
A million for this Wench, ſhe is ſo ſubtle.

Enter to the Door, Julio *and* Angelo.

Wom. Good Sir, deſire it not, I dare not do it,
For ſince your laſt being here, Sir, believe me,
Sh' has griev'd herſelf out of all Company,
And, ſweet Soul, almoſt out of Life too.

Jul. Prithee
Let me but ſpeak one word.

Wom. You will offend, Sir,
And yet your Name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but Sorrow; good Sir, go.

Ang. This little Varlet hath her Leſſon perfect,
Theſe are the baits they bob with.

Jul. 'Faith I will not.

Wom. I ſhall be chidden cruelly for this;

But

But you are such a Gentleman ——

Jul. No more.

Ang. There's a new Tyre, Wench; peace, thou'rt [well enough.

Jul. What, has she Musick?

Wom. Yes, for Heav'n's sake stay,
'Tis all she feeds upon.

Jul. Alas, poor Soul.

Ang. Now will I pray devoutly, for there's need on't.

The SONG.

Away Delights, go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die:
Farewel false Love, thy Tongue is ever telling
Lye after Lye.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts,
Alas, for pity go,
And fire their Hearts
That have been hard to thee, mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those Griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor Maids cry,
Alas, for Pity stay,
And let us die
With thee, Men cannot mock us in the (37) *Clay.*

(37) — *mock us in the* Day.] *To mock a Person in the Day,* appear'd to me very obscure, and bordering upon, if not quite Nonsense: I consulted Mr. *Seward* upon it, and he informed me, 'twas his Suspicion we shou'd read

In the Clay, i. e. *when we are dead:*

But seem'd diffident of finding any Authority for such an Use of the Word *Clay.* I had at first put this Reading in my Margin, but did not care to propose it, as thinking it much too poor a one for this Place: But upon Mr. *Seward*'s coming into this Lection, and having an Authority from *Shakespear* for this Use of the Word, I am apt to imagine we have recovered the Poets original Text. The Passage in *Shakespear* is in *Hen.* V. Act 4.

The Dead with Charity inclos'd in Clay.

Jul. Miſtreſs? not one word? Miſtreſs, if I grieve ye I can depart again.

Ang. Let's go then quickly,
For if ſhe get from under this dark Cloud,
We ſhall both ſweat, I fear, for't.

Jul. Do but ſpeak
Though you turn from me, and ſpeak bitterly,
And I am gone, for that I think will pleaſe you.

Ang. Oh, that all Women were thus ſilent ever,
What fine things were they!

Jul. You have look'd on me,
When, if there be belief in Womens words
Spoken in Tears, you ſwore you lov'd to do ſo.

Lel. O me, my Heart!

Ang. Now, *Julio*, play the Man,
Or ſuch another O me will undo thee:
Would I had any thing to keep me buſie,
I might not hear her; think but what ſhe is,
Or I doubt mainly, I ſhall be i'th' meſh too.

Jul. 'Pray ſpeak again.

Lel. Where is my Woman?

Wom. Here.

Ang. Mercy upon me! what a Face ſhe has?
Would it were vail'd again.

Lel. Why did you let
This flattering Man in to me! Did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his Eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldſt keep thine own?
Thou'ſt brought me poyſon in a ſhape of Heav'n,
Whoſe violence will break the Hearts of all,
Of all weak Women, as it hath done mine,
That are ſuch fools to love, and look upon him.
Good Sir, be gone, you know not what an eaſe
Your abſence is.

Ang. By Heav'n ſhe is a wonder,
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am (38) quamiſh.

Jul. Though I deſire to be here more than Heav'n,
As I am now, yet if my ſight offend you,

(38) The Edition of 1647 has *Squeamiſh*. Either Reading is equally good.

So

So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go; farewel——
Lel. I ſhould ſay ſomething
Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me;
But why ſhould I ſpeak to a Man that hates me,
And will but laugh at any thing I ſuffer?
Jul. If this be hate——
Lel. Away, away, Deceiver.
Jul. Now help me, *Angelo!*
Ang. I'm worſe than thou art.
Lel. Such Tears as thoſe might make another Woman
Believe thee honeſt, *Julio*, almoſt me,
That know their ends, for I confeſs they ſtir me.
Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now,
If you would hang me, from her; O brave Eye!
Steal me away, (39) for God's ſake, *Julio.*
Jul. Alas, poor Man! I'm loſt again too, ſtrangely.
Lel. No, I will ſooner truſt a Crocodile
When he ſheds Tears, for he kills ſuddenly,
And ends our cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our Natures, than a Man;
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way;
I was requeſting you to come no more
And mock me with your Service, 'tis not well,
Nor honeſt, to abuſe us ſo far; you may love too;
For though, I muſt confeſs, I am unworthy
Of your love every way; yet I would have you
Think I am ſomewhat too good to make ſport of.
Jul. Will you believe me?
Lel. For your Vows and Oaths,
And ſuch deceiving Tears as you ſhed now,
I will, as you do, ſtudy to forget 'em.
Jul. Let me be moſt deſpis'd of Men —
Lel. No more;
There is no new way left, by which your cunning
Shall once more hope to catch me; no, thou falſe Man
I will avoid thee, and for thy ſake all

(39) *Steal me away,* Julio.] The Text is from the oldeſt Folio of 1647. *T. Seward.*

That bear thy ſtamp, as counterfeit in Love,
For I am open-ey'd again, and know thee;
Go, make ſome other weep, as I have done,
That dare believe thee; go, and ſwear to her
That is a Stranger to thy cruelty,
And knows not yet what Man is, and his lyings,
How thou dy'ſt daily for her; pour it out
In thy beſt lamentations; put on Sorrow,
As thou canſt, to deceive an Angel, *Julio*,
And vow thyſelf into her Heart, that when
I ſhall leave off to curſe thee for thy falſhood,
Still a forſaken Woman may be found
To call to Heav'n for Vengeance.

Ang. From this hour,
I heartily deſpiſe all honeſt Women;
I care not if the World took knowledge on't,
I ſee there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one Man only; give me henceforth,
(Before the greateſt Bleſſing can be thought of)
If this be one, a Whore; that's all I aim at.

Jul. Miſtreſs, the moſt offending Man is heard
Before his Sentence, why will you condemn me
Ere I produce the Truth to witneſs with me,
How innocent I am of all your Angers?

Lel. There is no truſting of that Tongue, I know't,
And how far, if it be believ'd, it kills; no more, Sir.

Jul. It never lied to you (40) yet; if it did,
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lel. Good Sir, no more; make not my Underſtanding,
After I've ſuffer'd thus much evil by you,
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forc'd Affections; yet becauſe
I once lov'd ſuch a Sorrow too too dearly,
As that would ſtrive to be; I do forgive ye
Ev'n heartily, as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me; my Charity
Yet loves you ſo far, (though again I may not)

(40) *Yet* is from the Edition of 1647.

And

(41) And wiſh when that time comes, you will love truly,
(If you can ever do ſo) you may find
The worthy fruit of your Affections,
True Love again, not my unhappy Harveſt,
Which, like a Fool, I ſow'd in ſuch a Heart,
So dry and ſtony, that a thouſand ſhowers
From theſe two Eyes, continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Jul. You have conquer'd me;
I did not think to yield, but make me now,
Ev'n what you will, my *Lelia*, ſo I may
Be but ſo truly happy to enjoy you.

Lel. No, no, thoſe fond Imaginations
Are dead and buried in me, let 'em reſt.

Jul. I'll marry you.

Ang. The Devil thou wilt, *Julio*,
How that word waken'd me! come hither, Friend,
Thou art a Fool, look ſtedfaſtly upon her,
Though ſhe be all that I know excellent,
As ſhe appears, though I could fight for her,
And run through fire; though I am ſtark mad too
Never to be recover'd, though I would
Give all I had i'th' World to lie with her
Ev'n to my naked Soul, I'm ſo far gone;
Yet, methinks ſtill, we ſhould not dote away
That that is ſomething more than ours, our Honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means,
Yet I ſhould do ſo; is ſhe not a Whore?

Jul. She is; but ſuch a one ———

Ang. 'Tis true, ſhe's excellent,
And when I well conſider, *Julio*,
I ſee no reaſon we ſhould be confin'd

(41) *And wiſh when that time*—] Mr. *Seward* ſuſpects ſomething left out here, neceſſary to compleat the Senſe and Grammar, or elſe this Line muſt be corrupted through the Tranſpoſition of ſome Particles; and wou'd read thus,

I wiſh when the Time comes, that you love truly,
(If you can ever do ſo) you may find, &c,

I have not indeed alter'd the Text, tho' I ſuſpect it ſtrongly to be corrupt, and wou'd propoſe reading thus,

And wiſhes when th' time comes that you love, &c,

In

In our Affections; when all Creatures elſe
Enjoy ſtill where they like.
Jul. And ſo will I then.
Lel. He's faſt enough I hope now, if I hold him.
Ang. You muſt not do ſo though, now I conſider
Better what 'tis.
Jul. Do not conſider, *Angelo*,
For I muſt do it.
Ang. No, I'll kill thee firſt,
I love thee ſo well, that the Worms ſhall have thee
Before this Woman, Friend.
Jul. It was your Counſel,
Ang. As I was a Knave,
Not as I lov'd thee.
Jul. All this is loſt upon me, *Angelo.*
For I muſt have her; I will marry ye
When e'er ye pleaſe: pray look better on me.
Ang. Nay then no more, Friend; farewel, *Julio*,
I have ſo much diſcretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miſerable.
Jul. Stay, thou art more than ſhe, and now I find it.
Lel. Is he ſo?
Jul. Miſtreſs.
Lel. No, I'll ſee thee ſtarv'd firſt. [*Exit* Lelia.
Jul. Friend.
Ang. Fly her as I do, *Julio*, ſhe's a Witch.
Jul. Beat me away then, I ſhall grow here ſtill elſe.
Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee.
Farewel for ever. [*Exit* Angelo.
Jul. Stay, I am uncharm'd,
Farewel thou curſed Houſe, from this hour be
More hated of me than a Leproſy. [*Exit* Julio.

Enter Lelia.

Lel. Both gone? A plague upon 'em both,
Am I deceiv'd again? Oh, I would rail
And follow 'em, but I fear the ſpight of People,
'Till I have emptied all my Gall; the next
I ſeize upon ſhall pay their follies

To

To the laſt penny ; this will work me worſe,
He that comes next, by Heav'n ſhall feel their curſe. [*Ex.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Jacomo *at one Door, and* Fabricio *at another.*

Fab. O, y' are a ſweet Youth, ſo uncivilly
To rail, and run away ?

Jac. O! are you there, Sir ?
I'm glad I've found ye, you've not now your Ladies,
To ſhew your Wit before.

Fab. Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt 'ou ?

Jac. What a ſweet Youth I am, as you have made me,
You ſhall know preſently. [*Draws.*

Fab. Put up your Sword,
I've ſeen it often, 'tis a Fox.

Jac. It is ſo,
And you ſhall feel it too ; will you diſpatch, Sir,
And leave your Mirth ? or I ſhall take occaſion
To beat ye, and diſgrace ye too. *Fab.* Well, ſince
There is no other way to deal with you,
Let's ſee your Sword, I'm ſure you ſcorn all odds,
I will fight with you——— [*They meaſure, and* Fab. *gets his Sword.*

Jac. How now ?

Fab. Nay, ſtand out,
Or by this light I'll make ye.

Jac. This is ſcurvy,
And out of fear done.

Fab. No, Sir, out of judgment,
For he that deals with thee, (thou'rt grown ſo boiſterous,)
Muſt have more Wits, or more Lives than another,
Or always be in Armour, or inchanted,
Or he is miſerable.

Jac. Your end of this, Sir ?

Fab. My end is only Mirth, to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in ſafety ; ha, ha, ha.

Jac. S'heart! then I'm grown ridiculous.

Fab. Thou art,
And wilt be ſhortly ſport for little Children,

If

If thou continueſt this rude ſtubbornneſs.

Jac. O God, for any thing that had an Edge?

Fab. Ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Fye, what a ſhame it is,
To have a Lubber ſhew his Teeth?

Fab. Ha, ha. [low?

Jac. Why doſt thou laugh at me, thou wretched Fel-
Speak with a Pox; and look ye render me
Juſt ſuch a reaſon——

Fab. I ſhall die with laughing.

Jac. As no Man can find fault with; I ſhall have
Another Sword, I ſhall ye flearing Puppy.

Fab. Does not this Teſtineſs ſhew finely in thee?
Once more take heed of Children, if they find thee,
They'll break up School to bear thee company,
Thou wilt be ſuch a Paſtime, and whoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, (42) and Spade, and Spit-fire,
And Gaffer Mad man; and Go by *Jeronimo*,
And Will with Whiſp, and Come aloft, and Crack Rope,
And old Saint *Dennis* with the dudgeon Cod-piece?
And twenty ſuch Names.

Jac. No, I think they will not. [dren

Fab. Yes, but they will; and Nurſes ſtill their Chil-
Only with thee, and take him, *Jacomo*.

Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One Steeple height, I'd fall and break thy Neck.

Fab. This is the reaſon I laugh at thee, and
While thou art thus, will do: tell me one thing.

Jac. I wonder how thou durſt thus queſtion me;
Prithee reſtore my Sword.

(42) —— *and* Spade *and Spit-fire.*] If one wou'd compare theſe Authors with themſelves, there ſeems to be reaſon to ſuſpect this Paſſage as corrupted: To put in *Spade*, which is a Name that carries no Terror in it to Children, between two which are uſually made uſe of for that purpoſe, ſeems to me not a little odd: what I conjecture we ſhou'd read is this,

And call thee Bloody-bones, Raw-head, *and Spit-fire,*

So in the 4 Act, Scene 3 of this Play, *Clara* ſays of *Jacomo*,

Here's Raw-head *come again.*

And in the *Propheteſs*, Act 4, Scene 5.

—— *Now I look*
Like Bloody bones and Raw head *to fright Children.*

Fab.

Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will: Nay, Sir, keep out. [Sir.
Jac. Well, I will be your Fool now, ſpeak your mind,
Fab. Art thou not breeding Teeth?
Jac. How, Teeth?
Fab. Yes, Teeth, thou wouldſt not be ſo froward elſe.
Jac. Teeth?
Fab. Come, 'twill make thee
A little Rheumatick, but that's all one,
We'll have a Bib, for ſpoiling of thy Doublet;
And a fring'd Muckender hang at thy Girdle,
I'll be thy Nurſe, and get a Coral for thee,
And a fine Ring of Bells.
Jac. 'Faith, this is ſomewhat
Too much, *Fabricio*, to your Friend that loves you;
Methinks your Goodneſs rather ſhould invent
A way to make my Follies leſs, than breed 'em.
I ſhould have been more moderate to you,
But I ſee ye deſpiſe me.
Fab. Now I love ye:
There, take your Sword, continue ſo: I dare not
Stay now to try your Patience, ſoon I'll meet ye,
And as you love your Honour, and your State,
Redeem yourſelf well to the Gentlewoman,
Farewel 'till ſoon. [*Exit* Fab.
Jac. Well, I ſhall think of this. [*Exit* Jac.

SCENE V.

Enter Hoſt, Piſo, *and Boy with a Glaſs of Wine.*

Piſo. Nothing i'th' World but a dry'd Tongue or two--
Hoſt. Taſte him, and tell me.
Piſo. He's a valiant Wine,
This muſt be he, mine Hoſt.
Hoſt. This ſhall be *Ipſe*.
Oh he's a deviliſh biting Wine, a Tyrant
Where he lays hold, Sir, this is he that ſcorns
Small Beer ſhould quench him, or a fooliſh Caudle
Bring him to Bed; no, if he flinch I'll ſhame him,
And draw him out to mull amongſt old Midwives.

Piſ.

Piſo. There is a Soldier, I would have thee (43) batter
Above the reſt, becauſe he thinks there's no Man
Can give him Drink enough.

Hoſt. What kind of Man?

Piſo. That thou may'ſt know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,
As if his Belly were ta'en up with Straw,
To hunt a Match.

Hoſt. Has he no Beard to ſhew him?

Piſo. Faith but a little; yet enough to note him,
Which grows in Parcels, here and there a Remnant:
And that thou may'ſt not miſs him, he is one
That wears his Fore-head in a velvet Scabbard.

Hoſt. That note's enough, he's mine, I'll ſuddle him
Or lie i'th' Suds; you will be here too? *Piſo.* Yes,
'Till ſoon, farewel and bear up.

Hoſt. If I do not,
Say I am recreant; I'll get things ready.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Julio *and* Angelo.

Jul. 'TIS ſtrange thou ſhould'ſt be thus, with thy Diſcretion.

Ang. I'm ſure I am ſo.

Jul. I am well, you ſee.

Ang. Keep yourſelf warm then, and go home and ſleep,
And pray to God thou may'ſt continue ſo;
Would I had gone to th' Devil of an Errand,
When I was made a Fool to ſee her: Leave me,
I am not fit for Converſation.

(43) ——— *bawe thee better*] How the making *Jacomo* drunk cou'd any way *better* him, is not, I fancy, mighty intelligible, at leaſt to us at this time of day. The ſmall Alteration of but a ſingle Letter, where good Senſe is gain'd by it, will eaſily be allow'd, I hope, to be no bad Exchange. Beſide, as he is ſpeaking of a Soldier, the Word *batter* is much more proper, and quite in Character. Mr. *Seward* too propos'd this reading, and I have tranſcrib'd part of his Letter into this Note.

Jul.

Jul. Why, thou art worſe than I was.
Ang. Therefore leave me,
The Nature of my Sickneſs is not eas'd
By Company or Counſel; I am mad,
And if you follow me with Queſtions,
Shall ſhew myſelf ſo.
Jul. This is more than Error.
Ang. Pray be content that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me. *Jul.* Let me know
But what you mean to do, and I am gone;
I would be loth to leave you thus elſe.
Ang. Nothing
That needs your Fear, that is ſufficient;
Farewel, and pray for me.
Jul. I would not leave you.
Ang. You muſt and ſhall.
Jul. I will then: Would you Woman
Had been ten fathom under Ground, when firſt
I ſaw her Eyes.
Ang. Yet ſh' had been dangerous;
For to ſome wealthy Rock of precious Stone,
Or mine of Gold as tempting, her fair Body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by Labour
And brought to Uſe, having her Spells within it,
Might have corrupted States, and ruin'd Kingdoms,
Which had been fearful, Friend: Go, when I ſee thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray do not follow me, you'll make me angry,
Jul. Heav'n grant you may be right again.
Ang. Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tavern-Boys, &c.

Boy. Score a Gallon of Sack, and a Pint of Olives to the *Unicorn.*
Above within. Why Drawer?
Boy. Anon, anon.
Another Boy. Look into the *Nag's-head* there.

2 *Boy.*

2 *Boy.* Score a Quart of Claret to the Bar,
And a Pound of Sauſages in the *Flower-pot.*

Enter firſt Servant with Wine.

1 *Serv.* The Devil's in their Throats: Anon, anon.

Enter ſecond Servant.

2 *Serv.* Mull a Pint of Sack there for the Women in the *Flower-de-luce*, and put in Ginger enough, they belch like Pot-guns, [not be
And, *Robin*, fetch Tobacco for the *Peacock*, they will
Drunk till Midnight elſe: How now, how does my Maſter?

2 *Boy.* Faith he lies, drawing on apace.

1 *Boy.* That's an ill Sign.

2 *Boy.* And (44) fumbles with the Pots too.

1 *Boy.* Then there's no way but one with him.

2 *Boy.* All the reſt,
Except the Captain, are *in Limbo Patrum*,
Where they lie ſod in Sack.

1 *Boy.* Does he bear up ſtill?

2 *Boy.* Afore the Wind ſtill, with his Lights up bravely:
All he takes in I think he turns to Juleps,
Or has a world of Stowage in his Belly;
The reſt look all like Fire-Drakes, and lie ſcatter'd
Like Ruſhes round about the Room. My Maſter
Is now the loving'ſt Man, I think, above Ground.

1 *Boy.* Would he were always drunk then.

Within. Drawer.

2 *Boy.* Anon, anon, Sir. [weeps,

1 *Boy.* And ſwears I ſhall be free to Morrow, and ſo
And calls upon my Miſtreſs.

2 *Boy.* Then he's right. [her,

1 *Boy.* And ſwears the Captain muſt lie this Night with
And bad me break it to her with Diſcretion,
That he may leave an Iſſue after him,
Able to entertain a *Dutch* Ambaſſador:

(44) I wiſh our Poets had been a little leſs ſatirical upon their Maſter *Shakeſpear*: This Expreſſion is a plain ſneering Parody upon the Deſcription of *Falſtaff*'s Death, in *Henry* V. Act 2. Scene 3.

For after I ſaw him fumble *with the Sheets*, &c.

And

And tells him feelingly how ſweet ſhe is,
And how he ſtole her from her Friends i'th' Country;
And brought her up diſguis'd with the Carriers, [head,
And was nine Nights bereaving her (45) her Maiden-
And the tenth got a Drawer. Here they come.

Enter Jacomo, *Hoſt*, Lodovico, *and* Piſo.

Within cry Drawer. Anon, anon, ſpeak to the Tyger, *Peter.*

Hoſt. There's my Bells, Boys, my ſilver Bell.

Piſo. Would he were hang'd
As high as I could ring him.

Hoſt. Captain.

Jac. Ho Boy.

Lod. Robin, ſufficient ſingle Beer, as cold as Cryſtal,
Quench *Robin*, quench.

1 *Boy.* I am gone, Sir.

Hoſt. Shall we bear up ſtill? Captain, how I love thee?
Sweet Captain let me kiſs thee, by this Hand
I love thee next to Malmſey in a Morning,
Of all things tranſitory. *Jac.* I love thee too,
As far as I can love a fat Man. *Hoſt.* Doſt thou, Captain?
Sweetly? and heartily?

Jac. With all mine heart, Boy. [Captain

Hoſt. Then welcome Death, come cloſe mine Eyes, ſweet
Thou ſhalt have all.

Jac. What ſhall your Wife have then?

Hoſt. Why ſhe ſhall have,
Beſides my Bleſſing, and a ſilver Spoon,
Enough to keep her ſtirring in the World;
Three little Children, one of them was mine
Upon my Conſcience, th' other two are Pagans.

Jac. 'Twere good ſhe had a little fooliſh Mony,
To rub the time away with.

Hoſt. Not a (*a*) Rag,
Not a Deniere, no; let her ſpin a God's Name,

(45) —— *her* of *her Maidenhead.*] The Monoſyllable *of* I have left out of this Edition, which hurts the Meaſure, and is no way neceſſary to the Senſe, upon the Authority of the Edition of 1647.

(*a*) A Cant Term this for a *Farthing*.

And raiſe her Houſe again.
Jac. Thou ſhalt not die though.
Boy, ſee your Maſter ſafe delivered,
He's ready to lie in.
Hoſt. Good Night.
Jac. Good Morrow,
Drink till the Cow come home, 'tis all pay'd Boys.
Lod. A pox of Sack.
Hoſt. Marry God bleſs my Buts, Sack is a Jewel,
'Tis comfortable, Gentlemen.
Jac. More Beer, Boy,
Very ſufficient ſingle Beer.
Boy. Here, Sir.
How is it, Gentlemen?
Jac. But e'en ſo, ſo.
Hoſt. Go before finely *Robin*, and prepare
My Wife, bid her be right and ſtraight, I come Boy:
And Sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em uſe
Their own Diſcretions, by all means, and ſtir not,
And he that's kill'd ſhall be as ſweetly buried; ——
Captain, adieu, adieu ſweet Bully Captain,
One kiſs before I die, one kiſs.
Jac. Farewel Boy.
Hoſt. All my ſweet Boys farewel. [*Exit Hoſt.*
Lod. Go Sleep, you're drunk.
Jac. Come Gentlemen, I'll ſee you at your Lodging,
You look not luſtily, a Quart more.
Lod. No Boy.
Piſo. Get us a Torch,
Boy. 'Tis Day, Sir.
Jac. That's all one.
Piſo. Are n't thoſe the Stars, thou ſcurvy Boy?
Lod. Is not Charle-wain there, tell me that, there?
Jac. Yes;
I've paid 'em truly: Do not vex him, Sirrah.
Piſo. Confeſs it Boy, or as I live I'll beat
Midnight into thy Brains.
Boy. I do confeſs it.
Piſo. Then live, and draw more ſmall Beer preſently
Jac. Come, Boys, let's hug together, and be loving,

And

And ſing, and do brave things, cheerly my Hearts,
A-pox o' being ſad; now could I fly,
And turn the World about upon my Finger:
Come, ye ſhall love me, I'm an honeſt Fellow:
Hang Care and Fortune, we are Friends.

Lod. No, Captain.

Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two, dearly.

Piſo. No, by no means; you are a fighting Captain,
And kill up ſuch poor People as we're by th' Dozens.

Lod. As they kill Flies with Fox-tails, Captain.

Jac. Well, Sir.

Lod. Methinks now, as I ſtand, the Captain ſhews
To be a very merciful young Man.
And prithee, *Piſo*, let m' have thy Opinion.

Piſo. Then he ſhall have Mercy that merciful is,
Or all the Painters are Apocryphal.

Jac. I'm glad you have your Wits yet; will ye go?

Piſo. You had beſt ſay we're drunk.

Jac. Ye are.

Lod. Ye lye.

Jac. Ye're Raſcals, drunken Raſcals.

Piſo. 'Tis ſufficient.

Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye;
You have been tampering any time theſe three Days,
Thus to diſgrace me.

Piſo. That's a Lye too.

Jac. Well, Sir.
Yet, I thank God, I have turn'd your Points on you,
For which I'll ſpare ye ſomewhat, half a Beating.

Piſo. I'll make you fart Fire, Captain, by this Hand,
And ye provoke,—do not provoke, I'd wiſh you.

Jac. How do you like this? [*Beats them.*

Lod. Sure I am inchanted.

Piſo. Stay till I draw.

Jac. Diſpatch then, I am angry.

Piſo. And thou ſhalt ſee how ſuddenly I'll kill thee.

Jac. Thou dar'ſt not draw; ye cold, tame, mangy Cowards.
Ye drunken Rogues, can nothing make ye valiant?
Not Wine, nor Beating?

Lod. If this way be ſuffer'd——
'Tis very well.

Jac. Go, there's your Way, go and ſleep.
I've pity on you, you ſhall have the reſt
To Morrow when we meet.

Piſo. Come *Lodovick*,
He's monſtrous drunk now, there's no talking with him.

Jac. I am ſo, when I'm ſober I'll do more.
[*Exeunt* Lod. *and* Piſo.
Boy, where's mine Hoſt?

Boy. He's on his Bed aſleep, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Jac. Let him alone then: Now am I high Proof
For any Action, now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a Wild-fire; or I could love
Any Man living now, or any Woman,
Or indeed any Creature that loves Sack
Extreamly, monſtrouſly; I am ſo loving,
Juſt at this Inſtant, that I might be brought,
I feel it, with a little Labour, now to
Talk with a Juſtice of Peace, that to my
Nature I hate next an ill Sword: I will do
Some ſtrange brave thing now, and I have it here:
Pray God the Air keep out; I feel it buzing. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick, Frank, *and* Clora.

Clo. She loves him too much, that's the plain Truth, *Frederick*,
For which, if I might be believ'd, I think her
A ſtrange Forgetter of herſelf; there's *Julio*,
Or twenty more——

Fred. In your Eye I believe you,
But credit me, the Captain is a Man,
Lay but his rough Affections by, as worthy.

Clo. So is a reſty Jade, a Horſe of Service,
If he would leave his Nature; give me one,
By your Leave, Sir, to make a Husband of,
Not to be wean'd, when I ſhould marry him.
Methinks a Man is Miſery enough.

Fred.

Fred. You are too bitter, I'd not have him worſe.
Yet I ſhall ſee you hamper'd one Day, Lady,
I do not doubt it, for this Hereſy.
Clo. I'll burn before: Come, prithee leave this Sadneſs;
This walking by thyſelf to ſee the Devil,
This Mumps, this Lachrimæ, this Love in Sippets;
It fits thee like a *French* Hood.
Frank. Does it ſo?
I'm ſure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpoſe; take up quickly,
Thy Wit will founder of all four elſe, Wench,
If thou hold'ſt this Pace; take up, when I bid thee.
Clo. Before your Brother? fie.
Fred. I can endure it.

Enter Jacomo.

Clo. Here's Raw-head come again; Lord how he looks!
Pray God we 'ſcape with broken Pates.
Frank. Were I he,
Thou ſhould'ſt not want thy Wiſh; he has been drinking,
Has he not, *Frederick?*
Fred. Yes, but do not find it.
Clo. Peace, and let's hear his Wiſdom.
Fred. You will mad him.
Jac. I'm ſomewhat bold, but that's all one.
Clo. A ſhort and pithy Saying for a Soldier.
Frank. As I live
Thou art a ſtrange mad Wench.
Clo. To make a Parſon.
Jac. Ladies, I mean to kiſs ye.
Clo. How he wipes his Mouth like a young Preacher
We ſhall have it.
Jac. In order as you lie before me: Firſt,
I will begin with you.
Frank. With me, Sir?
Jac. Yes,
If you will promiſe me to kiſs in eaſe.
Frank. I care not if I venture.
Jac. I'll kiſs according to mine own inventions

As I ſhall ſee cauſe; ſweetly I would wiſh you,
I love ye.
Frank. Do you, Sir?
Jac. Yes indeed do I,
Would I could tell you how.
Frank. I would you would, Sir.
Jac. I would to God I could, but 'tis ſufficient,
I love you with my Heart.
Frank. Alas poor Heart.
Jac. And I am ſorry; but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if't pleaſe God.
Frank. E'en when you will, Sir.
Clo. He's diſmal Drunk, would he were muſled.
Jac. You,
I take it, are the next.
Frank. Go to him, Fool.
Clo. Not I, he'll bite me.
Jac. When wit? When?
Clo. Good Captain.
Jac. Nay, and you play Bo-peep, I'll ha' no Mercy,
But catch as catch may.
Fred. Nay I'll not defend ye.
Clo. Good Captain do not hurt me, I am ſorry
That e'er I anger'd ye.
Jac. I'll tew you for't
By this Hand, Wit, unleſs you kiſs diſcreetly. [*Kiſſes her.*
Clo. No more, Sir.
Jac. Yes a little more ſweet Wit,
One Taſte more o' your Office: Go thy ways
With thy ſmall Kettle-Drums; upon my Conſcience
Thou art the beſt, that e'er Man laid his Leg o'er.
Clo. He ſmells juſt like a Cellar,
Fie upon him.
Jac. Sweet Lady now to you. [*Going to* Frederick.
Clo. For loves ſake kiſs him.
Fred. I ſhall not keep my Countenance.
Frank. Try prithee.
Jac. Pray be not coy ſweet Woman, for I'll kiſs ye,
I am blunt,
But you muſt pardon me.

Clo.

Clo. O God my ſides.
All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noiſe, ſweet Ladies?
Clo. Luſty *Laurence*,
See what a Gentlewoman you've ſaluted;
Pray God ſhe prove not quick.
Fred. Where were thine eyes
To take me for a Woman, ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Who art'a, art'a Mortal?
Fred. I am *Frederick*.
Jac. Then *Frederick* is an Aſs,
A ſcurvy *Frederick*, to laugh at me.
Frank. Sweet Captain.
Jac. Away, Woman;
Go ſtitch and ſerve God, I deſpiſe thee, Woman,
And *Frederick* ſhall be beaten; S'blood ye Rogue,
Have ye none elſe to make your Puppies of,
But me? *Fred.* I prithee be more patient,
There's no hurt done.
Jac. S'blood but there ſhall be, Scab.
Clo. Help, help, for Love's ſake.
Frank. Who's within there? *Fred.* So,
Now you have made a fair hand.
Jac. Why? *Fred.* You've kill'd me——
[*Falls as kill'd.*
Clo. Call in ſome Officers, and ſtay the Captain.
Jac. You ſhall not need.
Clo. This is your drunkenneſs.
Frank. O me! unhappy Brother, *Frederick*,
Look but upon me, do not part ſo from me.
Set him a little higher, he is dead.
Clo. O Villain, Villain. [*Enter* Fabricio.
Fab. How now, what's the matter?
Frank. O Sir, my Brother! O my deareſt Brother.
Clo. This drunken Trough has kill'd him.
Fab. Kill'd him?
Clo. Yes.
For Heav'n ſake hang him quickly, he will do
Ev'ry Day ſuch a Murder elſe, there's nothing

But a ſtrong Gallows that can make him quiet,
I find it in his Nature too late.
Fab. Pray be quiet,
Let me come to him.
Clo. Some go for a Surgeon.
Frank. Oh what a wretched Woman has he made me.
Let me alone, good Sir.
Fab. To what a Fortune
Haſt thou reſerv'd thy Life?
Jac. Fabricio.
Fab. Never intreat me, for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, 'leſs it be
To have thee hang'd; for God ſake be more temperate.
Jac. I have a Sword ſtill, and I am a Villain.
Clo. &c. Hold, hold, hold.
Jac. Ha? [*Exit* Jacomo.
Clo. Away with him for Heav'n's ſake,
He is too deſperate for our enduring.
Fab. Come, you ſhall ſleep; come ſtrive not,
I'll have it ſo; here take him to his Lodging,
And ſee him laid, before you part. *Ser.* We will, Sir.
Fred. Ne'er wonder, I am living yet, and well:
I thank you, Siſter, for your Grief, pray keep it
'Till I am fitter for it.
Fab. Do you live, Sir?
Fred. Yes, but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To ſuch a madneſs in his Wine.
Fab. 'Twas well, Sir,
You had that good reſpect unto his Temper,
That no worſe followed. *Fred.* If I had ſtood him,
Certain one of us muſt have periſhed.
How now, *Frank?*
Frank. Beſhrew my Heart, I tremble like an Aſpine.
Clo. Let him come here no more for Heav'n's ſake,
Unleſs he be in Chains.
Frank. I would fain ſee him
After he's ſlept, *Fabricio*, but to try
How he will be; chide him, and bring him back.
Clo. You'll never leave 'till you be worried with him.
Frank. Come Brother, we'll walk in, and laugh a little,

To

To get this Fever off me.
Clo. Hang him Squib,
Now could I grind him into priming Powder.
Frank. Pray will you leave your fooling?
Fab. (46) Come, all Friends.
Frank. Thou art enough to make an Age of Men ſo,
Thou art ſo croſs and peeviſh.
Fab. I will chide him,
And if he be not graceleſs, make him cry for't.
Clo. I'd go a Mile (to ſee him cry) in Slippers,
He would look ſo like a Whey Cheeſe.
Frank. Would we might ſee him once more.
Fab. If you dare
Venture a ſecond tryal of his Temper,
I make no doubt to bring him.
Clo. No, good *Frank*,
Let him alone, I ſee his Vein lies only
For falling out at Wakes and Bear-baitings,
That may expreſs him ſturdy.
Fab. Now indeed
You are too ſharp, ſweet Siſter; for unleſs
It be this ſin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this ſowrneſs, he's as brave a Fellow,
As forward, and as underſtanding elſe,
As any He that lives.
Frank. I do believe you,
And good Sir, when you ſee him, if we have
Diſtaſted his Opinion any way,
Make peace again.

(46) *Come, all Friends,*
Thou art enough to make an Age of Men ſo,
Thou art ſo croſs and peeviſh.

This ſeems to be as odd a Reaſon as well cou'd be given, to confirm the Line above: What, is Croſſneſs and a peeviſh Temper conducive to make or keep up a Friendſhip? Any one ſees the Folly of ſuch an Aſſertion: To refer it to the biting things ſaid above by *Clora* to *Jacomo*, which had ſo enrag'd him, is a Liberty in Writing I don't remember an Inſtance of. I am rather inclin'd to think that to ſolve this Matter to our Authors Credit and Honour, we muſt ſuppoſe ſome Line or Lines have been dropt upon us by the Negligence and Overſight of the firſt Editors.

Fab.

Fab. I will: I'll leave ye, Ladies.

Clo. Take heed y' had beſt, he'as ſworn to pay you elſe.

Fab. I warrant you, I have been often threatned.

Clo. When he comes next, I'll have the Cough or Toothach,
Or ſomething that ſhall make me keep my Chamber,
I love him ſo well.

Frank. Would you'd keep your Tongue. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Angelo.

(47) *Ang.* I cannot keep from this ungodly Woman,
This *Lelia*, whom I know too, yet am caught;
Her Looks are nothing like her; would her faults
Were all in *Paris* Print upon her Face,
Cum Privilegio, to uſe 'em ſtill.

(47) This Soliloquy of *Angelo* in the preſent Edition we have reduced to (what it might poſſibly be when it came out of the Authors Hands) Meaſure. Whether the Labour be worthy Thanks or no, is a thing every Reader will be the beſt Judge of. The whole deſerves not the Name of Poetry, they are Lines rather than Verſes, and there is neither Ear or Genius requir'd to make ſuch: I think 'twou'd not be difficult to dictate like *Lucilius ſtans pede in uno*, two hundred ſuch Verſes as theſe in an Hour. The Speech in the old Copies is as follows:

Ang. *I cannot keep from this ungodly Woman,*
This Lelia, *whom I know too, yet am caught,*
Her Looks are nothing like her; would her Faults
Were all in Paris *Print upon her Face,*
Cum Privilegio, *to uſe 'em ſtill.*
I would write an Epiſtle before it, on the inſide of her Maſque,
And Dedicate it to the Whore of Babylon, *with a Preface upon*
Her Noſe to the gentle Reader; and they ſhould be to be ſold
At the Sign of the Whore's Head i'th' Pottage-pot, in what
Street you pleaſe: But all this helps not me; —— I
Am made to be thus catch'd, paſt any redreſs,
With a thing I contemn too.
I have read Epictetus *twice over againſt the*
Deſire of theſe outward things, and ſtill her Face runs in
My Mind; I went to ſay my Prayers, and they were
So laid out o'th' the way, that if I could find any Prayers I
Had, I'm no Chriſtian.
This is the Door, and the ſhort
Ly, I muſt ſee her again. ——

I'd

I'd an Epiſtle write before it, on
The inſide of her Maſque, and dedicate it
To th' Whore of *Babylon*, with a Preface on
Her Noſe to th' gentle Reader; and they ſhould
Be to be ſold at th' Sign of the Whore's Head
I' th' Pottage-pot, in what Street you pleaſe: But all
This helps not me;— I'm made to be thus catch'd,
Paſt all redreſs, with a thing I contemn too.
I have read *Epictetus* over twice
'Gainſt the Deſire of theſe outward things,
And ſtill her Face runs in my Mind; I went
To ſay my Prayers, and they were ſo laid
Out of the way, that if I could find any
Prayers I had, I'm no Chriſtian.
This is the Door, and the ſhort is, I
Muſt ſee her again. —— [*He knocks.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Ang. 'Tis I, I would ſpeak with your Miſtreſs.

Maid. Did ſhe ſend for you? [leave.

Ang. No, what then? I would ſee her, prithee by thy

Maid. Not by my leave; for ſhe will not ſee you,
But doth hate you, and your Friend, and doth wiſh
You both were hang'd, which being ſo proper
Men, is great pity that you are not.

Ang. How's this?

Maid. For your ſweet ſelf Sir in particular,
Who ſhe reſolves perſwaded your Friend to
Neglect her, ſhe deemeth Whipcord the moſt
Convenient Unction, for your Back and Shoulders.

Ang. Let me in, I'll ſatisfie her.

Maid. And if't ſhall happen that you are in doubt
Of theſe my Speeches, inſomuch that you
Shall ſpend more time in arguing at the Door,
I am perſwaded fully that my Miſtreſs
In Perſon from above, will utter her
Mind more at large by way of Urine upon
Your Head, that it may ſink the more ſoundly
Into your underſtanding Faculties.

Ang.

Ang. This is the ſtrangeſt thing, good pretty Soul,
Why doſt thou uſe me ſo?
I pray thee let me in, Sweet-heart.
Maid. Indeed I cannot, Sweet-heart.
Ang. Thou art a handſome one, and this Croſſneſs (48) does not become thee.
Maid. Alas, I cannot help it.
Ang. Eſpecially to me; thou knowſt when I was here
I ſaid I lik'd thee of all thy Miſtreſs's Servants.
Maid. So did I you, tho' it be not my Fortune
To expreſs it at this preſent: for truly
If you would cry, I cannot let you in. [Look you
Ang. Pox on her, I muſt go the down-right Way:
Here is ten Pound for you, let me ſpeak with her.
Maid. I like your Gold well, but it is a thing,
By Heav'n I cannot do; ſhe will not ſpeak with you,
Eſpecially at this time, ſh'as Affairs.
Ang. This makes her leave her Jeſting yet; but take it
And let me ſee her, bring me to a Place
Where, undiſcern'd of herſelf, I may
Feed my deſiring Eyes but half an Hour.
Maid. Why faith I think I can, and I will ſtretch
My Wits and Body too for Gold: If you
Will ſwear, as you are gentle, not to ſtir
Or ſpeak, (49) whate'er you ſhall or ſee or hear,
Now or hereafter. Give m' your Gold, I'll plant you.
Ang. Why, as I am a Gentleman, I will not.
Maid. Enough, quick, follow me.
[*Ex.* Angelo *and Maid.*

(48) —— *This Croſſneſs does become thee.*] I have inſerted the negative Particle *not* into the Text, as it ſeems intirely requiſite to make the Speech of the Maid correſpondent to *Angelo*'s, who ſays,
——*This Croſſneſs does* not *become thee.*
To which the Girl anſwers *à propos*,
Alas, I cannot help it.

(49) *Why faith I think I can, and I will ſtretch my Wits*
And Body too for Gold: If you will ſwear, as you
Are gentle, not to ſtir or ſpeak, where *you ſhall*
See or hear, now or hereafter. Give me your Gold, I'll plant you.
Beſide the Corruption in the Senſe, this whole Speech has loſt its Meaſure, which (as I have reſtor'd it) confirms the Neceſſity of the two Monoſyllables inſerted. *T. Seward.*

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why where's this Maid, she has much Care of her Business. *Nell?*
I think she be sunk —— Why *Nell?* —— whiew ——
Maid within. What's the matter?

Enter Maid.

Serv. I pray you heartily come away; oh, come, come, the Gentleman,
My Mistress invited, is coming down the Street, and the Banquet
Not yet brought out?---- [*They bring in the Banquet.*
Lel. within. Nell, Sirrah?
Maid. I come, Forsooth.
Serv. Now must I walk: When there's any fleshly matters in hand, my
Mistress sends me of a four Hours Errand: But if I go not
About mine own bodily Business as well as she, I am a *Turk.* [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Father.

Fath. What, all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin,
Doubtless; but I must on; the Gates of Hell
Are not more passable than these: How they
Will be to get out, God knows, I must try.
'Tis very strange; if there be any Life
Within this House, would it would shew itself.
What's here? a Banquet? and no Mouth to eat,
Or bid me do it? This is something like
The Entertainment of adventurous Knights
Entring enchanted Castles: For the manner,
Tho' there be nothing dismal to be seen,
Amazes me a little: What is meant
By this strange Invitation? I will sound
My Daughter's Meaning ere I speak to her,
If it be possible; for by my Voice [*Musick.*
She will discover me! Hark, whence is this?

The SONG.

(a) *Come hither you that love, and hear me ſing*
Of Joys ſtill growing
Green, freſh and luſty, as the Pride of Spring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither, Youths that bluſh, and dare not know
What is Deſire,
And old Men, worſe than you, that cannot blow
One Spark of Fire.
And with the Power of my enchanting Song,
Boys ſhall be able Men, and old Men young.

[Enter *Angelo* above.

Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
Leave off complaining,
Youth, Strength and Beauty, that ſhall never die,
Are here remaining.
Come hither, Fools, and bluſh you ſtay ſo long
From being bleſt,
And mad Men worſe than you, that ſuffer Wrong,
Yet ſeek no Reſt.
And in an Hour, with my enchanting Song,
You ſhall be ever pleas'd, and young Maids long.

Enter Lelia *and her Maid with a Night-gown and Slippers.*

Lel. Sir, you are welcome hither, as this Kiſs,
Giv'n with a larger Freedom than the Uſe
Of Strangers will admit, ſhall witneſs to you.
Put the Gown on him, in this Chair ſit down;
Give him his Slippers: Be not ſo amaz'd,
Here's to your Health, and you ſhall feel this Wine
Stir lively in me, in the Dead of Night.
Give him ſome Wine; fall to your Banquet, Sir,
And let us grow in Mirth; tho' I am ſet
Now thus far off you, yet four Glaſſes hence

(a) 'Tis a ſufficient Compliment to this Song, that Mr. *Killigrew* has inſerted it in his *Thomaſo* or *Merry-Wanderer*.

(50) I will ſit here, and try, till both our Bloods
Shoot up and down to find a Paſſage out,
Then Mouth to Mouth will we walk up to Bed,
And undreſs one another as we go;
Where both my Treaſure, Body, and my Soul
Are yours to be diſpos'd of.

Fath. Umh, umh —

[*Makes Signs of his white Head and Beard.*

Lel. You are old,
Is that your Meaning? Why, you are to me
The greater Novelty, all our freſh Youth
Are daily offer'd me; tho' you perform,
As you think, little, yet you ſatisfie
My Appetite: From your Experience
I may learn ſomething in the way of Luſt
I may be better for. But I can teach
Theſe young ones. But this Day I did refuſe
A Pair of them, *Julio* and *Angelo*,
And told them they were (51) as they indeed were,
Raw Fools and Whelps. [Ang. *makes diſcontented Signs.*

Maid. Pray God he ſpeak not.

[*Maid lays her Finger croſs her Mouth to him.*

Lel. Why ſpeak you not, ſweet Sir?

Fath. Umh —

[*Stops his Ears, ſhews he is troubled with the Muſick.*

Lel. Peace there, that Muſick. Now, Sir, ſpeak to me.

Fath. Umh ——— ——— [*Points at the Maid.*

Lel. Why? Would you have her gone? You need not
Your freedom in for her; ſhe knows my Life, [keep
That ſhe might write it; think ſhe is a Stone:
She is a kind of bawdy Confeſſor,
And will not utter Secrets.

(50) *I will ſit here,*—] It is no great matter whether we read *here*, or *near*, or *there*: And no one ought at all to be ſollicitous about the Recovery of this Paſſage which conveys ſuch indecent Ideas, as muſt ſhock every chaſte Imagination. It is to be wiſh'd the Poets Pens had been better employ'd.

(51) — *as they were,*] The Deficiency of the Meaſure here, induced me to inſert *indeed* into the Text, as a Word that exceedingly well fits the Place, and might have eaſily been dropt either by Tranſcriber or Editor.

Fath

Fath. Umh —— [*Points at her again.*
Lel. Be gone then, ſince he needs will have it ſo.
'Tis all one. [*Exit Maid.* —— *Fath. locks the Door.*
Is all now as you would? Come meet me then,
And bring a thouſand Kiſſes on thy Lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy Lips as wealthy as they were before.
Fath. Yes, all is as I would, but thou. *Lel.* By Heav'n
It is my Father. —— [*Starts.*] *Fath.* And I do beſeech thee
Leave theſe unheard of Luſts, which worſe become thee
Than mocking of thy Father; let thine Eyes
Reflect upon thy Soul, and there behold
How loathed black it is; and whereas now
Thy Face is Heav'nly fair, but thy Mind foul,
Go but into thy Cloſet, and there cry
Till thou haſt ſpoil'd that Face, and thou ſhalt find
How excellent a Change thou wilt have made,
For inward Beauty.
Lel. Though I know him now
To be my Father, never let me live
If my Luſt do abate. I'll take upon me
T' have known him all this while.
Fath. Look, doſt thou know me?
Lel. I knew ye, Sir, before.
Fath. What didſt thou do?
Lel. Knew you; and ſo unmov'dly have you born
All the ſad Croſſes that I laid upon you,
With ſuch a noble Temper, which indeed
I purpoſely caſt on you, to diſcern
Your Carriage in Calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave Contempt,
That I have turn'd the Reverence of a Child
Into the hot Affection of a Lover.
Nor can there on the Earth be found, but yours,
A Spirit fit to meet with mine. *Fath.* A Woman?
Thou art not ſure. *Lel.* Look and believe. *Fath.* Thou art
Something created to ſucceed the Devil,
When he grows weary of his envious courſe,
And compaſſing the World; but I believe thee,
Thou didſt but mean to try my Patience,

And

And doſt ſo ſtill; but better be advis'd,
And make thy tryal with ſome other things
That ſafelier will admit a Dalliance:
And if it ſhould be earneſt, underſtand
How curſt thou art, ſo far from Heav'n, that thou
Believ'ſt it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a Stranger, but wouldſt heap all ſins
Unnatural upon this aged Head,
And draw thy Father to thy Bed, and Hell.

Lel. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not againſt Nature
For us to lie together; if you have
An Arrow of the ſame Tree with your Bow,
Is't more unnatural to ſhoot it there
Than in another? 'Tis our general Nature
To procreate, as Fire's is to conſume,
And it will trouble you to find a Stick
The Fire will turn from: If't be Nature's will
We ſhould not mix, ſhe will diſcover to us
Some moſt apparent croſſneſs, as our Organs
Will not be fit; which if we do perceive
We'll leave, and think it is her Pleaſure
That we ſhould deal with others.

Fath. The Doors are faſt; thou ſhalt not ſay a Prayer,
'Tis not God's will thou ſhould'ſt; when this is done
I'll kill myſelf, that never Man may tell me
I got thee. [*Fath. draws his Sword*, Ang. *diſcovers himſelf.*

Lel. I pray you, Sir, help here, for God's ſake Sir.

Ang. Hold, Reverend Sir, for Honour of your Age.

Fath. Who's that?

Ang. For ſafety of your Soul, and of the Soul
Of that too wicked Woman yet to die. [place?

Fath. What art thou? and how cam'ſt thou to that

Ang. I am a Man ſo ſtrangely hither come,
That I have broke an Oath in ſpeaking this,
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I deſire your Patience; let me in,
And I proteſt I will not hinder you
In any act you wiſh, more than by word,
If ſo I can perſuade you; That I will not
Uſe violence, I'll throw my Sword down to you:

This Houſe holds none but I, only a Maid
Whom I will lock faſt in, as I come down.
Fath. I do not know thee, but thy Tongue doth ſeem
To be acquainted with the truth ſo well
That I will let thee in: Throw down thy Sword.
Ang. There 'tis.
Lel. How came he there? I am betray'd to ſhame:
The fear of ſudden Death ſtruck me all over
So violently, that I ſcarce have Breath
To ſpeak yet: But I have it in my Head,
And out it ſhall, that, Father, may perhaps
O'er-reach you yet.
[*Father lets in* Angelo, *and locks the Door.*
Fath. Come, Sir, what is't you ſay?
Lel. My *Angelo*, by all the Joys of Love
Thou art as welcome, as theſe pliant Arms
Twin'd round, and faſt about thee, can perſuade thee.
Ang. Away.
Lel. I was in ſuch a fright before thou cam'ſt,
Yon old mad Fellow, (it will make thee laugh,
Though it feared me) has talk'd ſo wildly here——
Sirrah, he ruſh'd in at my Doors, and ſwore
He was my Father, and I think believ'd it:
But that he had a Sword, and threatned me——
I faith he was good ſport, good, thruſt him out
That thou and I may kiſs together, wilt thou?
Fath. Are you her Champion? and with theſe fair words,
Got in to reſcue her from me? [*Offers to run at him.*
Ang. Hold, Sir,
I ſwear I do not harbour ſuch a thought,
I ſpeak it not, for that you have two Swords,
But for 'tis Truth.
Lel. Two Swords, my *Angelo?*
Think this, that thou haſt two young brawny Arms
And ne'er a Sword, and he has two good Swords
And ne'er an Arm to uſe 'em; ruſh upon him,
I could have beaten him with this weak Body,
If I had had the Spirit of a Man.
Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or by Heav'n
I'll trample thy laſt damning word out of thee.

Fath.

Fath. Why do you hinder me then? ſtand away,
And I will rid her quickly.
Lel. Would I were
Clear of this buſineſs, yet I cannot pray.
Ang. Oh be advis'd, why you were better kill her
If ſhe were good; convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and ſuch as you appoint,
May viſit her; where let her hear of nought
But Death and Damning, which ſhe hath deſerv'd,
'Till ſhe be truly, juſtly ſorrowful;
And then lay Mercy to her, who does know
But ſhe may mend?
Fath. But whither ſhould I bear her?
Ang. To my Houſe,
'Tis large and private, I will lend it you.
Fath. I thank you, Sir, and happily it fits
With ſome deſign I have. But how ſhall we
Convey her?
Lel. Will they carry me away?
Fath. For ſhe will ſcratch and kick, and ſcream ſo loud
That People will be drawn to reſcue her.
Ang. Why, none can hear her here, but her own Maid?
Who is as faſt as ſhe.
Fath. But in the Street?
Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the Kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a Coach I'll bring to the Back-door,
And hurry 'em away.
Fath. It ſhall be ſo.
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:
There is your Sword, lay hold upon her quickly;
This way with me, thou diſobedient Child.
Why does thy ſtubborn Heart beat at thy Breaſt?
Let it be ſtill, for I will have it ſearch'd
'Till I have found a Well of living Tears
Within it, that ſhall ſpring out of thine Eyes,
And flow all o'er thy Body foul'd with Sin,
Till it have waſh'd it quite without a ſtain. [*They drag her.*
Lel. Help! help! ah! ah!
Murther, I ſhall be murdered, I ſhall be murdered.

Fath. This helps thee not.
Lel. Baſely murdered, baſely.
Fath. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lodowick, *and* Piſo.

Lod. THis roguy Captain has made fine work with us.
Piſo. I would the Devil in a Storm would carry him
Home to his Garriſon again; I ake all over,
That I am ſure of: Certainly my Body
(52) Is all a Wild-fire, for my Head rings backward,
Or elſe I have a Moriſe in my Brains.
Lod. I'll deal no more with Soldiers: Well remembred,
Did not the Viſion promiſe to appear
About this time again?
Piſo. Yes, here he comes:
He's juſt on's word.

Enter Father.

Fath. O, they be here together.
She's penitent, and by my troth I ſtagger
Whether, as now ſhe is, either of theſe
Two Fools be worthy of her; yet becauſe
Her Youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And Marriage now may ſtay her, one of 'em
(And *Piſo*, ſince I underſtand him abler,)
Shall be the Man; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a Ring here, which he ſhall believe
Is ſent him from a Woman I have thought of:
But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not loſe
By ſuch a meſs of Sugar-ſops as this is:
I am too old.
Lod. It moves again, let's meet it.

(52) *Is of a Wild-fire,*] So the old Copies. The Reading in the Text is from Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture, who thinks it much more agreeable to the tenor of this Speech.

Fath.

Fath. Now if I be not out, we ſhall have fine ſport.
I am glad I've met you, Sir, ſo happily,
You do remember me, I'm ſure.
Lod. I do, Sir.
Piſo. This is a ſhort Præludium to a Challenge.
Fath. I have a Meſſage, Sir, that much concerns you,
And for your ſpecial good; nay, you may hear too.
Piſo. What ſhould this Fellow mean?
Fath. There is a Lady,
(How the poor Thing begins to warm already)
Come to this Town, (as yet a Stranger here, Sir)
Fair, young, and rich, both in Poſſeſſions,
And all the Graces that make up a Woman,
A Widow, and a virtuous one. —— It works,
He needs no Broth upon't.
Lod. What of her, Sir?
Fath. No more but this; ſhe loves you.
Lod. Loves me?
Fath. Yes,
And with a ſtrong Affection, but a fair one.
If ye be wiſe and thankful, you are made:
There's the whole matter. *Lod.* I am ſure I hear this.
Fath. Here is a Ring, Sir, of no little value:
Which after ſhe had ſeen you at a Window,
She bad me haſte, and give you, when ſhe bluſh'd
Like a blown Roſe.
Lod. But pray Sir, by your leave——
Methinks your Years ſhould promiſe no ill meaning.
Fath. I am no Bawd, nor Cheater, nor a (53) Courſer
Of broken-winded Women: If you fear me,
I'll take my leave, and let my Lady uſe
A Fellow of more form; an honeſter
I'm ſure ſhe cannot.

(53) —— *nor a* Coarſer] Tho' I have chang'd *Coarſer* to *Courſer*, as we commonly pronounce it, yet I fancy we ought to make a farther Correction ſtill, and for *Courſer* read *Coſer*, i. e. *Mango*, a Merchant or Dealer in, *&c.* The Word *Coſe* in *Scotch* ſignifying to change or barter. I am indebted to the ingenious and learned Mr. *Lye*, for this Senſe of the Word. *Vid. Junii Etymologicon Anglicanum ad verbum Coſed.*

Lod. Stay, you have confirm'd me:
Yet let me feel, you are in health.
Fath. I hope ſo,
My Water's well enough, and my Pulſe.
Lod. Then
All may be excellent: Pray pardon me;
For I am like a Boy that had found Mony,
Afraid I dream ſtill.
Piſo. Sir, what kind of Woman?
Of what proportion is your Lady?
Lod. Ay.
Fath. I'll tell you preſently her very Picture:
D' you know a Woman in this town they call,——
Stay,—yes, it is ſo,—*Lelia?*
Piſo. Not by ſight.
Fath. Nor you, Sir?
Lod. Neither.
Fath. Theſe are precious Rogues,
To rail upon a Woman they ne'er ſaw;
So they would uſe their Kindred.
Piſo. We have heard though
She's very fair and goodly.
Fath. Such another,
Juſt of the ſame Complexion, Making, Speech,
But a thought ſweeter, is my Lady.
Lod. Then
She muſt be excellent indeed.
Fath. Indeed ſhe is,
And you will find it ſo; you do believe me?
Lod. Yes marry do I, and I am ſo alter'd———
Fath. Your happineſs will alter any Man.
Do not delay the time, Sir: At a Houſe
Where *Don Velaſco* lay, the *Spaniſh* Signior,
Which now is Signior *Angelo*'s, ſhe is.
Lod. I know it.
Fath. But before you ſhew yourſelf,
Let it be Night by all means, willingly
By day ſhe would not have ſuch Gallants ſeen
Repair unto her, 'tis her Modeſty.
Lod. I'll go and fit myſelf.

Fath.

Fath. Do, and be ſure
You ſend Proviſion in, in full abundance,
Fit for the Marriage; for this Night I know
She will be yours: Sir, have you ne'er a Token
Of worth to ſend her back again? you muſt,
She will expect it.
Lod. Yes, pray give her this, [*Gives him a Ring.*
And with it all I have; I'm made for ever. [*Exit* Lod.
Piſo. Well, thou haſt Fools luck; ſhould I live as long
As an old Oak, and ſay my Prayers hourly,
I ſhould not be the better of a penny.
I think the Devil be my ghoſtly Father;
Upon my Conſcience, I am full as handſome,
I'm ſure I have more Wit, and more Performance,
Which is a pretty matter.
Fath. Do you think, Sir,
That your Friend, Signior *Piſo*, will be conſtant
Unto my Lady? you ſhould know him well.
Piſo. Who? Signior *Piſo?*
Fath. Yes, the Gentleman.
Piſo. Why, you are wide, Sir.
Fath. Is not his Name *Piſo?*
Piſo. No, mine is *Piſo.*
Fath. How?
Piſo. It is indeed, Sir,
And his is *Lodowick.*
Fath. Then I'm undone, Sir,
For I was ſent at firſt to *Piſo*; what a Raſcal
Was I, ſo ignorantly to miſtake you?
Piſo. Peace.
There is no harm done yet.
Fath. Now 'tis too late,
I know my Error: At turning of a Street,
For you were then upon the Right-hand of him,
You chang'd your Places ſuddenly: Where I
(Like (54) a croſs Block-head) loſt my Memory:
What ſhall I do? My Lady utterly

(54) ——— *a* croſs *Blockhead*] I have a ſtrong Suſpicion that *groſs* was the original Reading, *i. e.* what a great, ſtupid, dull, *&c.* Block-head was I?

Will put me from her Favour.
Piſo. Never fear it,
I'll be thy Guard, I warrant thee. O, O,
Am I at length reputed? For the Ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light Vengeance from him.
H'ad better keep tame Devils than that Ring;
Art thou not Steward?
Fath. No.
Piſo. Thou ſhalt be ſhortly.
Fath. Lord how he takes it?
Piſo. I'll go ſhift me ſtraight;
Art ſure it was to *Piſo?*
Fath. O too ſure, Sir.
Piſo. I'll mount thee, if I live, for't; give me Patience,
Heav'n, to bear this Bleſſing, I beſeech thee:
I am but Man; I prithee break my Head,
To make me underſtand I'm ſenſible.
Fath. Lend me your Dagger, and I will, Sir.
Piſo. No,
I believe now like a good Chriſtian.
Fath. Good Sir, make haſte; I dare not go without ye,
Since I have ſo miſtaken.
Piſo. 'Tis no matter;
Meet me within this half Hour at St. *Margaret*'s.
Well, go thy ways, old Leg, thou haſt the trick on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Angelo *and* Julio.

Ang. How now, the News?
Fath. Well, paſſing well, I have 'em
Both in a (56) Leaſh, and made right to my Purpoſe.
Jul. I'm glad on't, I muſt leave you.
Ang. Whither, Man?
Jul. If all go right, I may be faſt enough too.
Ang. I cry you Mercy, Sir, I know your Meaning,
Clora's the Woman, ſhe's *Frank*'s Bedfellow;
Commend me to 'em, and go, *Julio*,
Bring 'em to Supper all, to grace this Matter:
They'll ſerve for Witneſſes.

(56) ——— *in a Laſh*] I read as in the Text, before I ſaw the oldeſt Copies, which happily confirmed my conjectural Correction. *Jul.*

Jul. I will, Farewel. [*another.*
[*Exit* Julio *at one Door, and* Angelo *and Father at*

SCENE II.

Enter Clora, Frank, Frederick *and Maid.*

Fred. Sister, I brought you *Jacomo* to th' Door,
He has forgot all that he said last Night:
And Shame of that makes him more loth to come;
I left *Fabricio*, persuading him,
But 'tis in vain. *Frank.* Alas my Fortune, *Clora.*
Clo. Now, *Frank*, see what a kind of Man you love,
That loves you when he's drunk. *Frank.* If so,
Faith I would marry him: My Friends, I hope,
Would make him drink.
Clo. 'Tis well consider'd, *Frank*,
He has such pretty Humours then; besides, being a Soldier,
'Tis better he should love you when he's drunk,
Than when he's sober; for then he will be
Sure to love you the greatest part on's Life.
Frank. And were not I a happy Woman then?
Clo. That ever was born, *Frank*, i'faith——
Fred. How now? What says he?

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Faith you may as well
Entice a Dog up with a Whip and Bell,
As him by telling him of Love and Women;
He swears they mock him.
Fred. Look how my Sister weeps.
Fab. Who can help it?
Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.
Fab. Why, so I did, and may do all the Oaths
Arithmetick can make, ere he believe me;
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuse him: If we could persuade him
She lov'd, he would embrace it.
Fred. She herself
Shall bate so much of her own Modesty,
To swear it to him; with such Tears as now
You see rain from her. *Fab.*

Fab. I believe 'twould work,
But would you have her do't i'th' open Street?
Or if you would, he'll run away from her.
How ſhall we get him hither?

Fred. By entreaty.

Fab. 'Tis moſt impoſſible. No, if we could
Anger him hither, as there is no way
But that to bring him, and then hold him faſt,
Women and Men, whilſt ſhe delivers to him
The Truth ſeal'd with her Tears, he would be (57) plain
As a pleas'd Child; he walks below for me
Under the Window.

Clo. We'll anger him I warrant ye,
Let one o'th' Maids take a good bowl of Water,
Or ſay it be a Piſs-pot, and pour't on's Head.

Fab. Content; hang me if I like not the caſt
On't rarely, for no queſtion it is an
Approv'd receipt to fetch up ſuch a Fellow.
Take all the Women-kind within this Houſe,
Betwixt the Age of one, and one hundred,
And let them take unto them a Pot or

(57) ——— *he would be* plain, *&c.*] That *plain* is a Corruption, I think, cannot be doubted; the word which I think the true one has loſt but one Letter, and ſuffer'd a Tranſmutation of the Vowels. I read thus,

——— *he would be* pliant, *&c.*

T. Seward.

The Corruption I myſelf think evident enough, and the way I propoſe to remedy it, is by reading thus,

——— *he would be* fain, *i. e. fond.*

The Captain's Character is that of a moroſe, ſurly, ill-natur'd Mortal, hating the Ladies with all his Heart, as knowing himſelf deſtitute of all the Qualities proper for a Woman's Man: "Yet notwithſtanding all this, (ſays *Fabricio*,) cou'd we but get him to hear "the Truth from Mrs. *Frank*'s Mouth, and ſee it ſeal'd with her "Tears, it wou'd ſo work upon his Nature that has hitherto been ſo "moroſe and ſtubborn to all Motions of Love and Pity, that I am "ſure he wou'd be *fain* as a pleas'd Child." This Word is us'd in this Senſe by our immortal *Spenſer* in his *Colin Clout's come home again*. Speaking of *Mulla* he ſays,

Full faine *ſhe lov'd and was belov'd full* faine
Of her own Brother River, Bregog hight:

I forbear to mention what *Junius* has upon this Word in his *Gothic Gloſſary*, as thinking the Senſe of this Word plain from *Spenſer*.

A

A Bowl containing ſeven Quarts or upwards,
And let them never leave till the above
Named Pot or Bowl become full; then let one of them
Stretch out her Arm and pour it on his Head,
And *Probatum eſt*, it will fetch him, for in
His Anger he will run up, and then let us
Alone.

Clo. Go you and do it. [*Exit Maid.*

Frank. Good *Clora*, no.

Clo. Away I ſay, and do it; never fear,
We have enough of that Water ready diſtill'd.

Frank. Why this will make him mad, *Fabricio*,
He'll neither love me drunk, nor ſober, now.

Fab. I warrant you: What, is the Wench come up?

Enter Wench above.

Clo. Art thou there; Wench?

Wench. Ay.

Fab. Look out then if thou canſt ſee him.

Wench. Yes I ſee him, and by my troth he ſtands
So fair, I could not hold were he my Father;
His Hat's off too, and he's ſcratching his Head.

Fab. O waſh that Hand I prithee.

Wench. God ſend thee good luck, 'tis the ſecond time
I have thrown thee out to Day. Ha, ha, ha? juſt on's
Frank. Alas! [Head.

Fab. What does he now?

Wench. He gathers Stones, God's light, he breaks all the (58) Street Windows.

(58) — *the* Street *Windows.*] This is a Paſſage I can't at all reconcile with the Context; as perhaps not being skill'd enough in Architecture. For what *Windows* were the *Street* ones? High ones, no doubt; becauſe he breaks them with Stones. But what were the low ones he is now breaking with his Sword? Were not theſe toward the Street too? If they were not, why are they not diſtinguiſh'd, and if they be, then there is a Diſtinction without a Difference. I ſuſpect the Paſſage corrupted, and that to make our Poets talk Senſe, and the whole Paſſage conſiſtent; we ought to read,

——*the* Garret *Windows.* The Captain broke thoſe with Stones, the Garret being the Place from whence the *Jordan* was diſcharg'd, but after his Ammunition was ſpent, like a brave Officer he charges the lower Windows Sword in hand, and manfully makes a mighty breach in the innocent and inoffenſive ground-room Windows.

Jac.

Jac. Whores, Bawds, your Windows, your Windows.
Wench. Now he is breaking all the low Windows with his Sword. [at him;
Excellent ſport, now he's beating a Fellow that laugh'd
Truly the Man takes it patiently; now he goes down the Street [laugh.
Gravely, looking on each ſide, there's not one more dare
Frank. Does he go on?
Wench. Yes.
Frank. Fabricio, you have undone a Maid [Frank *kneels.*
By Treachery; know you ſome other better,
You would prefer your Friend to? If you do not
Bring him again, I have no other Hope
But you, that made me loſe hope; if you fail me,
I ne'er ſhall ſee him, but ſhall languiſh out
A diſcontented Life, and die contemn'd.
Fab. This vexes me; I pray you be more patient.
If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Lifts her up.*
I'll bring him preſently. Do you all ſtand
At the Street Door, the Maids, and all to watch
When I come back, and have ſome private place
To ſhuffle me into, for he ſhall follow
In fury, but I know I can out-run him:
As he comes in, clap all faſt hold on him,
And uſe your own Diſcretions.
Fred. We will do it.
Fab. But ſuddenly, for I will bring him hither,
With that unſtop'd ſpeed, that he ſhall run over
All that's in's way: And though my Life be ventur'd
'Tis no great matter, I will do't.
Frank. I thank you,
Worthy *Fabricio.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I ever knew no Woman could abide me,
But am I grown ſo contemptible, by being once drunk
Amongſt 'em, that they begin to throw Piſs on my Head?
For ſurely it was Piſs; huh, huh. [*Seems to ſmell.*

Enter

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Jacomo, how doſt thou?

Jac. Well; ſomething troubled with watriſh Humours.

Fab. Foh, how thou ſtink'ſt; prithee ſtand further off me; [dry

Methinks theſe Humours become thee better then thy Cholerick Humours, or thy Wine-wet Humours.

Jac. Ha! You're pleaſant; but *Fabricio*, know,

I am not in the mood of ſuffering Jeſts. [moody;

Fab. If you be not i'th' mood, I hope you will not be.

But truly I cannot blame the Gentlewoman, you ſtood Eveſdropping

Under their Window, and would not come up.

Jac. Sir, I ſuſpect now, by your idle talk,

Your hand was in't, which if I once believe,

Be ſure you ſhall account to me. [you already,

Fab. The Gentlewoman and the Maids have counted to

The next turn I ſee is mine.

Jac. Let me die but this is very ſtrange; good *Fabricio*

Do not provoke me ſo. [there's no

Fab. Provoke you? You're grown the ſtrangeſt Fellow;

Keeping company with you; piſh, take you that.

[Fab. *gives him a Box o'th' Ear ſuddenly, and throws him from him; and goes his ways, whilſt* Jacomo *draws his Sword.*

Jac. O all the Devils? Stand, Slave.

Fab. Follow me if thou dareſt.

Jac. Stay Coward, ſtay.--- [Jacomo *runs after* Fabricio.

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick, Frank, Clora, *Servant and Maid.*

Clo. Be ready, for I ſee *Fabricio* running,

And *Jacomo* behind him.

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Where's the Place?

Fred. That way, *Fabricio*. [*Exit* Fab.

Enter

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Where art thou, Treacher?

[Frederick, Clora, *and Maid, lay hold on* Jacomo.

What's the matter, Sirs?
Why do you hold me? I am baſely wrong'd,
Torture and Hell be with you; let me go.

[*They drag him to a Chair, and hold him down in't.*

Fred. Good *Jacomo* be patient, and but hear
What I can ſay, you know I am your Friend,
If you yet doubt it, by my Soul I am.

Jac. S'death ſtand away.
I would my Breath were Poiſon.

Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, was but to draw you hither
For Cauſes weighty, that concern yourſelf,
Void of all Malice, which this Maid, my Siſter,
Shall tell you.

Jac. Puh, a pox on you all; you will not hold me
For ever here, and till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.

Frank. As you're a Gentleman,
Let not this boldneſs make me be believ'd
To be immodeſt; if there were a way
More ſilently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would chuſe; but as it is,
Take it in plainneſs: I do love you more
Than you do your Content; if you refuſe
To pity me, I'll never ceaſe to weep;
And when mine Eyes be out, I will be told
How faſt the Tears I ſhed for you do fall;
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a Sigh ſhall make 'em ſtart and leap,
As if the Fire were under.

Jac. Fine Mocking, fine Mocking.

Fred. Mocking? Look how ſhe weeps.

Jac. Do's ſhe counterfeit Crying too?

Fred. Behold how the Tears flow, or pity her,
Or never more be call'd a Man.

Jac. How's this? Soft you, ſoft you, my Maſters: Is it Poſſible,

Poſſible, think you, ſhe ſhould be in earneſt?
Clo. Earneſt? Ay, in earneſt:
She is a Fool to break ſo many Sleeps,
That would have been ſound ones, and venture ſuch a Face,
And ſo much Life, for e'er an humorous Aſs i'th' World?
Frank. Why, *Clora?* I have known you cry as much
For *Julio*, that has not half his Worth.
All Night you write and weep, too much I fear;
I do but what I ſhould.
Clo. If I do write,
I'm anſwer'd, *Frank.*
Frank. I would I might be ſo.
Jac. Good *Frederick*, let me go, I would fain try
If that thing do not counterfeit.
Fred. Give me your Sword then.
Jac. No, but take my Word,
As I am Man, I will not hurt a Creature
Under this Roof, before I have deliver'd
Myſelf, as I am now, into your Hands,
Or have your full Conſent.
Fred. It is enough.
Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your Face;
I am an Infidel, if ſhe don't weep:
Stay, where's my Handkerchief?
I'll wipe the old Wet off; the freſh Tears come. Pox on't,
I am a handſome gracious Fellow amongſt Women, and
Knew't not. Gentlewoman, how ſhould I know theſe
Tears are for me? Is not your Mother dead?
Frank. By Heav'n they are for you. [Morrow
Jac. S'light, I'll have my Head curl'd and powder'd to
By Break of Day; if you love me, I pray you kiſs me,
For if I love you, it ſhall be ſuch Love as I will not be
Aſham'd of; if this be a Mock, [*Kiſſes.*
It is the heartieſt and the ſweeteſt Mock
That e'er I taſted; mock me ſo again. [*Kiſſes again.*
Fred. Fie, *Jacomo*, why do you let her kneel
So long?
Jac. It is true, I had forgot it, [*Lifts her up.*
And ſhould have done this Twelve-month: Pray you riſe.
Frederick,

If

If I could all this while have been perſuaded
She could have lov'd me, doſt thou think I had
Not rather kiſs her than another ſhould?
And yet you may gull me for ought I know;
But if you do, Hell take me, if I do not cut
All your Throats ſleeping.

Fred. Oh, do not think of ſuch a thing.

Jac. Otherwiſe, if ſhe be in earneſt, the ſhort is, I am.

Frank. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it poſſible any Woman
Could have lik'd this Face; it's good for nothing, is't?

Clo. Yes, it is worth forty Shillings to pawn,
Being (59) lin'd almoſt quite through with Velvet.

Frank. 'Tis better than your *Julio*'s.

Jac. Thou thinkeſt ſo,
But otherwiſe, in faith, it is not, *Frank.*

[*Whilſt* Jacomo *is kiſſing* Frank,

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Hiſt, *Jacomo*, How doſt thou, Boy? Ha!

Jac. Why, very well, I thank you, Sir. [Paſſages,

Fab. Doſt thou perceive the Reaſon of Matters and
Yet, Sirrah, or no?

Jac. 'Tis wondrous good, Sir.

Fab. I have done ſimply for you,
But now you're beaten to ſome Underſtanding,
I pray you dally not with the Gentlewoman,
But diſpatch your Matrimony with all convenient Speed.

Fred. He gives good Counſel.

Jac. And I'll follow it.

Fab. And I you; prithee do not take it unkindly,
For truſt me, I boxt thee for thy Advancement,
A fooliſh deſire I had to joggle thee into Preferment.

(59) In Act 3. Scene 6. of this Play, *Piſo* deſcribes *Jacomo* as one that wore his Forehead in a Velvet Scabbard, and *Clora* here ſays his Face is worth forty Shillings to pawn upon account of its Velvet Lining. If *Lin'd* be not a *Latiniſm* here, we muſt have the *Lining* not on the *Inſide* as uſual, but on the *Out*. What we may farther remark from hence is, the difference of Patches in the Poet's Days and in ours. The Heroes of the Blade then would have nothing leſs than Velvet, whereas plain Silk is thought good enough by thoſe now.

Jac.

Jac. I apprehend you, Sir, and if I can ſtudy out a courſe
How a Baſtinading may any ways raiſe your Fortunes
In the State, you ſhall be ſure on't.
Fab. Oh, Sir, keep your way, God ſend you much joy.
Clo. And me my *Julio.* [Julio *ſpeaks within.*
O God I hear his Voice, now he is true,
Have at a Marriage, *Frank*, as ſoon as you.
[*Exeunt all but* Fred.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:
Fred. What is your haſty Buſineſs, Friend?
Meſſ. The Duke commands your preſent Attendance at Court.
Fred. The Cauſe?
Meſſ. I know not in particular; but this:
Many are ſent for more, about Affairs
Foreign I take it, Sir.
Fred. I will be there
Within this Hour, return my humble Service.
Meſſ. I will, Sir. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Fred. Farewel Friend. What News with you?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Miſtreſs would deſire you, Sir, to follow
With all the haſte you can, She is gone to Church,
To marry Captain *Jacomo*; and *Julio*,
To do as much for the young merry Gentlewoman,
Fair Miſtreſs *Clora?*
Fred. Julio marry *Clora?*
Thou art deceiv'd, I warrant thee.
Ser. No ſure, Sir,
I ſaw their Lips as cloſe upon the Bargain
As Cockles.
Fred. Give 'em joy, I cannot now go,
The Duke hath ſent for me in haſte. *Ser.* This Note, Sir,
When you are free, will bring you where they are.
[*Exit.*

Fred. reads. *You ſhall find us all at Signior* Angelo's,
Where Piſo, *and the worthy* Lelia
Of famous Memory, are to be Married,
And we not far behind. Would I had time
To wonder at this (60) laſt Couple in Hell.

Enter Meſſenger again.

Meſſ. You are ſtaid for, Sir.
Fred. I come, pray God the Buſineſs
Hold me not from this ſport, I would not loſe it.
[*Exeunt.*

(60) ——— *laſt Couple in Hell.*] This is alluding to a Ruſtic Diverſion, called, I think, by another Name in our Poets, *Shakeſpear*, and the Playwrights of that time, *viz. Barley-break.* Sir *John Suckling* has a pretty Poem wherein he deſcribes this Diverſion, which, for the ſake of my Readers, I have here inſerted:

Love, Reaſon, Hate, did once beſpeak
Three Mates to play at Barley-break;
Love, Folly took; and Reaſon, Fancy;
And Hate Conſorts with Pride; ſo dance they:
Love coupled laſt, and ſo it fell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

They break, and Love would Reaſon meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her Feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hug together:
Yet this new Coupling ſtill doth tell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

The reſt do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reaſon on her ſide;
Hate and Fancy meet, and ſtand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's Hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in Hell.

But the Reader may find a more exact and minute Deſcription of this Diverſion in Sir *Philip Sydney*'s *Arcadia.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Father, Piſo, Angelo, *and* Lelia.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy Pair.
Piſo. I do not doubt we ſhall. [Fortune,
There was never poor Gentleman had ſuch a ſudden
I could thruſt my Head betwixt two Pales, and ſtrip me out of [ſaid'ſt
My old Skin like a Snake; will the Gueſts come, thou
Thou ſenteſt for to ſolemniſe the Nuptials?
Fath. They will, I lookt for 'em ere this.

Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabricio, Frank, *and* Clora.

Jul. By your leave all.
Fath. They're here, Sir.
Jul. Eſpecially, fair Lady,
I ask your Pardon, to whoſe Marriage Bed
I wiſh all good Succeſs, I have here brought you
Such Gueſts as can diſcern your Happineſs,
And beſt do know how to rejoice at it;
For ſuch a Fortune they themſelves have run,
The worthy *Jacomo*, and his fair Bride,
Noble *Fabricio*, (whom this age of Peace
Has not yet taught to love ought but the Wars,
And his true Friend,) this Lady, who is but
A piece of me.
Lel. Sir, you are welcome all,
Are they not, Sir? [*Exit Fath.*
Piſo. Bring in ſome Wine, ſome of the Wine
Lodowick the Fool ſent hither: Whoever thou bid'ſt
Welcome, ſhall find it
Lel. An unexpected Honour you have done
To our too haſty Wedding. [yours:
Jac. Faith, Madam, our Weddings were as haſty as
We're glad to run up and down any whither, to ſee where
We can get Meat to our Wedding.
Piſo. That *Lodowick* hath provided too, good Aſs.

Ang. I thought you, *Julio*, would not thus have ſtolen a Marriage,
Without acquainting your Friends.
Jul. Why, I did give thee inklings.
Ang. If a Marriage ſhould be thus ſlubber'd up in a Play, ere almoſt [tors
Any body had taken notice you were in love, the Specta-
Would take it to be but ridiculous.
Jul. This was the firſt, and I will never hide
Another Secret from you.

Enter Father.

Fath. Sir, yonder's your Friend *Lodowick*, hide yourſelf,
And 'twill be the beſt ſport——
Piſo. Gentlemen, I pray you take no notice I'm here.
The Coxcomb *Lodowick* is coming in.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. Is that the Lady?
Fath. That is my Lady.
Lod. As I live ſhe's a fair one; what make all theſe here?
Fath. O Lord Sir, ſhe is ſo peſter'd——
Fab. Now will the ſport be, it runs right as *Julio* told us.
Lod. Fair Lady, health to you; ſome Words I have, that
Require an utterance more private
Than this Place can afford.
Lel. I'll call my Husband,
All Buſineſs I hear with his Ears now.
Lod. Good Madam no, but I perceive your Jeſt,
You have no Husband, I am the very Man
That walk'd the Streets ſo comely.
Lel. Are you ſo?
Lod. Yes faith, when *Cupid* firſt did prick yourHeart.
I am not cruel, but the Love begun
I'th' Street, I'll ſatisfy i'th' Chamber fully.
Lel. To ask a Mad-man whether he be mad
Were but an idle Queſtion, if you be,
I do not ſpeak to you, but if you be not,
Walk in the Streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you, here I not endure you.

Lod.

Lod. Good Madam ſtay; do not you know this Ring?
Lel. Yes, it was mine, I ſent it by my Man
To change, and ſo he did, it has a Blemiſh,
And this he brought me for it; did you change it?
Are you a Goldſmith?
Lod. Sure the World is mad.
Sirrah, did you not bring me this Ring from your Lady?
Fath. Yes ſurely Sir, did I; but your Worſhip muſt e'en bear with me,
For there was a miſtaking in it; and ſo, as I was
Saying to your Worſhip, my Lady is now married.
Lod. Married? To whom?
Fath. To your Worſhip's Friend, *Piſo*.
Lod. S'death, to *Piſo?*
Piſo within. Ha, ha, ha.
Ang. Yes, Sir, I can aſſure you ſhe's married to him, I ſaw't with theſe gray Eyes.
Lod. Why what a Rogue art thou then? Thou haſt made Me ſend in Proviſion too.
Fath. O, A Gentleman ſhould not have ſuch foul Words in's Mouth;
But your Worſhip's Proviſion could not have come in at a fitter time;
Will it pleaſe you to taſt any of your own Wine?
It may be the Vintner has cozen'd you.
Lod. Pox, I am mad. [*out.*
Ang. You have always Plots, Sir, and ſee how they fall
Jac. You had a Plot upon me, how do you like this?
Lod. I do not ſpeak to you.
Fab. Becauſe you dare not. [*in this Ring.*
Lod. But I will have one of that old Rogue's Teeth ſet
Fath. Doſt not thou know that I can beat thee?
Doſt thou know it now? [*Diſcovers himſelf.*
Lod. He beat me once indeed.
Fath. And if you have forgot it, I can call a Witneſs.
Come forth, *Piſo*—remember you it?
Piſo. Faith I do call to mind ſome ſuch a matter.
Fath. And if I cannot ſtill do't, you are young,
And will aſſiſt your Father-in-law.
Piſo. My Father-in-law?

Ang. Your Father-in-law, as ſure as this is Widow *Lelia.*

Piſo. How! Widow *Lelia?*

Fath. I'faith 'tis ſhe, Son.

Lod. Ha, ha, ha, let my Proviſion go, I'm glad I Have miſs'd the Woman.

Piſo. Have you put a Whore upon me?

Lel. By Heav'n you do me wrong, I have a Heart As pure as any Woman's, and I mean To keep it ſo for ever.

Fath. There is no ſtarting now, Son, if you offer't? I can compel you; her Eſtate is great, But all made o'er to me, before this Match: Yet if you uſe her kindly, as I ſwear I think ſhe will deſerve, you ſhall enjoy it During your Life, all ſave ſome ſlender piece I will reſerve for my own maintenance, And if God bleſs you with a Child by her, It ſhall have all.

Piſo. So I may have the Means, I do not much care what the Woman is: Come my ſweet Heart, as long as I ſhall find Thy Kiſſes ſweet, and thy Means plentiful, Let People talk their Tongues out.

Lel. They may talk Of what is paſs'd, but all that is to come Shall be without occaſion.

Jul. Shall we not make *Piſo* and *Lodowick* Friends?

Jac. Hang 'em, they dare not be Enemies, or if they be, The Danger is not great. Welcome *Frederick.*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Firſt joy unto you all; and next I think We ſhall have Wars.

Jac. Give me ſome Wine, I'll drink to that.

Fab. I'll pledge. [Wench;

Frank. But I ſhall loſe you then. *Jac.* Not a whit, I'll teach thee preſently to be a Soldier.

Fred. Fabricio's Command, and yours, are both Reſtor'd. *Jac.* Bring me four Glaſſes then. *Fab.* Where are they?

Ang.

Ang. You ſhall not drink 'em here, 'tis Supper time,
And from my Houſe no Creature here ſhall ſtir,
Theſe three Days, Mirth ſhall flow as well as Wine.

Fath. Content, within I'll tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but moſt to you,
Whoſe undeſerved Liberality
Muſt not eſcape thus unrequited.

Jac. 'Tis Happineſs to me, I did ſo well:
Of every noble Action, the Intent
Is to give Worth Reward, Vice, Puniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

IF you miſlike (as you ſhall ever be
Your own free Judges) this Play utterly,
For your own Nobleneſs yet do not hiſs,
But as you go by, ſay it was amiſs;
And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
Never in cold Blood: O' my Honeſty
(If I have any) this I'll ſay for all,
Our Meaning was to pleaſe you ſtill, and ſhall.

THE

PROPHETESS.

A

TRAGICAL HISTORY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Charinus, *Emperor of* Rome.
Coſroe, *King of* Perſia.
Diocles, *of a private Soldier elected Co-Emperor.*
Maximinian, *Nephew to* Diocles, *and Emperor by his Donation.*
Volutius Aper, *Murderer of* Numerianus, *the late Emperor.*
Niger, *a noble Soldier, Servant to the Emperor.*
Camurius, *a Captain, and Creature of* Aper's.
Perſian *Lords.*
Senators.
Soldiers.
Guard.
Suitors.
Ambaſſadors.
Lictors.
Flamen.
Attendants.
Shepherd.
Country-men.
Geta, *a Jeſter, Servant to* Diocles, *a merry Knave.*

W O M E N.

Aurelius, *Siſter to* Charinus.
Caſſana, *Siſter to* Coſroe, *a Captive, waiting on* Aurelia.
Delphia, *a Propheteſs.*
Druſilla, *Neice to* Delphia, *in love with* Diocles.

SCENE *ROME.*

THE

THE PROPHETESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, *and* Niger.

CHARINUS.

YOU buz into my Head ſtrange likelihoods,
And fill me full of Doubts: But what Proofs, *Niger*,
What Certainties, that my moſt noble Brother
Came to his end by Murder? Tell me that,
Aſſure me by ſome Circumſtance.

Nig. I will, Sir.
And as I tell you truth, ſo the Gods proſper me.
I've often nam'd this *Aper*.

Cha. True, ye have done:
And in myſterious Senſes I have heard ye
Break out o'th' ſudden, and abruptly.

Nig. True, Sir.
Fear of your Unbelief, and the Time's giddineſs,
Made me I durſt not then go farther. So your Grace pleaſe

Out

(1) Out of your wonted Goodneſs to give credit,
I ſhall unfold the Wonder.
Aur. Do it boldly:
You ſhall have both our hearty Loves and Hearings.
Nig. This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,
(For he deſerves no mention of a good Man)
Great Sir, give Ear: This moſt ungrateful, ſpightful,
Above the memory of Mankind miſchievous,
With his own bloody Hands———
Cha. Take heed.
Nig. I'm in, Sir;
And if I make not good my Story—
Aur. Forward:
I ſee a Truth would break out: Be not fearful.
Nig. I ſay, this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
Cut off your Brother's Hopes, his Life, and Fortunes:
Th' honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him,
Fell baſely, moſt untimely, and moſt treach'rouſly:
For in his Litter, as he bore him Company,
Moſt privately and cunningly he kill'd him;
Yet ſtill he fills the faithful Soldiers Ears
With ſtories of his weakneſs; of his Life;
That he dare n't venture to appear in open,
And ſhew his warlike Face among the Soldiers;
The tenderneſs and weakneſs of his Eyes,
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.
Slave that he is, he gives out this Infirmity
(Becauſe he would diſpatch his Honour too)

(1) But why muſt he beſpeak the Emperor's Belief, before he had told his Story? 'Tis enough to hear it, and afterwards reflect, whether, all Circumſtances conſider'd, it be worthy of Credit. Might we not read then, with greater Propriety, the whole Paſſage thus?

Out of your wonted Goodneſs to give Ear to't.
As a Confirmation of this *Aurelius* anſwers for 'em both,
Do it boldly:
You ſhall have both our hearty Loves, and Hearings.
Niger then proceeds— But thinking *Charinus* not ſo attentive as he cou'd wiſh, he breaks off the Narative in order to put his Attention upon the Stretch, by crying
Great Sir, give Ear.

T' ariſe

T' ariſe from Wantonneſs, and love of Women,
And thus he juggles ſtill.

Aur. O moſt pernicious,
Moſt bloody, and moſt baſe! Alas, dear Brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after Death thy Memory
Loaden with Shames and Lies? Thoſe pious Tears
Thou daily ſhower'dſt upon my Father's Monument,
(When in the *Perſian* Expedition
He fell unfortunately by a ſtroke of Thunder)
Made thy Defame and Sins? Thoſe wept out Eyes,
The fair Examples of a noble Nature,
Thoſe holy Drops of Love, turn'd by Depravers
(Malicious poiſon'd Tongues) to thy Abuſes?
We muſt not ſuffer this.

Cha. It ſhows a truth now:
And ſure this *Aper* is not right nor honeſt,
He will not (2) now come near me.

Nig. No, he dare not:
He has an Inmate here, that's call'd a Conſcience,
Bids him keep off.

Cha. My Brother honour'd him,
Made him firſt Captain of his Guard, his next Friend;
Then to my Mother (to aſſure him nearer)
He made him Husband,

Nig. And withal Ambitious:
For when he trod ſo nigh, his falſe Feet itch'd, Sir,
To ſtep into the State.

Aur. If ye believe, Brother,
Aper a bloody Knave, as 'tis apparent,
Let's leave diſputing, and do ſomething Noble.

Cha. Siſter, be rul'd. I am not yet ſo pow'rful,
To meet him in the Field: He has under him
The flower of all the Empire, and the ſtrength,
The *Britain* and the *German* Cohorts; pray ye be patient.
Niger, how ſtands the Soldier to him?

Nig. In Fear, more, Sir,
Than Love or Honour: He has loſt their fair Affections,
By his moſt covetous and greedy Griping.

(2) *He will not come near me.*] I have inſerted the Particle *Now* into the Text, upon the Authority of the Edition of 1647.

Are

Are ye deſirous to do ſomething on him,
That all the World may know ye lov'd your Brother?
And do it ſafely too, without an Army?
Cha. Moſt willingly.
Nig. Then ſend out a Proſcription,
Send ſuddenly: And to that Man that executes it,
(I mean, that brings his Head) add a fair Payment,
No common Sum: Then ye ſhall ſee, I fear not, [him,
Ev'n from his own Camp, from thoſe Men that follow
Follow, and flatter him, we ſhall find one,
And if he miſs, one hundred that will venture it.
Aur. For his Reward, (it ſhall be ſo, dear Brother,
So far I'll honour him that kills the Villain,
For ſo far runs my Love to my dead Brother,)
Let him be what he will, baſe, old, or crooked,
He ſhall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denied.
Cha. You ſhall not, Siſter.
But ye ſhall know, my Love ſhall go along too:
See a Proſcription drawn; and for his Recompence,
My Siſter, and half Partner in the Empire;
And I will keep my Word.
Aur. Now ye do bravely.
Nig. And though it coſt my Life, I'll ſee it publiſh'd.
Cha. Away then, for the Buſineſs.
Nig. I am gone, Sir:
You ſhall have all diſpatch'd to Night.
Cha. Be proſp'rous.
Aur. And let the Villain fall.
Nig. Fear nothing, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Delphia *and* Druſilla.

Dru. 'Tis true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
And of a pleaſant Nature, ſweet and temperate;
His Couſin *Maximinian*, proud and bloody.
Del. Yes, and miſtruſtful too, my Girl; take heed,
Although he ſeem to love thee, and affect

Like

Like the more Courtier, curious Compliment,
Yet have a care.

Dru. You know all my Affection,
And all my (3) Heart's-deſire, is ſet on *Diocles.*
But, Aunt, how coldly he requites this Courteſy,
How dull and heavily he looks upon me,
Although I woo him ſometimes beyond Modeſty,
Beyond a Virgin's Care: How ſtill he ſlights me,
And puts me ſtill off with your Prophecy,
And the Performance of your late Prediction,
That when he's Emp'ror, then he'll marry me:
Alas, what hope of that?

Del. Peace, and be patient,
For though he be now a Man moſt miſerable,
Of no Rank, nor no badge of Honour on him,
Bred low and poor, no Eye of favour ſhining;
And though my ſure Prediction of his riſing,
Which can no more fail, than the Day or Night does,
Nay, let him be aſleep, will overtake him,
Have found ſome Rubs and Stops, yet hear me, Neice,
And hear me with a Faith, it ſhall come to him.
I'll tell thee the occaſion.

Dru. Do, good Aunt:
For yet I'm ignorant.

Del. Chiding him one Day (4)
For being too near and ſparing for a Soldier,
Too griping, and too greedy: He made anſwer,
When I am *Cæſar*, then I will be liberal.
I preſently, inſpir'd with holy Fire,
And my prophetick Spirit burning in me,
Gave anſwer from the Gods; and this it was,
(5) [*Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:*]

(3) So the oldeſt Folio. The other Copies read *Heart-deſires.*

(4) This whole Speech, is almoſt a Tranſlation from *Vopiſcus.*

(5) I could wiſh this *ſplendidus pannus*, this *Latin* Piece of Patch-work, was not to be found in the oldeſt Edition: It might very well have been ſpar'd, and the Author's Learning have ſuffer'd no detriment.

Thou ſhalt be Emperor, O *Diocles*,
When thou haſt kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time,
As giving Credit to my Words, h' has imploy'd
Much of his Life in hunting. Many Boars
Hideous and fierce, with his own Hands h' has kill'd too,
But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
Should raiſe him to the Empire: Be not ſad, Niece,
Ere long he ſhall: Come, let's go entertain him;
For by this time, I gueſs, he comes from hunting:
And by my Art, I find this very inſtant
Some great Deſign's afoot.

Dru. The Gods give good, Aunt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, *and* Geta, *with a Boar.*

Dio. Lay down the Boar,

Geta. With all my Heart, I am weary on't;
I ſhall turn Jew, if I carry many ſuch Burdens.
Do you think, Maſter, to be Emperor
With killing Swine? ye may be an honeſt Butcher,
Or ally'd to a ſeemly Family of Sowſe-wives.
Can you be ſuch an Aſs, my reverend Maſter,
To think (6) theſe Springs of Pork will ſhoot up *Cæſars?*

Max. The Fool ſays true.

Dio. Come leave your fooling, Sirrah,
And think of what thou ſhalt be when I'm Emperor.

Geta. Wou'd it would come with thinking, for then
O' my Conſcience I ſhould be at leaſt a Senator.

Max. A Sowter;
For that's a place more fitted to thy Nature,
If there could be any ſuch Expectation.

(6) —— *theſe Springs of Pork*] *Gayton* in his feſtivous Notes on *Don Quixote* (p. 96.) will well explain this Phraſe, where telling a Story of an hungry Scholar invited to a Feaſt, and dreaming the Night before of his next Day's Entertainment, cry'd out in his Sleep, "Sir, Sir, "pray hand the *Spring of Pork* to me, pray advance the Rump of "Beef this way, *&c.*

Or

Or ſay the Devil could perform this wonder,
Can ſuch a Raſcal as thou'rt hope for Honour?
Such a Log-carrying Lowt?
Geta. Yes, and bear it too,
And bear it ſwimmingly. I'm not the firſt Aſs, Sir,
Has born good Office, and perform'd it reverendly.
Dio. Thou being the Son of a Tiler, canſt thou hope to be a Senator?
Geta. Thou being the Son of a Tanner, canſt thou hope to be an Emperor?
Dio. Thou ſay'ſt true, *Geta*, there's a ſtop indeed;
But yet the bold and virtuous———
Geta. Y'are right, Maſter,
Right as a Gun: For we the virtuous,
Though we be Kennel-rakers, Scabs, and Scoundrels,
We the diſcreet and bold: And yet, now I remember it,
We Tilers may deſerve well to be Senators;
And there we ſtep before you thick-skin'd Tanners,
For we are born three Stories high; no baſe ones,
None of your groundlings, Maſter.
Dio. I like thee well,
(7) Thou haſt as good a Mind as I have to this Honour.
Geta. As good a Mind, Sir, of a ſimple Plaiſterer—
And when I come to execute my Office,
Then you ſhall ſee.
Max. What?
Geta. An Officer in fury:
An Officer as he ought to be: Do you laugh at it?
Is a Senator, in hope, worth no more Reverence?
By theſe Hands I'll clap you by th' Heels the firſt hour of it.
Max. O' my Conſcience, the Fellow believes.
Dio. Ay, do, do, *Geta*,
For if I once be Emperor———
Geta. Then will I,
(For wiſe Men muſt be had to prop the Republick)
Not bate y' a ſingle Ace of a ſound Senator.
Dio. But what ſhall we do th' whilſt?

(7) *Thou haſt a good Mind*] The Addition I have made to this Line appear plainly neceſſary to make *Geta*'s Anſwer, and this part of *Diocles*'s Speech tally to each other.

Geta. Kill Swine, and souse 'em,
And eat 'em when we've Bread.
Max. Why didst thou run away
When the Boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?
Geta. No indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine Honour too:
I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to th' Monster;
Hark what Discretion says, let Fury pass;
From the Tooth of a mad Beast, and the Tongue
Of a Slanderer, (8) preserve thine Honour.
Dio. He talks like a full Senator.
Go, take it up, and carry't in: 'tis a huge one;
We never kill'd so large a Swine; so fierce too
I never met with yet.
Max. Take heed, it stirs again;
How nimbly the Rogue runs up! he climbs like a Squirrel.
Dio. Come down ye Dunce, is it not dead?
Geta. I know not.
Dio. His Throat is cut, and his Bowels out.
Geta. That's all one,
I'm sure his Teeth are in; and for any thing I know,
He may have Pigs of his own Nature in's Belly.
Dio. Come, take him up I say, and see him dress'd,
He's fat, and will be lusty Meat; away with him,
And get some of him ready for our Dinner.
Geta. Shall he be roasted whole,
And serv'd up in a Sowce-tub? a portly service,
I'll run i'th' Wheel myself.
Max. Sirrah, leave your prating,
And get some piece of him ready presently,
We're weary both, and hungry.
Geta. I'll about it.
What an inundation of Brewis shall I swim in? [*Exit.*

(8) —— *thine Honour.*] *To preserve thy* Honour *from the Tooth of a mad Beast*, is scarcely Sense. The deficiency of the Verse gives room to suspect that something is dropt. I read

—— *of a mad Beast, and the Tongue of*
A Slanderer preserve thee (or thy self) and Honour.

Mr. Seward.

Dio.

Dio. Thou'rt ever dull and melancholy, Couſin,
Diſtruſtful of my hopes.
Max. Why, can ye blame me?
Do Men give credit to a Juggler?
Dio. Thou know'ſt ſhe is a Propheteſs.
Max. A ſmall one,
And as ſmall Profit to be hop'd for by her.
Dio. Thou art the ſtrangeſt Man; how does thy hurt?
The Boar came near you, Sir.
Max. A ſcratch, a ſcratch. [angry.
Dio. It akes and troubles thee, and that makes thee
Max. Not at the Pain, but at the Practice, Uncle,
The butcherly baſe cuſtom of our lives now:
Had a brave Enemy's Sword drawn ſo much from me,
Or danger met me in the head o'th' Army,
T'have bluſh'd thus in my Blood, had been mine Honour.
But to live baſe, like Swine-herds, and believe too;
To be fool'd out with Tales, and old Wives Dreams,
Dreams when they're drunk.
Dio. Certain, you much miſtake her.
Max. Miſtake her? hang her: To be made her Purveyors,
To feed her old Chaps; to provide her daily,
And bring in Feaſts, whilſt ſhe ſits farting at us,
And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends.
Dio. Prithee be wiſe: Doſt thou think, *Maximinian*,
So great a Rev'rence, and ſo ſtaid a Knowledge—
Max. Sur-rev'rence, you would ſay: What Truth?
What Knowledge?
What any thing, but eating, is good in her?
'Twould make a Fool prophecy to be fed continually:
What do you get? your labour and your danger,
Whilſt ſhe ſits bathing in her larded fury.
Inſpir'd with full deep Cups, who cannot Prophecy?
A Tinker, out of Ale, will give Predictions:
But who believes?
Dio. She is a holy *Druid*,
A Woman noted for that Faith, that Piety,
Belov'd of Heav'n.
Max. Heav'n knows, I don't believe it.
Indeed, I muſt confeſs, they're excellent Jugglers;

Their Age upon ſome Fools too flings a confidence ;
But what grounds have they, what elements to work on ?
Show me but that ; the Sieve and Sheers ? a learn'd one.
I have no patience to diſpute this Queſtion,
'Tis ſo ridiculous ; I think the Devil does help 'em :
Or rather, mark me well, abuſe 'em, Uncle :
For they're as fit to deal with him ; theſe old Women,
They are as jump and ſquar'd out to his nature——

Dio. Thou haſt a perfect malice.

Max. So I would have
Againſt theſe purblind Prophets ; for look ye, Sir,
Old Women will lie monſtrouſly ; ſo will th' Devil,
(Or elſe h'has had much wrong,) upon my knowledge ;
Old Women are malicious, ſo is he ;
They're proud, and covetous, revengeful, lech'rous,
All which are excellent Attributes o'th' Devil.
They would at laſt ſeem holy, ſo would he ;
And to vail o'er theſe Villanies, they'd Propheſy ;
He gives them leave now and then to uſe their cunnings,
Which is to kill a Cow, or blaſt a Harveſt,
Make young Pigs pipe themſelves to Death, choak Poultry,
And chafe a Dairy-wench into a Fever
With pumping for her Butter.
But when he makes theſe Agents to raiſe Emperors,
When he diſpoſes Fortune as his Servant,
And ties her to old Wives Tails——

Dio. Go thy ways,
Thou art a learned Scholar, againſt credit.
You hear the Prophecy ?

Max. Yes, and I laugh at it,
And ſo will any Man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind, as you are blind, and ignorant.
D' you think ſhe knows your Fortune ?

Dio. I do think it.

Max. I know ſhe has the Name of a rare Soothſayer,
But do you in your Conſcience believe her holy ?
Inſpired with ſuch Prophetick fire ?

Dio. Yes in my Conſcience.

Max. And that you muſt upon neceſſity
From her words be a *Cæſar ?*

Dio.

Dio. If I live——
Max. There's one stop yet.
Dio. And follow her Directions.
Max. But do not juggle with me.
Dio. In faith, Cousin,
So full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise——
Max. Very well, Sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own Fate?
Dio. I believe it certain.
Max. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it,
For I stand doubtful.
Dio. How?
Max. Come nearer to me;
Because her cunning Devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear; if she can turn this Destiny,
[*Whispers* Diocles.
I'll be of your Faith too.
Dio. Forward, I fear not.
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing.

Enter Delphia.

I am so confident——
Max. 'Faith so am I too,
That I shall make her Devil's sides hum.
Dio. She comes here,
Go take your stand.
Max. (9) Now holly, or you howl for't. [*Exit.*
Dio. 'Tis pity this young Man should be so stubborn.
Valiant he is, and to his Valour temperate,
Only distrustful of Delays in Fortune;
I love him dearly well.
Del. Now my Son *Diocles*,
Are ye not weary of your Game to day?

(9) *Now* Holly, *&c.*] I read *Hallow Ye.*
Maximinian did not believe *Delphia* had any Divinity about her, and therefore when designing to shoot at her, should seem to say, *Now Hallow you*, i. e. render yourself *Holy*, or, *You Howl for it.* As to the old Reading, I have no Idea of it at all; and what I purpose will read in the Verse as two Syllables only. Mr. *Seward.*

And are ye well?
Dio. Yes, Mother, well and lusty;
Only ye make me hunt for empty Shadows. [Day;
Del. You must have Patience, *Rome* was n't built in one
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their currents.
You've kill'd a mighty Boar.
Dio. But I'm no Emperor.
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering Expectation hour by hour?
Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your Appetites,
Forget my Trade, my Arms? forsake mine Honour,
Labour and sweat t' arrive at a base Memory?
Oppose myself to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barb'rous Name of Butcher?
Del. Son, you are wise.
Dio. But you are cunning, Mother;
(10) And with that Cunning, and the Faith I give ye,
Ye lead me blindly to no End, no Honour.
You find ye're daily fed, you take no Labour,
Your Family at Ease, they know no Market,
And therefore to maintain this, you speak darkly,
As darkly still ye nourish it, whilst I,
Being a credulous and obsequious Coxcomb,
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly, (11) to find out,
To clear your Mystery; kill Boar on Boar,
And make your Spits and Pots bow with my Bounties:
Yet I still poorer, further still——
Del. Be provident,
And tempt not the Gods Dooms; stop not the Glory
They're ready to fix on ye. Y'are a Fool then;

(10) *And with that* Cannon,] What Great Guns have to do with Faith, or Gun-powder with Oracles, will not appear easy to any Reader's Apprehension. There has been undoubtedly a Corruption in the Old Copies, which the present Reading entirely amends, and at the same time carries its conviction along with it. Mr. *Seward* offer'd the very same Emendation.

(11) —— *to find out*
To Clear your Mystery;] There is undoubtedly a Fault in this Passage, which may yet be easily rectified, either by inserting a Comma, after *out*, or reading *how* instead of it. But as the former is the easier, I have chose that.

Chearful

Chearful and grateful Takers the Gods love,
And ſuch as wait their Pleaſures with full hopes;
The doubtful and diſtruſtful Man Heav'n frowns at.
What I have told you by my Inſpiration,
I tell ye once again, muſt and ſhall find ye.
Dio. But when; or how?
Del. Cum Aprum interfeceris.
Dio. I have kill'd many.
Del. Not the Boar they point ye;
Nor muſt I reveal further, 'till you clear it.
The lots of glorious Men are wrapt in Myſteries,
And ſo deliver'd: Common and ſlight Creatures,
That have their Ends as open as their Actions,
Eaſy and open Fortunes follow.
Max. I ſhall try [*From his covert ſtand.*
How deep your Inſpiration lies hid in ye,
And whether your brave Spirit have a Buckler
To keep this Arrow off, I'll make you ſmoke elſe.
Dio. Knowing my Fortune ſo preciſely, punctually,
And that it muſt fall without contradiction,
Being a Stranger, of no tie unto ye,
Methinks you ſhould be ſtudied in your own,
In your own Deſtiny, methinks, moſt perfect;
And every hour, and every minute, Mother,
So great a care ſhould Heav'n have of her Miniſters;
Methinks your Fortunes both ways ſhould appear t' ye,
Both to avoid, and take. Can the Stars now,
And all thoſe influences you receive into ye,
Or ſecret Inſpirations ye make ſhew of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour itſelf upon your Life, deliver ye?
Can they now ſay, Take heed?
Del. Ha? pray ye come hither. [ye,
Max. I would know that: I fear your Devil will cozen
And ſtand as cloſe as ye can, I ſhall be with ye.
Del. I find a preſent Ill.
Dio. How?
Del. But I ſcorn it.
Max. Do ye ſo? do ye ſo?
Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Dioclcs.*

Is it not ſtrange, theſe wild and fooliſh Men
Should dare t'oppoſe the power of Deſtiny?
That Power the Gods ſhake at? Look yonder, Son.
Max. Have ye ſpy'd me? then have at ye.
Del. Do, ſhoot boldly.
Hit me and ſpare not, if thou canſt.
Dio. Shoot, Couſin.
Max. I cannot, mine Arm's dead, I have no feeling;
Or if I could ſhoot, ſo ſtrong's her arm'd Virtue,
She'd catch the Arrow flying.
Del. Poor doubtful People,
I pity your weak Faiths.
Dio. Your mercy, Mother,
And from this Hour a Deity, I crown ye.
Del. No more of that.
Max. O let my Prayers prevail too,
Here like a Tree, I dwell elſe: Free me Mother,
And greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee.
Del. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in ye.
Dio. Now I believe your words moſt conſtantly,
And when I have the Power y' have promis'd to me——
Del. Remember then your Vow: my Niece *Druſilla*,
I mean, to marry her, and then ye proſper.
Dio. I ſhall forget my Life elſe.
Del. I am a poor weak Woman; to me no Worſhip.

Enter Niger, Geta, *and Soldiers.*

Geta. And ſhall he have, as you ſay, that kills this *Aper?*
Del. Now mark and underſtand.
Nig. The Proſcription's up,
I'th' Market-place 'tis up, there ye may read it,
He ſhall have half the Empire.
Get. A pretty Farm, i'faith.
Nig. And th' Emperor's Siſters, bright *Aurelia*,
Her to his Wife.
Get. Ye ſay well, Friend; but hark ye,
Who ſhall do this?
Nig. You, if ye dare.
Get. I think ſo:
Yet I could poiſon him in a Pot of Perry,

He

He loves that veng'ancely : But when I've done this,
May I lie with the Gentlewoman?
Nig. Lie with her? what elſe, Man?
Get. Yes, Man,
I have known a Man married, that never lay with his Wife.
Thoſe dancing days are done.
Nig. Theſe are old Soldiers,
And poor, it ſeems. I'll try their Appetites.
'Save ye brave Soldiers.
Max. Sir, ye talk'd of Proſcriptions?
Nig. 'Tis true, there is one ſet up from the Emperor
Againſt *Volutius Aper.*
Dio. Aper?
Del. Now;
Now have ye found the Boar?
Dio. I have the meaning;
And bleſſed Mother. ———
Nig. He has ſcorn'd his Maſter,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble Brother to him.
Dio. He lives here, Sir,
Sickly and weak.
Nig. Did you ſee him?
Max. No.
Nig. He's murder'd;
So ye ſhall find it mention'd from the Emperor,
And honeſt faithful Soldiers, but believe it;
For, by the Gods, you'll find it ſo, he's murther'd,
The manner how, read in the large Proſcription.
Del. It is moſt true, Son; and he cozens ye,
Aper's a Villain falſe.
Dio. I thank ye, Mother,
And dare believe ye: Hark ye, Sir, the Recompence?
As ye related.
Nig. Is as firm as Faith, Sir;
Bring him alive or dead.
Max. You took a fit time, [him not,
The General being out o'th' Town, for though we love
Yet had he known this firſt, y' had paid for't dearly.
Dio. 'Tis *Niger*, now I know him; honeſt *Niger*,

A true ſound Man, and I believe him conſtantly:
Your buſineſs may be done, make no great hurry
For your own ſafety.

Nig. No, I'm gone, I thank ye. [*Exit.*

Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.

Max. I'll pray and work too.

Dio. I'll to the Market-place, and read the Offer,
And now I've found the Boar.

Del. Find your own Faith too,
And remember what ye have vow'd.

Dio. O Mother.

Del. Proſper.

Get. If my Maſter and I do this, there's two Emperors,
And what a ſhow will that make? how we ſhall bounce it?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Druſilla *and* Delphia.

Dru. LEave us, and not vouchſafe a parting kiſs
To her, that in his hopes of Greatneſs lives,
And goes along with him in all his Dangers?

Del. I grant 'twas moſt inhuman.

Dru. O you give it
Too mild a Name; 'twas more than barbarous,
And you a Partner in it.

Del. I, *Druſilla?* [vaſtneſs,

Dru. Yes, you have blown his ſwoln Pride to that
As he believes the Earth is in his Fathom;
This makes him quite forget his humble Being:
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagin'd Food of future Empire,
Diſdains ev'n thoſe that gave him Means, and Life,
To nouriſh ſuch Deſires, when he's poſſeſt
Of his ambitious Ends (which muſt fall on him,
Or your Predictions are falſe) will ever
Deſcend to look on me?

Del.

Del. Were his Intents
Perfidious as the Seas or Winds; his Heart
Compos'd of Falſhood; yet the benefit,
The greatneſs of the good he has from you,
(For what I have conferr'd, is thine, *Druſilla*)
Muſt make him firm, and thankful: But if all
Remembrance of the Debts he ſtands engag'd for,
Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude,
My powerful Art, that guides him to this height,
Shall make him curſe the hour he e'er was rais'd,
Or ſink him to the Center.

Dru. I had rather
Your Art could force him to return that Ardour
To me, I bear to him; or give me Power
To moderate my Paſſions: Yet I know not,
I ſhould repent your grant, though you had ſign'd it,
(So well I find he's worthy of all Service.)
But to believe that any check to him
In his main hopes, could yield content to me,
Were Treaſon to true Love, that knows no Pleaſure,
The Object, that it doats on, ill affected.

Del. Pretty Simplicity, I love thee for't,
And will not ſit an idle looker on,
And ſee it cozen'd; dry thy innocent Eyes,
And caſt off jealous Fears, (yet Promiſes
Are but Lip-comforts) and but fancy ought
That's poſſible in Nature, or in Art,
That may advance thy Comfort, and be bold
To tell thy Soul 'tis thine, therefore ſpeak freely.

Dru. You new create me. To conceal from you
My virgin Fondneſs, were to hide my Sickneſs
From my Phyſician. O dear Aunt, I languiſh
For want of *Diocles'* ſight: He's the Sun
That keeps my Blood in a perpertual Spring;
But in his abſence, cold benuming Winter
Seizes on all my Faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your Slave already) in more Fetters,
And (in the place of Service) to adore you?
O bear me then (but 'tis impoſſible,
I fear, to be effected) where I may

See how my *Diocles* breaks th'row his Dangers,
And in what heaps his Honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him, in the height and pride
Of all his Glories; and there (as your Gift)
Challenge him, as mine own.

Del. Enjoy thy Wiſhes:
This is an eaſy Boon, which, at thy years,
I could have giv'n to any; but now grown
Perfect in all the hidden Myſteries
Of that inimitable Art, which makes us
Equal ev'n to the Gods, and Nature's Wonders,
It ſhall be done, as fits my Skill and Glory:
To break th'row Bolts, and Locks, a Scholar's prize
For Thieves and Pick-locks: To paſs th'row an Army
Cover'd with Night, or ſome diſguiſe, the Practice
Of poor and needy Spies: No, my *Druſilla*,
From *Ceres* I will force her winged Dragons,
And in the Air hang over the Tribunal;
The Muſick of the Spheres attending on us.
There, as his good Star, thou ſhalt ſhine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his Angel guard him.
But if he dare be falſe, I, in a moment
Will put that glorious Light out, with ſuch horrour,
As if th' eternal Night had ſeiz'd the Sun,
Or all things were return'd to the firſt Chaos,
And then appear like Furies.

Dru. I will do
Whate'er you ſhall command.

Del. Reſt then aſſur'd,
I am the Miſtreſs of my Art, and fear not.

[*Soft Muſick. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Aper, Camurius, *Guard, a Litter covered.*

Aper. Your care of your ſick Emp'ror, Fellow-ſoldiers,
In colours to the Life, doth ſhew your Love,
And zealous Duty: O continue in it!
And though I know you long to ſee and hear him,

Impute

Impute it not to Pride, or Melancholy,
That keeps you from your Wiſhes; ſuch State-vices
(Too too familiar with great Princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the Life
Of good *Numerianus:* Let your patience
Be the Phyſician to the wounded Eyes,
(Wounded with pious ſorrow for his Father)
Which Time and your ſtrong Patience will recover,
Provided it prove conſtant. [*Goes to the Litter.*

1 *Guard.* If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter truſt a prodigal Heir,
When he weeps at his Father's Funeral. [Husband,

2 *Guard.* Or a young Widow, foll'wing a Bed-rid
(After a three years groaning) to the Fire.

3 *Guard.* Note his Humility, and with what ſoft Murmurs
He does enquire his Pleaſures.

1 *Guard.* And how ſoon
He is inſtructed.

2 *Guard.* How he bows again too.

Aper. All your commands (dread *Cæſar*) I'll impart
To your moſt ready Soldier, to obey them;
So take your reſt in peace. It is the Pleaſure
[*Turning from the Litter to the Guards.*
Of mighty *Cæſar* (his thanks ſtill remembred
For your long Patience, which a Donative,
Fitting his State to give, ſhall quickly follow)
That you continue a ſtrict Guard upon
His ſacred Perſon, and admit no Stranger
Of any other Legion, to come near him;
You being moſt truſted by him. I receive
Your anſwer in your ſilence. Now *Camurius*,
Speak without Flatt'ry: Hath thy *Aper* acted
This Paſſion to the Life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he ſaluted *Cæſar:* But I fear
Theſe long protracted Counſels will undo us;
And 'tis beyond my Reaſon, he being Dead,
You ſhould conceal yourſelf, or hope it can
Continue undiſcover'd.

Aper.

Aper. That I've killed him,
Yet feed these ignorant Fools with hopes he lives,
Has a main end in't. The *Pannonian* Cohorts
(That are my own, and sure) are not come up,
The *German* Legions waver; and *Charinus*,
Brother to this dead Dog, (Hells plagues on *Niger*,)
Is jealous of the Murder; and, I hear,
Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
Till I have power to justify the Act,
To shew myself the Author: Be therefore careful
For an hour or two (till I have fully founded
How th' Tribunes and Centurions stand affected)
That none come near th' Litter. If I find them
Firm on my part, I dare profess myself,
And then live *Aper*'s Equal.

Cam. Does not the Body
Begin to putrify?

Aper. That exacts my haste:
When, but ev'n now, I feign'd Obedience to it,
As I had some great business to impart,
The Scent had almost choak'd me; be therefore (*a*) curious,
All keep at distance. [*Exit.*

Cam. I am taught my Part;
Haste you, to perfect yours.

1 *Guar.* I'd rather meet
An Enemy i'th' Field, than stand thus nodding
Like to a Rug-gown'd Watch-man.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, *and* Geta.

Geta. Th' Watch at Noon?
This is a new device.

Cam. Stand.

Dio. I am Arm'd
Against all danger.

Max. If I fear to follow,
A Coward's name pursue me.

Dio. Now my Fate
Guide and direct me.

(*a*) i. e. *Cautious:* 'Tis not the only place in our Poets, where it has this Sense.

Cam.

Cam. You are rude and ſawcy,
With your forbidden Feet to touch this Ground,
Sacred to *Cæſar* only, and to theſe
That do attend his Perſon. Speak, what are you?
Dio. What thou, nor any of thy Faction are,
Nor ever were: Soldiers, and honeſt Men.
Cam. So blunt?
Geta. Nay, you ſhall find he's good at the ſharp too.
Dio. No inſtruments of Craft, Engines of Murder,
That ſerve the Emperor only with oil'd Tongues,
Sooth and applaud his Vices, play the Bawds
To all his Appetites; and when you've wrought
So far upon his Weakneſs, that he's grown
Odious to the Subject and himſelf,
And can no further help your wicked Ends,
You rid him out o'th' way.
Cam. Treaſon?
Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.
Cam. Lay Hands upon 'em.
Or kill them ſuddenly.
Geta. I'm out at that;
I do not like the Sport.
Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any Virtue worth a *Roman*;
Or does retain the mem'ry of the Oath
He made to *Cæſar*, that dares lift his Sword
Againſt the Man that (careleſs of his Life)
Comes to diſcover ſuch a horrid Treaſon,
As when you hear't, and underſtand how long
You've been abus'd, will run you mad with Fury?
I am no Stranger, but (like you) a Soldier,
Train'd up one from my Youth: And there are ſome
With whom I've ſerv'd, and (not to praiſe myſelf)
Muſt needs confeſs they have ſeen *Diocles*
In the late *Britain* Wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common Man.
1 *Guard. Diocles?*
2 *Guard.* I know him,
The braveſt Soldier of the Empire.

Cam.

Cam. Stand;
If thou advance an Inch, thou'rt dead.
Dio. Die thou, [*Stabs* Camurius.
That durſt oppoſe thyſelf againſt a Truth
That will break out, though Mountains cover it.
Geta. I fear this is a ſucking Pig; no Boar,
He falls ſo eaſy.
Dio. Hear me, fellow Soldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an Act of Juſtice, and no Murther,
Cut me in Pieces: I'll diſperſe the Cloud
That hath ſo long obſcur'd a bloody Act
Ne'er equal'd yet; You all know with what Favours
The good *Numerianus* ever grac'd
The Provoſt *Aper?*
Guard. True.
Dio. And that thoſe Bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd
The Elements of Honeſty and Truth)
In Loyal Duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Deſert, but with blind haſte
Boldly runs on. But I loſe time. You're here
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend
The Emp'ror's Perſon, to admit no Stranger
To have acceſs to him, or come near his Litter,
Under pretence, forſooth, his Eyes are ſore
And his Mind troubled; no, my Friends, you're cozen'd,
The good *Numerianus* now is paſt
The Senſe of Wrong or Injury.
Guard. How? Dead?
Dio. Let your own Eyes inform you. [*Opens the Litter.*
Geta. An Emperor's Cabinet?
Fough, I have known a Charnel-houſe ſmell ſweeter.
If Emperor's Fleſh have this ſavour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?
1 *Guard.* Moſt unheard of Villany.
2 *Guard.* And with all Cruelty to be reveng'd.
3 *Guard.* Who is the Murderer? Name him, that we may
Puniſh it in his Family.

Dio.

Dio. Who but *Aper?*
The barbarous and moſt ingrateful *Aper?*
His deſperate Poniard printed on his Breaſt
This deadly Wound; Hate to vow'd Enemies
Finds a full Satisfaction in Death,
And Tyrants ſeek no farther. He, a Subject,
And bound by all the Ties of Love and Duty,
Ended not ſo; but does deny his Prince,
(Whoſe Ghoſt forbad a Paſſage to his reſt,
Mourns by the *Stygian* Shore,) his Funeral-Rites.
Nay, weep not; let your Loves ſpeak in your Anger,
And, to confirm you gave no Suffrage to
The damned Plot, lend me your helping Hands
To wreak the Parricide; and if you find
That there is Worth in *Diocles* to deſerve it,
Make him your Leader.
Guard. A *Diocles*, a *Diocles.* [Stars,
Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. And now my
If you have any good for me in ſtore,
Shew it, when I have ſlain this fatal Boar. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Delphia *and* Druſilla *in a Throne drawn by Dragons.*

Del. Fix here, and reſt a while your (12) Sail-ſtretch'd Wings
That have out-ſtript the Winds; the Eye of Heav'n

(12) —— *Sail ſtretch'd Wings*] I can't forbear tranſcribing a Stanza out of our inimitable *Spenſer*, which whether our Poets had in their Eye or no here, the Reader muſt judge. B. 1. C. 11. Stan. 10.

His flaggy Wings when forth he did diſplay,
Were like two Sails, in which the hollow Wind
Is gathered full, and worketh ſpeedy way:
And eke the Pens that did his Pinions bind,
Were like Main-yards, with flying Canvas lin'd;
With which, when as him liſt the Air to beat,
And there by force unwonted Paſſage find,
The Clouds before him fled for Terror great,
And all the Heavens ſtood full amazed with his Threat.

Durſt not behold your Speed, but hid itſelf
Behind the groſſeſt Clouds; and the pale Moon
Pluckt in her ſilver Horns, trembling for fear
That my ſtrong Spells ſhould force her from her Sphere;
Such is the Power of Art.

Dru. Good Aunt, where are we?

Del. Look down, *Druſilla*, on theſe lofty Towers,
Theſe ſpacious Streets, where every private Houſe
Appears a Palace to receive a King:
The Site, the Wealth, the Beauty of the Place,
Will ſoon inform thee 'tis imperious *Rome*,
Rome, the great Miſtreſs of the conquer'd World.

Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me
Like any Wilderneſs we have paſs'd o'er;
Shall I not ſee him?

Del. Yes, and in full Glory,
And glut thy greedy Eyes with looking on
His proſperous Succeſs: Contain thyſelf;
For though all things beneath us are tranſparent,
The ſharpeſt ſighted, were he Eagle-ey'd,
Cannot diſcover us; nor will we hang
Idle Spectators to behold his Triumph.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, *Guard*, Aper, *Senators*, Geta, *Officers*, *with Litter*.

But when Occaſion ſhall preſent itſelf,
Do ſomething to add to it. See, he comes. [Grace,

(13) *Dru.* How God-like he appears? With ſuch a
The Giants that attempted to ſcale Heav'n,
When they lay dead on the *Phlegrean* Plain,
Mars did appear to *Jove*. *Del.* Forbear.

Dio. Look on this,
And when with Horror thou haſt view'd thy Deed,
Thy moſt accurſed Deed, be thine own Judge,
And ſee (thy Guilt conſider'd) if thou canſt
Perſwade thyſelf, whom thou ſtand'ſt bound to hate,
To hope or plead for Mercy.

(13) This Paſſage, for the bold Ordination of the Words, may ſtand in Competition with any in *Milton*, and has not its fellow, throughout the whole Collection of our Authors Plays.

Aper.

Aper. I confeſs
My Life's a Burden to me.
Dio. Thou art like thy Name,
A cruel Boar, whoſe Snout hath rooted up
The fruitful Vineyard of the Common-Wealth:
I long have hunted for thee, and ſince now
Thour't in the Toil, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever ſhalt break out; thou doſt deſerve
The Hangman's Hook, or to be puniſhed
More Majorum, whipt with Rods to Death,
Or any way, that were more terrible.
Yet, ſince my future Fate depends upon thee,
Thus to fulfil great *Delphia*'s Prophecy,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the Honour
To fall by *Diocles* Hand. Shine clear, my Stars,
That uſher'd me to taſte this common Air,
In my Entrance to the World, and give Applauſe
To this great Work. [*Muſick.*
Del. Strike Muſick from the Spheres.
Dru. O now you honour me.
Dio. Ha? In the Air?
All. Miraculous.
Max. This ſhews the Gods approve
The Perſon, and the Act: Then if the Senate
(For in their Eyes I read the Soldiers Love)
Think *Diocles* worthy to ſupply the Place
Of dead *Numerianus*, as he ſtands
His Heir in his Revenge, with one Conſent
Salute him Emperor.
Sen. Long live *Diocles*,
Auguſtus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles
That are peculiar only to the *Cæſars*,
We gladly throw upon him.
Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his Honour with our Swords
Againſt the World; raiſe him to the Tribunal.
1 *Sen.* Fetch the Imperial Robes, and as a Sign
We give him abſolute Power of Life and Death,
Bind this Sword to his ſide.

2 *Sen.* Omit no Ceremony
That may be for his Honour.

S O N G.

Max. Still the Gods
Expreſs that they are pleas'd with this Election.
Geta. My Maſter is an Emperor, and I feel
A Senator's Itch upon me: Would I could hire
Theſe fine inviſible Fidlers to play to me
At my Inſtalment.
Dio. I embrace your Loves,
And hope the Honours that you heap upon me,
Shall be with Strength ſupported. It ſhall be
My Study to appear another *Atlas*,
To ſtand firm underneath this Heav'n of Empire,
And bear it boldly. I deſire no Titles,
But as I ſhall deſerve 'em. I will keep
The Name I had, being a private Man,
Only with ſome ſmall Difference; I will add
To *Diocles* but (14) two ſhort Syllables,
And be call'd *Diocleſianus*.
Geta. That is fine;
I'll follow th' Faſhion; and when I'm a Senator,
I will be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd
Lord *Getianus*.
Dru. He ne'er thinks of me,
Nor of your Favour.

Enter Niger.

Del. If he dares prove falſe.
Theſe Glories ſhall be to him as a Dream,

(14) —— *but two ſhort Syllables,*
And be call'd Diocleſianus.] Thus run all the Copies Ancient and Modern: It was doubtleſs for want of Attention in our Authors that this Paſſage has come down to us ſo incorrect: For if we muſt read *two ſhort Syllables*, what muſt we do with *Diocleſianus*, which is certainly an Addition of three? And if we read *Diocleſian*, which is much more agreeable to the Meaſure, we ſhall be embaraſs'd with that unlucky Addition of *Geta*, to be call'd *Getianus*. I am however upon the whole, for reading *Diocleſian*, becauſe the Verſe will run better, and becauſe he is call'd ſo through the reſt of the Play.

Or

Or an enchanted Banquet. (15) *Nig.* From *Charinus*,
From great *Charinus*, who with Joy hath heard
Of your Proceedings, and confirms your Honour;
He, with his beauteous Siſter, fair *Aurelia*,
Are come in Perſon, like themſelves attended,
To gratulate your Fortune. [*Loud Muſick.*

Enter Charinus, Aurelia *and Attendants.*

Dio. For thy News,
Be thou in *France* Pro-Conſul; let us meet
The Emperor with all Honour, and embrace him.
Dru. O Aunt I fear this Princeſs doth eclipſe
Th' Opinion of my Beauty, though I were
Myſelf to be the Judge.
Del. Rely on me.
Char. 'Tis Virtue, and not Birth that makes us noble:
Great Actions ſpeak great Minds, and ſuch ſhould govern;
And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a Brother,
A Fellow, and Co-partner in the Empire,
I do embrace you; may we live ſo far
From Difference, or emulous Competition,
That all the World may ſay, Although two Bodies,
We have one Mind.
Aur. When I look on the Trunk
Of dear *Numerianus*, I ſhould waſh
His Wounds with Tears, and pay a Siſter's Sorrow
To his ſad Fate; but ſince he lives again
In your moſt brave Revenge, I bow to you,
As to a Power that gave him ſecond Life,
And will make good my promiſe. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deſerve you,
And that in being your Wife, I ſhall not bring
Diſquiet and Diſhonour to your Bed,
(Although my Youth and Fortune ſhould require

(15) *Or an Inchanted Banquet.*

Nig. *From* Charinus *who with,* &c.] The Addition I have made to the preſent Text, (which is no inconſiderable one) is from the Copy of 1647. It ſupplies the Hemiſtich after *Delphia*'s Speech, and fills up the Hobling Line which begun that of *Niger* in all the other Editions.

Both to be ſu'd and ſought to,) here I yield
Myſelf at your Devotion.

Dio. O you Gods,
Teach me how to be thankful; you have pour'd
All Bleſſings on me, that ambitious Man
Could ever fancy: 'Till this happy Minute
I ne'er ſaw Beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a Woman. I ſhall live
To ſerve and honour you, upon my Knees
I thus receive you; and, ſo you vouchſafe it,
This day I'm doubly married, to the Empire,
And your beſt ſelf.

Del. Falſe and perfidious Villain. ——

Dru. Let me fall headlong on him: O my Stars!
This I foreſaw and fear'd.

Cha. Call forth a *Flamen.*
This Knot ſhall now be ty'd.

Del. But I will looſe it,
If Art or Hell have any ſtrength.

Enter a Flamen. [*Thunder and Lightning.*

Cha. Prodigious!

Max. How ſoon the day's o'ercaſt?

Fla. The ſigns are fatal;
Juno ſmiles not upon this Match, and ſhews too
She has her Thunder.

Dio. Can there be a ſtop
In my full Fortune?

Cha. We're too violent,
And I repent the haſte: we firſt ſhould pay
Our lateſt duty to the dead, and then
Proceed diſcreetly. Let's take up the Body,
And when we've plac'd his Aſhes in his Urn,
We'll try the Gods again; for wiſe Men ſay,
Marriage and Obſequies don't ſuit one day. [*Sen. Ex.*

Del. So, 'tis defer'd yet, in deſpight of falſhood:
Comfort, *Druſilla*, for he ſhall be thine,
(16) Or wiſh, in vain, he were. Note, I will puniſh

(16) *Or wiſh in vain he were not. I will puniſh*] To talk thus was not talking like a Propheteſs, or like a Perſon of common Senſe. *He ſhall be yours,* ſays ſhe to *Druſilla, or wiſh in vain, he were not.*

His

His Perjury to th' height. (*a*) Mount up, my Birds;
Some Rites I'm to perform to *Hecate*,
To perfect my designs; which once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy Call,
Or in his Ruin I will bury all. [*Ascends in the Throne.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Maximinian, *solus.*

Max. WHat powerful Star shin'd at this Man's Nativity,
And bless'd his homely Cradle with full Glory?
What throngs of People press and buz about him,
And with their humming flatteries sing him *Cæsar*?
Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?
How the fierce-minded Soldier steals in to him,
Adores and courts his Honour? at his Devotion
Their Lives, their Virtues and their Fortunes laying?
Charinus sues, the Emperor entreats him,
And as a brighter flame, takes his Beams from him:
The bless'd and bright *Aurelia*, she doats on him,
And as the God of Love, burns Incense to him;
All Eyes live on him. Yet I'm still *Maximinian*,
Still the same poor and wretched thing, his Servant.
What have I got by this? where lies my Glory?

Why so? What Occasion for *Diocles* to wish in vain that he was not hers? Since 'twas fact that he was not: The Alteration I have made, depends only upon the Change of a Point, and the Addition of a single Letter, one of which might be easily overlook'd, and the other dropt.

Mr. *Seward*, upon my laying my Finger on this Passage, agreed it was corrupt, and offer'd to read *Now* for *Note*: The Reader is left to his Choice, seeing both are at his Service.

(*a*) ——*Mount up my Birds.*] She means *Dragons*. Thus what has, or is suppos'd to have, Wings, as the Dragons here, is by our Poets call'd a Bird. *Shakespear* takes much the same kind of Liberty in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, when he calls his Aspics *Worms of* Nile; and *Milton*, in Imitation of his great Master, gives the Serpent in *Paradise Lost* the same Name, as coming I suppose under the Denomination of Reptiles.

How am I rais'd and honour'd? I have gone as far
To woo this purblind Honour, and have paſs'd
As many dangerous Expeditions,
As noble, and as high; nay, in his Deſtiny,
Whilſt 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
And done as much, ſweat thorough as many Perils;
Only the Hangman of *Volutius Aper*,
Which I miſtook, has made him Emperor,
And me his Slave.

Enter Delphia, *and* Druſilla.

Del. Stand ſtill, he cannot ſee us,
'Till I pleaſe; mark him well, this diſcontentment
I've forc'd into him, for thy cauſe, *Druſilla.*

Max. Can the Gods ſee this,
See it with juſtice, and confer their bleſſings
On him, that never flung one grain of Incenſe
Upon their Altars? never bow'd his Knee yet;
And I that have march'd foot by foot, ſtruck equally,
And whilſt he was a gleaning, have been praying,
Contemning his baſe covetous——

Del. Now we'll be open.

Max. Bleſs me, and with all Reverence.

Del. Stand up, Son,
And wonder not at thy ungrateful Uncle;
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to eaſe 'em.

Max. O Mother, did I ſtand the tenth part to ye
Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine Uncle does,
How would I ſerve, how would I fall before ye?
The poorer Powers we worſhip——

Del. Peace, and flatter not;
Neceſſity and Anger draws this from ye,
Of both which I will quit ye: For your Uncle
I ſpoke this Honour, and it fell upon him,
Fell to his full content: he has forgot me,
For all my care, forgot me and his Vow too;
As if a Dream had vaniſh'd, ſo h'as loſt me,
And I him, let him now ſtand faſt. Come hither,
My care is now on you.

Max. O bleſſed Mother!

Del.

Del. Stand ſtill, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,
Go, and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia*;
Believe what I have done, concerns ye highly.
Stand in her view, make your Addreſſes to her;
She is the Stair of Honour. I'll ſay no more,
But Fortune is your Servant: go.
Max. With Reverence,
All this as holy Truths—— [*Exit.*
Del. Believe, and proſper.
Dru. Yet all this cures not me, but as much credit,
As much belief from *Diocleſian*——

Enter Geta, *Lictors, and Suitors with Petitions.*

Del. Be not dejected; I have warn'd ye often;
The proudeſt thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this?
O 'tis the Fool and Knave grown a grave Officer.
Here's hot and high Preferment.
Geta. What's your Bill?
For Gravel for the *Appian* way, and Pills;
Is the way Rheumatick?
1 *Suit.* 'Tis Piles, and't pleaſe you.
Geta. Remove me thoſe Piles to (17) Port *Eſquiline*,
Fitter the Place, my Friend: you ſhall be paid.
1 *Suit.* I thank your Worſhip.
Geta. Thank me when ye have it,
Thank me another way, ye are an Aſs elſe.
I know my Office; you are for the Streets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng! that Knave has eaten Garlick,
Whip him and bring him back.

(17) —— *Port* Eſquiline,] So our great *Spencer*, from whom this Paſſage ſeems to have been taken. B. 2. C. 9. Stan. 32.

But all the Liquor, which was foul and waſte,
Not good nor ſerviceable elſe for ought,
They in another great round Veſſel plac'd,
'Till by a Conduit-Pipe it thence were brought:
And all the reſt, that noyous was and nought,
By ſecret ways that none might it eſpy,
Was cloſe convey'd, and to the back Gate brought,
That cleped was Port Eſquiline, *whereby*
It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.

3 *Suit.*

3 *Suit.* I beseech your Worship,
Here's an old reckoning for the Dung and Dirt, Sir.
Geta. It stinks like thee, away. Yet let him tarry,
His Bill shall quit his Breath. Give your Petitions
In seemly sort, and keep your Hats off, decently.
For scowring the Water-courses thorow the Cities;
A fine Periphrasis of a Kennel-raker.
Did ye scour all, my Friend? ye had some business;
Who shall scour you? you're to be paid, I take it,
When Surgeons swear you have perform'd your Office.
4 *Suit.* Your Worship's merry.
Geta. We must be sometimes witty,
To nick a Knave; 'tis as useful as our Gravity.
I'll take no more Petitions, I am pester'd,
Give me some rest.
4 *Suit.* I've brought the Gold, and't please ye,
About the Place ye promised.
Geta. See him enter'd.
How does your Daughter?
4 *Suit.* Better your Worship thinks of her. [ter.
Geta. This is with the least. But let me see your Daugh-
'Tis a good forward Maid, I'll join her with ye.
I do beseech ye leave me.
Lict. Ye see the Edile's busy.
Geta. And look t' your Places, or I'll make ye smoak else.
Sirrah, I drank a Cup of Wine at your House Yesterday,
A good smart Wine.
Lict. Send him the piece, he likes it.
Geta. And eat the best wild Boar at that same Farmer's.
2 *Suit.* I've half left yet: your Worship shall command it.
Geta. A bit will serve; give me some rest; Gods help me,
How shall I labour when I am a Senator?
Del. 'Tis a fit place indeed. 'Save your Mastership;
Do you know us, Sir?
Geta. These Women are still troublesome.
There be Houses providing for such wretched Women,
And some small Rents, to set ye a Spinning.
Dru. Sir,
We are no Spinsters; nor, if you look on us,

So

So wretched as you take us.

Del. Does your Mightineſs,
That is a great deſtroyer of your Memory,
Yet underſtand our Faces?

Geta. Prithee keep off, Woman;
It is not fit I ſhould know every Creature.
Although I've been familiar with thee heretofore,
I muſt not know thee now, my Place neglects thee.
Yet, 'cauſe I deign a glimpſe of your remembrances,
Give me your Suits, and wait me a Month hence.

Del. Our Suits are, Sir, to ſee the Emperor,
The Emperor *Diocleſian*, to ſpeak to him,
And not to wait on you. We've told you all, Sir.

Geta. I laugh at your ſimplicity, poor Women;
See the Emperor? Why you are deceiv'd; now
The Emperor appears but once in ſeven Years,
And then he ſhines not on ſuch Weeds as you are.
Forward, and keep your State, and keep Beggars from me.

Dru. Here is a pretty Youth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diocleſian. *

Del. He ſhall be pretty,
Or I will want my will, ſince y' are ſo high, Sir,
I'll raiſe ye higher, or my Art ſhall fail me.
Stand cloſe, he comes.

Dio. How am I croſs'd and tortur'd?
My moſt wiſh'd Happineſs, my lovely Miſtreſs,
That muſt make good my hopes, and link my Greatneſs,
Yet ſever'd from mine Arms? Tell me, high Heav'n,
How have I ſin'd, that you ſhould ſpeak in Thunder,
In horrid Thunder, when my Heart was ready
To leap into her Breaſt? the Prieſt was ready?
The joyful Virgins and the young Men ready?
When *Hymen* ſtood with all his flames about him
Bleſſing the Bed? the Houſe with full joy ſweating?
And expectation, like the *Roman* Eagle,
Took ſtand, and call'd all Eyes? It was your Honour;
And e'er you give it full, do you deſtroy it?

* *Enter* Diocles.] See Note 30th.

Or

Or was there ſome dire Star? ſome Devil that did it?
Some ſad malignant Angel to mine Honour?
With you, I dare not rage.

Del. With me thou canſt not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted,
I'll fright thee more. With me thou canſt not quarrel;
I rais'd the Thunder to rebuke thy falſhood;
Look here, to her thy falſhood. Now be angry,
And be as great in Evil as in Empire.

Dio. Bleſs me, ye Powers.

Del. Thou haſt full need of Bleſſing.
'Twas I, that at thy great Inauguration,
Hung in the Air unſeen: 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various Muſicks, and ſweet ſounding Airs;
'Twas I inſpir'd the Soldier's Heart with wonder,
And made him throw himſelf with Love and Duty,
Low as thy Feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy Honeſty,
Thy Vow and Faith; that once forgot and ſlighted,
Aurelia in regard, the Marriage ready,
The Prieſt and all the Ceremonies preſent,
'Twas I that thundred loud, 'twas I that threatned,
'Twas I that caſt a dark Face over Heav'n,
And ſmote ye all with terror.

Dru. Yet conſider,
As ye are noble, as I have deſerv'd ye;
For yet y'are free: If neither Faith nor Promiſe,
The Deeds of elder Times, may be remembred,
Let theſe new-dropping Tears; for I ſtill love ye,
Theſe Hands held up to Heav'n——

Dio. I muſt not pity ye;
'Tis not wiſe in me.

Del. How? Not wiſe?

Dio Nor honourable.
A Princeſs is my Love, and doats upon me:
A fair and lovely Princeſs is my Miſtreſs.
I am an Emperor; conſider, Propheteſs,
Now my Embraces are for Queens and Princeſſes,
For Ladies of high Mark, for divine Beauties:
To look ſo low as this cheap common Sweetneſs,

Would

Would ſpeak me baſe, my Names and Glories nothing.
I grant I made a Vow, what was I then?
As ſhe is now, of no ſort, (Hope made me promiſe)
(18) But as I'm now; to keep this Vow, were monſtrous,
A madneſs, and a low inglorious fondneſs.

Del. Take heed, proud Man.

Dru. Princes may love with Titles,
But I with Truth.

Del. Take heed; here ſtands thy Deſtiny;
Thy Fate here followeth.

Dio. Thou doating Sorcereſs,
Would'ſt have me love this Thing, that's not worthy
To kneel unto my Saint? To kiſs her Shadow?
Great Princes are her Slaves; ſelected Beauties
Bow at her beck, the mighty *Perſian*'s Daughter
(Bright as the breaking Eaſt, as th' Mid-day Glorious)
Waits her Commands, and grows proud in her Pleaſures.
I'll ſee her honour'd; ſome Watch I ſhall think of,
That ſhall advance ye both; mean time I'll favour ye.
[*Exit.*

Del. Mean time I'll haunt thee. Cry not, Wench, be confident,
E'er long, thou ſhalt more pity him (obſerve me)
And pity him in truth, than now thou ſeek'ſt him:
My Art and I are yet Companions. Come, Girl. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Geta, *and* Lictors.

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, Friends,
And of too ſoft a Nature to be an Officer;
I bear too much Remorſe,

1 *Lict.* 'Tis your own fault, Sir;
For look you, one ſo newly warm in Office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Juſtice,

(18) *But now I am*] Now I am what? of no ſort, *&c.* to be ſure. But this is not what he meant to ſay, but, as it ſeems, quite the Contrary. And accordingly I have reform'd the Text.
Mr. *Seward* offer'd the ſame Conjecture.

Hit

Hit where it will, the more ye whip and hang, Sir,
(Though without cauſe; let that declare 'tſelf afterward)
The more ye are admired.

Geta. I think I ſhall be. ——

2 *Lict.* Your Worſhip is a Man of a ſpare Body,
And prone to Anger.

Geta. Nay, I will be angry,
And, the beſt is, I need not ſhew my Reaſon.

2 *Lict.* You need not, Sir, your Place is without Reaſon;
And what you want in Growth and full Proportion,
Make up in Rule and Rigour.

Geta. A rare Counſellor;
Inſtruct me further. Is it fit, my Friends,
The Emperor my Maſter *Diocleſian*
Should now remember or the Times or Manners
That call'd him plain down *Diocles?*

1 *Lict.* He muſt not,
It ſtands not with his Royalty.

Geta. I grant ye,
I being then the Edile *Getianus*,
A Man of Place, and Judge, is't held requiſite
I ſhould commit to my conſideration
Thoſe Raſcals of removed and ragged Hours,
That with unrev'rend Mouths call'd me Slave *Geta?*

2 *Lict.* You muſt forget their Names; your Honour bids ye.

Geta. I do forget 'em; but I'll hang their Natures:
I will aſcend my Place, which is of Juſtice;
And Mercy, I forget thee.

Suit. A rare Magiſtrate;
Another *Solon* ſure.

Geta. Bring out th' Offenders.

1 *Lict.* There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will be.
But if you pleaſe touch ſome things of thoſe Natures.

Geta. And am I ready, and mine Anger too?
The Melancholy of a Magiſtrate upon me,
And no Offenders to execute my Fury?
Ha? No Offenders, Knaves?

1 *Lict.* There are Knaves indeed, Sir,
But we hope ſhortly t' have 'em 'fore your Worſhip.

Geta.

Geta. No Men to hang or whip? Are you good Officers,
That provide no Fuel for a Judge's Fury? [ye,
In this Place ſomething muſt be done; this Chair, I tell
When I ſit down, muſt ſavour of Severity:
Therefore I warn ye all, bring me lewd People,
Or likely to be lewd; Twigs muſt be cropt too;
Let me have evil Perſons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but ſay ſo,
That I may have fit matter for a Magiſtrate;
And let me work. If I ſit empty once more,
And loſe my longing, as I am true *Edile*,
And as I hope to rectify my Country, [wealth:
You are thoſe Scabs I'll ſcratch off from the Common-
You are thoſe Raſcals of the State (19) I'll tread on,
And you ſhall find and feel——

2 *Lict.* You ſhall have many,
Many notorious People.

Geta. Let 'em be People,
And take ye notorious to yourſelves. Mark me, my Lictors,
And you the reſt of my Officials;
If I be angry, as my Place will ask it,
And want fit matter to diſpoſe my Authority,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not ſtay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your Offences:
It is ſufficient that I find no Criminals,
And therefore I muſt make ſome; if I cannot,
Suffer myſelf; for ſo runs my Commiſſion.

Suit. An admirable, zealous and true Juſtice.

1 *Lict.* I cannot hold; if there be any People,
Of what degree ſoever, or what quality,
That would behold the wonderful works of Juſtice
In a new Officer, a Man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and ſee, and hear, and wonder
At the moſt wiſe and gracious *Getianus*.

(19) *I treat of*] The old Reading is Senſe, but very flat. He had us'd a ſtrong Metaphor in the Line before, and his Humour ſhould require another ſtrong one in this, which I have given him by a ſlight Change. It might poſſibly have been— *I threaten*, which was my firſt Conjecture, but the latter ſeems preferable.

Mr. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Delphia, *and* Druſilla.

Geta. This qualifies a little. What are theſe?
Del. You ſhall not mourn ſtill: Times of Recreation,
T' allay this ſadneſs, muſt be ſought. What's here?
A ſuperſtitious Flock of ſenſeleſs People
Worſhiping a Sign in Office?
Geta. Lay hold on her, [*Guards ſeize her.*
And hold her faſt,
She'll ſlip thorow your Fingers like an Eel elſe;
I know her tricks; hold her, I ſay, and bind her,
Or hang her firſt, and then I'll tell her wherefore.
Del. What have I done?
Geta. Thou'ſt done enough t' undo thee;
Thou haſt preſſed to the Emperor's Preſence without my Warrant,
I being his Key and Image.
Del. You are an Image indeed,
And of the coarſeſt ſtuff, and the worſt making
That e'er I look'd on yet; I'll make as good an Image of an Aſs.
Geta. Beſides, thou art a Woman of a lewd Life.
Del. I am no Whore, Sir, nor no common Fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the People, vitious.
Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd Woman,
Which is as much as all the People ſwore it;
I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils:
And whereas great and grave Men of my Place
Can by the Laws b' allow'd but one apiece,
For their own Services and Recreations;
Thou, like a traiterous Quean, keep'ſt twenty Devils;
Twenty in ordinary.
Del. Pray ye, Sir, be pacified.
If that be all; and if ye want a Servant,
You ſhall have one of mine ſhall ſerve for nothing,
Faithful, and diligent, and a wiſe Devil too;
Think for what End.
Geta. Let her alone, 'tis uſeful; [*The Guards releaſe her.*
We Men of Buſineſs muſt uſe ſpeedy Servants:

Let

Let me ſee your Family.
Del. Think but one, he is ready.
Geta. A Devil for intelligence? No, no,
He'll lie beyond all Travellers. A State-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own Weapon.
For Execution? He will hang me too.
I'd have a handſom, pleaſant, and a fine She-devil,
To entertain the Ladies that come to me;
A travell'd Devil too, that ſpeaks the Tongues,
And a neat carving Devil. [*Muſick.*

Enter a She-devil.

Del. Be not fearful.
Geta. A pretty brown Devil 'faith; may I not kiſs her?
Del. Yes and embrace her too; ſhe is your Servant.
Fear not, her Lips are cool enough.
Geta. She is marvellous well mounted; what's her Name?
Del. Lucifera.
Geta. Come hither, *Lucifera*, and kiſs me.
Del. Let her ſit on your Knee.
Geta. The Chair turns, hey-boys:
Pleaſant i'faith, and a fine facetious Devil. [*Dance.*
Del. She would whiſper in your Ear, and tell ye wonders.
(20) [*Geta.* Come what's her Name? *Del. Lucifera.*]
Geta. Come, *Lucie*, come ſpeak thy Mind. I am certain burnt to Aſhes. [*Exeunt.*
I have a kind of Glaſs-houſe in my Cod-piece.
Are theſe the flames of State? I'm roaſted over,
Over, and over-roaſted. Is this Office?
The pleaſures of Authority? I'll no more on't,
Till I can puniſh Devils too; I'll quit it.
Some other Trade now, and ſome courſe leſs dangerous,
Or certainly I'll Tile again for two-pence. [*Exit.*

(20) This Queſtion and Anſwer I would reject as an idle Tautology; otherwiſe the Fault of a very ſhort Memory, muſt be laid to ſomebody's Charge.

SCENE III.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Cassana, *Ambassadors, and Attendants.*

Aur. Never dispute with me, you cannot have her,
Nor name the greatness of your King; I scorn him:
Your Knees to me are nothing; should he bow too,
It were his Duty, and (21) my Power to slight him.

Cha. She is her Woman; never sue to me,
And in her Power to render her, or keep her;
And she, my Sister, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own snatch'd from her.

Amb. We desire not,
But for what Ransom she shall please to think of;
Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces.

Aur. No ransom.
No, not your King's own Head, his Crown upon it,
And all the low Subjections of his People.

Amb. Fair Princes should have tender Thoughts.

Aur. Is she too good
To wait upon the mighty Emperor's Sister?
What Princess of that Sweetness, or that Excellence,
Sprung from the proudest, and the mightiest Monarchs,
But may be highly blest to be my Servant?

Cas. 'Tis most true, mighty Lady.

Aur. Has my fair Usage
Made you so much despise me and your Fortune,
That ye grow weary of my Entertainments?
Henceforward, as ye are, I will command ye,
And as you were ordain'd my Prisoner,
My Slave, and one I may dispose of any way.
No more my fair Companion; tell your King so:

(21) *my Power*, &c.] Perhaps this Reading may be explain'd into Sense, and so I have not disturb'd, or displac'd it: But I have all along suspected we should read thus;

It were his Duty, and my Part *to slight him.*

By this Alteration, *Aurelia*'s Pride is mounted to its highest pitch, and she sooths her Vanity at the Expence of no Less a Man than the Great King, the King of *Persia*.

And

And if he had more Siſters, I would have 'em,
And uſe 'em as I pleaſe. You have your Anſwer.
Amb. We muſt take ſome other way, Force muſt compel it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maximinian.

Max. Now if thou be'ſt a Propheteſs, and can'ſt do
Things of that Wonder that thy Tongue delivers,
Can'ſt raiſe me too, I ſhall be bound to ſpeak thee:
I half believe, confirm the other to me,
And Monuments to all ſucceeding Ages,
Of thee, and of thy Piety.—Now ſhe eyes me.
Now work great Power of Art; ſhe moves unto me:
How ſweet, how fair, and lovely her Aſpects are? [me.
Her Eyes are like bright (22) *Eoan* Flames ſhot through
Aur. O my fair Friend, where have you been?
Max. What am I?
What does ſhe take me for? Work ſtill, work ſtrongly.
Aur. Where have you fled, my Loves and my Embraces?
Max. I am beyond my Wits.
Aur. Can one poor Thunder,
Whoſe Cauſes are as common as his Noiſes,
Make ye defer your lawful and free Pleaſures?
Strike Terror to a Soldier's Heart, a Monarch's?
Th'row all the Fires of angry Heav'n; th'row Tempeſts,
That ſing of nothing but Deſtruction,
Ev'n underneath the Bolt of *Jove*, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would ſeek you,
And flie into your Arms.
Max. I ſhall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
For certain, a moſt handſome Man.
Cha. Fie, Siſter,
What a forgetful Weakneſs is this in ye?
What a light Preſence? Theſe are Words and Offers
Due only to your Husband, *Diocleſian*;
This free Behaviour only his.

(22) —— *like bright* Ioan *Flames*] This nonſenſical Corruption runs through the Folio of 1647, and the Octavo of 1711. The Reading (which is undoubtedly the true one) in the preſent Text, I have inſerted from the Folio of 1679.

Aur. 'Tis strange,
That only empty Names compel Affections:
This Man, ye see, give him what Name or Title,
Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despis'd, Brother,
This lovely Man———

Max. Though I be hang'd, I'll forward;
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not. [Sir.

Aur. This rare and sweet young Man, see how he looks,

Max. I'll justle hard, dear Uncle.

Aur. This Thing, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what Fortune,
This most unequall'd Man, this spring of Beauty,
Deserves the Bed of *Juno*.

Cha. You're not mad.

Max. I hope she be; I'm sure I'm little better.

Aur. O fair, sweet Man!

Cha. For shame refrain this Impudence. [Blessing:

Max. Would I had her alone, that I might seal this
Sure, sure she should not beg: If this continue,
As I hope Heav'n it will, Uncle, I'll nick ye,
I'll nick ye, by this Life. Some would fear killing
In the Pursuit now of so rare a Venture:

Enter Diocles.

I'm covetous to die for such a Beauty.
Mine Uncle comes; now, if she stand, I'm happy.

Cha. Be right again, for Honour's sake.

Dio. Fair Mistress———

Aur. What Man is this? Away. What sawcy Fellow?
Dare any such base Groom press to salute me?

Dio. Have ye forgot me, Fair, or do you jest with me?
I'll tell ye what I am: Come, pray ye look lovely.
Nothing but Frowns and Scorns?

Aur. Who is this Fellow?

Dio. I'll tell ye who I am; I am your Husband.

Aur. Husband to me?

Dio. To you. I'm *Diocletian*.

Max. More of this Sport, and I am made, old Mother:
Effect but this thou hast begun.

Dio. I'm he, Lady,

Reveng'd

Reveng'd your Brother's Death ; ſlew cruel *Aper :*
I'm he the Soldier courts, the Empire honours,
Your Brother loves; am he, my lovely Miſtreſs,
Will make you Empreſs of the World.
Max. Still excellent :
Now I ſee too, mine Uncle may be cozen'd.
An Emperor may ſuffer like another.
Well ſaid, old Mother, hold but up this Miracle.
Aur. Thou ly'ſt, thou art not he ; thou a brave Fellow?
Cha. Is there no Shame, no Modeſty in Women?
Aur. Thou one of high and full Mark?
Dio. Gods, what ails ſhe?
Aur. Generous and noble? Fie thou lieſt moſt baſely.
Thy Face, and all Aſpect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing
Not worth the Name of *Roman :* Stand off farther.
Dio. What may this mean?
Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion* ;
Come, ſhew thyſelf, and all Eyes be bleſs'd in thee.
Dio. Hah? what is this?
Aur. Thou fair Star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full Brightneſs:
Look, here's a Face now, of another making,
Another Mold ; here's a divine Proportion,
Eyes fit for *Phœbus* ſelf, to gild the World with ;
And there's a Brow arch'd like the State of Heav'n ;
Look how it bends, and with what Radience,
As if the Synod of the Gods ſate under :
Look there, and wonder; now behold that Fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an Ax out.
Max. Old Woman, though I cannot give thee recompence,
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy Name as glorious.
Dio. Is this in truth?
Cha. She's mad, and you muſt pardon her.
Dio. She hangs upon him, ſee.
Cha. Her fit is ſtrong now :
Be not you paſſionate.
Dio. She kiſſes.

Cha. Let her;
'Tis but the Fondneſs of her Fit.
Dio. I'm fool'd,
And if I ſuffer this.
Cha. Pray ye, Friend, be pacify'd,
This will be off anon: She goes in. [*Exit* Aurelia.
Dio. Sirrah.
Max. What ſay you, Sir?
Dio. How dare thy Lips, thy baſe Lips?
Max. I am your Kinſman, Sir, and no ſuch baſe one:
I ſought no Kiſſes, nor I had no Reaſon
To kick the Princeſs from me; 'twas no Manners:
I never yet compell'd her, of her Courteſie
What ſhe beſtows, Sir, I am thankful for.
Dio. Be gone, Villain.
Max. I will, and I will go off with that Glory,
And magnifie my Fate. [*Exit.*
Dio. Good Brother leave me,
I'm to myſelf a trouble now.
Cha. I'm ſorry for't.
You'll find it but a Woman-Fit to try ye.
Dio. It may be ſo; I hope ſo.
Cha. I am aſham'd, and what I think I bluſh at. [*Exit.*
Dio. What Miſery hath my great Fortune bred me?
And how far muſt I ſuffer? Poor and low States,
Though they know Wants and Hungers, know not theſe,
Know not theſe killing Fates: Little contents them,
And with that little they live Kings, commanding
And ordering, both their Ends and Loves. O Honour!
How greedily Men ſeek thee; and once purchaſed,
How many En'mies to Man's Peace bring'ſt thou?
How many Griefs and Sorrows, that like Sheers,
Like fatal Sheers, are ſheering off our Lives ſtill?
How many ſad Eclipſes do we ſhine through?

Enter Delphia, *and* Druſilla *veil'd.*

When I preſum'd I was bleſs'd in this fair Woman.
Del. Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'ſt him.
Dio. When all my Hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Ev'n for the greateſt and the happieſt Monarch,

Then

Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated baſely?
By mine own Kinſman croſs'd? O Villain Kinſman!
Curſe of my Blood; becauſe a little younger,
A little ſmoother fac'd: O falſe, falſe Woman,
Falſe and forgetful of thy Faith; I'll kill him.
But can I kill her Hate too? No, he woes not,
Nor worthy is of Death, becauſe ſhe follows him,
Becauſe ſhe courts him: Shall I kill an Innocent?
O *Diocles!* Would thou hadſt never known this,
Nor ſurfeited upon this ſweet Ambition,
That now lyes bitter at thy Heart: O Fortune,
That thou haſt none to fool and blow like Bubbles,
But Kings, and their Contents!

Del. What think ye now, Girl?

Dru. Upon my Life, I pity his Misfortune.
See how he weeps; I cannot hold.

Del. Away Fool;
He muſt weep bloody Tears before thou haſt him.
How fare you now, brave *Dioclesian?*
What? Lazy in your Loves? Has too much pleaſure
Dull'd your moſt mighty Faculties?

Dio. Art thou there?
More to torment me? Doſt thou come to mock me?

Del. I do, and I do laugh at all thy ſufferings.
I that have wrought 'em, come to ſcorn thy wailings;
I told thee once, This is thy Fate, this Woman,
And as thou uſeſt her, ſo thou ſhalt proſper.
It is not in thy power to turn this Deſtiny,
Nor ſtop the torrent of thoſe Miſeries
(If thou neglect'ſt her ſtill) ſhall fall upon thee.
Sigh that thou art diſhoneſt, falſe of Faith,
Proud, and doſt think no Power can croſs thy Pleaſures;
Thou'lt find a Fate above thee.

Dru. Good Aunt, ſpeak mildly;
See how he looks and ſuffers.

Dio. I find and feel, Woman,
That I am miſerable.

Del. Thou'rt moſt miſerable.

Dio. That as I am the moſt, I am moſt miſerable.
But didſt thou work this?

Del. Yes, and will purſue it.
Dio. Stay there, and have ſome pity; fair *Druſilla*,
Let me perſwade thy Mercy, thou haſt lov'd me,
Although I know my Suit will ſound unjuſtly,
To make thy Love the means to loſe itſelf,
Have pity on me.
Dru. I will do.
Del. Peace, Neice.
Although this ſoftneſs may become your Love,
Your Care muſt ſcorn it. Let him ſtill contemn thee,
And ſtill I'll work; the ſame Affection
He ever ſhews to thee, be't ſweet or bitter,
The ſame *Aurelia* ſhall ſhew him; no further:
Nor ſhall the wealth of all his Empire free this.
Dio. I muſt ſpeak fair. Lovely young Maid, forgive me,
Look gently on my Sorrows: You (23) that grieve too,
I ſee it in your Eyes, and thus I meet it.
Dru. O Aunt, I'm bleſs'd.
Dio. Be not both young and cruel,
Again I beg it, thus.

Enter Aurelia.

Dru. Thus, Sir, I grant it.
He's mine own now, Aunt.
Del: Not yet, Girl; thou'rt cozen'd.
Aur. O my dear Lord, how have I wrong'd your Patience?
How wander'd from the truth of my Affections?
How, like a wanton Fool, ſhun'd that I lov'd moſt?
But you are full of Goodneſs to forgive, Sir,
As I of Grief to beg, and Shame to take it:
Sure I was not myſelf, ſome ſtrange Illuſion,
Or what you pleaſe to pardon.
Dio. All, my Deareſt;
All my Delight; and with more pleaſure take thee,

(23) ——*You* that *grieve too*,] The Particle *that*, ſeems to have no Right of Place here: If we muſt have a Monoſyllable to fill up, it ſeems, as if *thoſe* was a more ſignificant one than the preſent *that*, and ought to agree with *Sorrows* as the Antecedent. However, as no great Matter depends upon it, I leave it to every one's Judgment, which way he will read.

Than

Than if there had been no such Dream; for certain,
It was no more.

Aur. Now you have seal'd Forgiveness,
I take my leave, and the Gods keep your goodness.
[*Exit.*

Del. You see how kindness prospers; be but so kind
To marry her, and see then what new Fortunes,
New Joys, and Pleasures; far beyond this Lady,
Beyond her Greatness too.

Dio. I'll die a Dog first.
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
In spight of all thy Spirits, and thy Witchcrafts.

Del. Thou shalt not, Fool.

Dio. I will, old doating Devil;
And wert thou any thing but Air and Spirit,
My Sword should tell thee.

Del. I contemn thy Threatnings,
And thou shalt know I hold a Power above thee.
We must remove *Aurelia:* Come, farewel Fool,
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.

Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my Pleasures.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

SO full of Matter is our History,
Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet Variety,
The Accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow Stage, and Time t' express
In Action to the Life, our Diocletian
In his full Lustre: Yet (as the Statuary,
That by the large size of Alcides' *Foot,*
Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope,
Your apprehensive Judgments will conceive
Out of the Shadow we can only shew,

How

How fair the Body was: and will be pleaſed,
Out of your wonted Goodneſs, to behold,
As in a ſilent Mirror, what we cannot
With fit conveniency of Time, allow'd
For ſuch Preſentments, cloath in Vocal Sounds.
Yet with ſuch Art the Subject is convey'd,
That every Scene and Paſſage ſhall be clear
Ev'n to the groſſeſt Underſtander here.

[Loud Muſick.

Dumb Shew.

Enter (at one Door) *Delphia*, *Ambaſſadors*, they whiſper together; they take an Oath upon her Hand; She circles them (kneeling) with her Magick Rod; They riſe and draw their Swords. *Enter* (at the other Door) *Diocleſian*, *Charinus*, *Maximinian*, *Niger*, *Aurelia*, *Caſſana*, *Guard*; *Charinus* and *Niger* perſwading *Aurelia*; She offers to imbrace *Maximinian*, *Diocles* draws his Sword, keeps off *Maximinian*, turns to *Aurelia*, kneels to her, lays his Sword at her Feet, ſhe ſcornfully turns away: *Delphia* gives a ſign; the Ambaſſadors and Soldiers ruſh upon them, ſeize on *Aurelia*, *Caſſana*, *Charinus*, and *Maximinian*; *Diocleſian* and others offer to reſcue them, *Delphia* raiſes a Miſt: *Exeunt* Ambaſſadors and Priſoners, and the reſt diſcontented.

The skilful Delphia *finding by ſure Proof*
The Preſence of Aurelia *dim'd the Beauty*
Of her Druſilla; *and in ſpight of Charms,*
The Emperor her Brother, Great Charinus,
Still urg'd her to the Love of Diocleſian,
Deals with the Perſian *Legats, that were bound*
For th' Ranſom of Caſſana, *to remove*
Aurelia, Maximinian, *and* Charinus
Out of the ſight of Rome; *but takes their Oaths*
(In lieu of her Aſſiſtance) that they ſhall not,
On any terms, when they were in their Power,
Preſume to touch their Lives: This yielded to,
They lie in Ambuſh for 'em. Diocleſian

Still

Still mad for fair Aurelia, *that doated*
As much on Maximinian, *twice had kill'd him,*
But that her Frown reſtrain'd him: He purſues her
With all Humility, but ſhe continues
Proud and diſdainful. The Sign given by Delphia,
The Perſians *break th'row, and ſeize upon*
Charinus *and his Siſter, with* Maximinian,
And free Caſſana. *For their ſpeedy Reſcue,*
Enraged Diocleſian *draws his Sword,*
And bids his Guard aſſiſt him: Then too weak
Had been all Oppoſition and Reſiſtance,
The Perſians *could have made againſt their Fury,*
If Delphia *by her Cunning had not rais'd*
A foggy Miſt, which as a Cloud conceal'd them,
Deceiving their Purſuers. Now be pleas'd,
That your Imaginations may help you
To think them ſafe in Perſia, *and* Diocleſian
For this Diſaſter circled round with Sorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future Fortunes
We will preſent in Action; and are bold
In that which follows, that the moſt ſhall ſay,
'Twas well begun, but the End crown'd the Play.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Diocles, Niger, *Senators, and Guard.*

Dio. Talk not of Comfort; I have broke my Faith,
And the Gods fight againſt me: And proud Man,
However magnified, is but as Duſt
Before the raging Whirlwind of their Juſtice.
What is it to be great? Ador'd on Earth?
When the immortal Powers that are above us
Turn all our Bleſſings into horrid Curſes,
And laugh at our Reſiſtance, or Prevention
Of what they purpoſe? O the Furies that
I feel within me! Whip'd on, by their Angers,
For my Tormentors. Could it elſe have been
In Nature, that a few poor fugitive *Perſians,*
Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have rob'd me

(In

(In *Rome*, the World's *Metropolis*, and her Glory;
In *Rome*, where I command, inviron'd round
With ſuch invincible Troops that know no fear,
But want of noble Enemies) of thoſe Jewels
I priz'd above my Life, and I want Power
To free them, if thoſe Gods I have provok'd
Had not giv'n ſpirit to the Undertakers,
And in their deed protected 'em?

Nig. Great *Cæſar*,
Your Safety does confirm you are their care,
And that, howe'er their practices reach others,
You ſtand above their Malice.

1 *Sen.* *Rome* in us
Offers (as means to further your Revenge)
The Lives of her beſt Citizens, and all
They ſtand poſſeſs'd of. 1 *Guard.* Do but lead us on
With that invincible and undaunted Courage
Which waited bravely on you, when y' appear'd
The Minion of Conqueſt, married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Though all the Enemies of Life conſpire
Againſt our Undertakings) the proud *Perſian*
Out of his ſtrongeſt hold.

2 *Guard.* Be but yourſelf,
And do not talk but do.

3 *Guard.* You've Hands and Swords,
Limbs to make up a well proportion'd Army,
That only want in you an Head to lead us.

Dio. The Gods reward your Goodneſs; and believe,
Howe'er (for ſome great Sin) I am mark'd out
The object of their Hate, though *Jove* ſtood ready
To dart his three-fold Thunder on this Head,
It could not fright me from a fierce Purſuit
Of my Revenge: I will redeem my Friends,
And with my Friends mine Honour; at leaſt fall
Like to myſelf, a Soldier.

Nig. Now we hear
Great *Diocleſian* ſpeak.

Dio. Draw up our Legions.
And let it be your care, my much lov'd *Niger*,

To

To haſten the remove: And Fellow-ſoldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious Marches.
1 *Guard.* Die he accurs'd
That thinks of Reſt or Sleep, before he ſets
His Foot on *Perſian* Earth.
Nig. We know our Glory,
The Dignity of *Rome*, and what's above
All can be urg'd, the Quiet of your Mind,
Depends upon our haſte.
Dio. Remove to Night;
Five days ſhall bring me to you.
All. Happineſs
To *Cæſar*, and glorious Victory. [*Exeunt.*
Dio. The chearfulneſs of my Soldiers gives aſſurance
Of good ſucceſs abroad; if firſt I make
My Peace at home here. There is ſomething chides me,
And ſharply tells me, that my breach of Faith
To *Delphia* and *Druſilla*, is the ground
Of my Misfortunes: And I muſt remember,
While I was lov'd, and in great *Delphia*'s Grace,
She was as my good Angel, and bound Fortune
To proſper my Deſigns; I muſt appeaſe her:
Let others pay their Knees, their Vows, their Prayers
To weak imagin'd Powers; ſhe's my All,
And thus I do invoke her. Knowing *Delphia*, [*Kneels.*
Thou more than Woman, and though thou vouchſafeſt
To grace the Earth with thy celeſtial Steps,
And taſte this groſſer Air, thy heav'nly Spirit
Hath free acceſs to all the ſecret Counſels
Which a full Senate of the Gods determine
When they conſider Man: The Braſs-leav'd Book
Of Fate lies open to thee, where thou read'ſt,
And faſhioneſt the Deſtinies of Men
At thy wiſh'd pleaſure: Look upon thy Creature,
And as thou twice haſt pleaſed to appear
To reprehend my Falſhood, now vouchſafe
To ſee my low Submiſſion. [Delphia *and* Druſilla *appear.*
Del. What's thy Will?
Falſe, and unthankful, (and in that deſerving

All

All human Sorrows) dar'ſt thou hope from me
Relief or Comfort?

Dio. Penitence does appeaſe
Th' incenſed Powers, and Sacrifice takes off
Their heavy Angers; thus I tender both:
The Maſter of great *Rome*, and in that, Lord
Of all the Sun gives heat and being to,
Thus ſues for Mercy: Be but as thou wert,
The Pilot to the Bark of my good Fortunes,
And once more ſteer my Actions to the Port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my Faith to this ſweet Virgin,
Join with thoſe Powers that puniſh Perjury,
To make me an Example, to deter
Others from being falſe.

Dru. Upon my Soul
You may believe him; nor did he e'er purpoſe
To me but nobly; he made Tryal how
I could endure Unkindneſs; I ſee Truth
Triumphant in his Sorrow. Deareſt Aunt,
Both credit him, and help him; and on aſſurance
That what I plead for, you cannot deny,
I raiſe him thus, and with this willing Kiſs
I ſeal his Pardon.

Dio. O that I e'er look'd
Beyond this Abſtract of all Womans goodneſs.

Del. I'm thine again; thus I confirm our League;
I know thy Wiſhes, and how much thou ſuffer'ſt
In Honour for thy Friends; thou ſhalt repair all,
For to thy Fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To paſs the *Perſian* Gulf; remove all lets
That may moleſt thy Soldiers in their March
That paſs by Land; and Deſtiny is falſe,
If thou prove not Victorious; Yet remember,
When thou art rais'd up to the higheſt point
Of human Happineſs: ſuch as move beyond it
Muſt of neceſſity deſcend. Think on't,
And uſe thoſe Bleſſings that the Gods pour on you
With moderation.

Dio. As their Oracle

I hear you, and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.
Del.. You will not repent it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Niger, Geta, *Guard*, *Soldiers*, *and Ensigns*.

Nig. How do you like your entrance to the War?
When the whole Body of the Army moves,
Shews it not gloriously?
Geta. 'Tis a fine May-game;
But eating and drinking I think are forbad in't,
(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry Boys that haste to School; or as
We carried Fish to th' City, dare stay no where,
For fear our Ware should stink.
1 *Guard.* That's the necessity
Of our speedy March.
Geta. Sir, I do love my ease,
And though I hate all Seats of Judicature,
I mean i' th' City, for conveniency,
I still will be a Justice in the War,
And ride upon my Foot-cloth. I hope a Captain
(And a Gown'd Captain too) may be dispens'd with.
I tell you, and don't mock me, when I was poor,
I could endure like others, Cold and Hunger;
But since I grew rich, let but my Finger ake,
Or feel but the least Pain in my great Toe,
Unless I have a Doctor, mine own Doctor,
That may assure me: I am gone.
Nig. Come, fear not;
You shall want nothing.
1 *Guard.* We will make you fight
As you were mad.
Geta. Not too much fighting, Friend;
It is thy Trade, that art a common Soldier;
We Officers, by our place, may share the Spoil,
And never sweat for't.
2 *Guard.* You shall kill for practice
But your dozen or two a Day.

Geta.

Geta. Thou talk'ſt as if
Thou wert louſing thy ſelf; but yet I will make danger,
If I prove one o'th' Worthies, ſo: However,
I'll have the fear of the Gods before my Eyes,
And do no hurt, I warrant you.

Nig. Come, march on,
And humour him for our Mirth.

1 *Guard.* 'Tis a fine Pea-gooſe *.

Nig. But one that fools to the Emperor, and in that,
A wiſe Man, and a Soldier.

1 *Guard.* True Morality. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Coſroe, Caſſana, Perſians; *and* Charinus, Maximinian, Aurelia, *(bound) with Soldiers.*

Coſ. Now, by the *Perſian* Gods, moſt truly welcome,
Encompaſs'd thus with Tributary Kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping Hands
To ſeat her by me; and thus rais'd, bow all,
To do her Honour: O, my beſt *Caſſana*,
Siſter, and Partner of my Life and Empire,
We'll teach thee to forget with preſent Pleaſures
Thy late Captivity; and this proud *Roman*,
That us'd thee as a Slave, and did diſdain
A Princely Ranſom, ſhall, if ſhe repine,
Be forc'd by various Tortures to adore
What ſhe of late contemn'd.

Caſ. All Greatneſs ever
Attend *Coſroe:* Though *Perſia* be ſtil'd
The Nurſe of Pomp and Pride; we'll leave to *Rome*
Her Native Cruelty. For know, *Aurelia*,
A *Roman* Princeſs, and a *Cæſar*'s Siſter,
Though now, (24) like me captiv'd, I can forget,
Thy barb'rous Uſage: and though thou to me,
When I was in thy Power, didſt ſhew thy ſelf

* *i. e.* a ſilly Creature.

(24) *like thee captiv'd,*] So run the other Copies; But the conſiderate and attentive Reader will eaſily ſee that the preſent Text, from Mr. *Seward*'s and my Conjecture, muſt have been the original one.

A moſt inſulting Tyranneſs, I to thee
May prove a gentle Miſtreſs.
Aur. O my Stars!
A Miſtreſs? (25) can I live, and owe that Name
To Fleſh and Blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in Soveraignty; and I, in Death,
Can quit the Name of Slave: She that ſcorns Life,
May mock Captivity.
Cha. *Rome* will be *Rome*
When we are nothing; and her Pow'rs the ſame
Which you once quak'd at.
Max. *Diocleſian* lives;
Hear it, and tremble: Lives, thou King of *Perſia*,
The Maſter of his Fortune, and his Honour:
And though by deviliſh Arts we were ſurpriz'd,
And made the Prey of Magick and of Theft,
And not won nobly, we ſhall be redeem'd,
And by a *Roman* War; and every Wrong
We ſuffer here, with intereſt be return'd
On the inſulting Doer.
1 *Per.* Sure theſe *Romans*
Are more than Men.
2 *Per.* Their great Hearts will not yield,
They cannot bend to any adverſe Fate,
Such is their Confidence.
Coſ. They then ſhall break.'
Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you ſtill
Contend, when the leaſt breath, or nod of mine
(26) Marks you or for the fire? or to be made
The Prey of Wolves or Vultures? The vain Name
Of *Roman* Legions, I ſlight thus, and ſcorn;
And for that boaſted Bug-bear, *Diocleſian*,
Which you preſume on, would he were the Maſter
But of the Spirit, to meet me in the Field,

(25) *can I love,*] The Correction of *live* for *love*, Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Seward* and myſelf all ſeverally hit upon, and the Senſe of the Context manifeſtly requires it.

(26) *Marks you* out *for*] The Reduplication of *or*, as I have alter'd the Text, gives a Dignity to the Language, which the old Reading wants. Mr. *Seward*.

He ſoon ſhall find, that our (*b*) immortal Squadrons,
That with full Numbers ever are ſupply'd,
(Could it be poſſible they ſhould decay)
Dare front his boldeſt Troops, and ſcatter 'em,
As an high-tow'ring Falcon on her Stretches,
Severs the fearful Fowl. And by the Sun,
The Moon, the Winds, the nouriſhers of Life,
And by this Sword, the inſtrument of Death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our Mercy,
But yet dare hope your liberty by Force;
If *Diocleſian* dare not attempt
To free you with his Sword, all Slavery
That Cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
Falls heavy on you.

Max. If th' Sun keeps his Courſe,
And th' Earth can bear his Soldiers March, I fear not.

Aur. Or Liberty, or Revenge.

Cha. On that I build too. [*A Trumpet.*

Aur. A *Roman* Trumpet!

Max. 'Tis: Comes it not like
A Pardon to a Man condemn'd?

Enter Niger.

Coſ. Admit him.
The purpoſe of thy coming?

Nig. My great Maſter,
The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all Power is ſpoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble Enemy,
And (in thy bold Reſiſtance) worth his Conqueſt,
Defies thee, *Coſroe.*

Max. There is fire in this.

Nig. And to encourage thy laborious Powers
To tug for Empire, dares thee to the Field,
With this aſſurance, if thy Sword can win him,
Or force his Legions with thy barbed Horſe,
But to forſake their Ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory ſhall take ſtand on thy Tent,
But all the Provinces and Kingdoms held

(*b*) Theſe were a Body of *Perſian* Soldiers, whoſe Number, *Herodotus* ſays, was never more or leſs than ten thouſand. The Reaſon of the Name our Authors give themſelves.

That with full Numbers ever are ſupply'd.

By

By th' *Roman* Garriſons in this Eaſtern World,
Shall be delivered up, and he himſelf
Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return
Of this large Offer, he asks only this,
That 'till the doubtful Dye of War determine
Who has moſt Power, and ſhould command the other,
Thou wouldſt entreat thy Priſoners like their Births,
And not their preſent Fortune; and to bring 'em
Guarded, into thy Tent, with thy beſt Strengths,
Thy ableſt Men of War, and thou thy ſelf
Sworn to make good the Place. And if he fail
(Maugre all Oppoſition can be made)
In his own Perſon to compel his Way,
And fetch them ſafely off, the Day is thine,
And he, like theſe, thy Priſoner.

Coſ. Though I receive this
But as a *Roman* Brave, I do embrace it,
And love the Sender. Tell him, I will bring
My Pris'ners to the Field, and without odds,
Againſt his ſingle Force, alone defend 'em;
Or elſe with equal Numbers. Courage, noble Princes,
And let Poſterity record, that we
This memorable Day reſtor'd to *Perſia*,
That Empire of the World, great *Philip*'s Son
Raviſh'd from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
(27) 'Tis our ſtrong Comfort, that we cannot fall
Inglorioufly, ſince we contend for all. [*Exeunt.*

[*Flouriſh, Alarms.*

SCENE V.

Enter Geta, *Guard and Soldiers.*

Geta. I'll ſwear the Peace againſt 'em, I am hurt,
Run for a Surgeon, or I faint.

1 *Guard.* Bear up Man,
'Tis but a ſcratch.

Geta. Scoring a Man o'er the Coxcomb
Is but a ſcratch with you:—— o'your Occupation,
Your ſcurvy ſcuffling Trade: I was told before

(27) *This our ſtrong Comfort,*] This ſlight Alteration reſtores the Verb here, without which the Sentence would be harſh and elliptical.

My Face was bad enough; but now I look
Like bloody Bone, and raw Head, to fright Children;
I am for no uſe elſe.

2 *Guard.* Thou ſhalt fright Men.

1 *Guard.* You look ſo terrible now; but ſee your Face
I' th' Pummel of my Sword.

Geta. I die, I'm gone.
Oh my ſweet Phyſiognomy.

Enter three Perſians.

2 *Guard.* They come;
Now fight, or die indeed.

Geta. I will ſcape this way:
I cannot hold my Sword: What would you have
Of a maim'd Man?

1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a Goad
To prick you forward, Ox.

2 *Guard.* Fight like a Man,
Or die like a Dog.

Geta. Shall I, like *Cæſar*, fall
Among my Friends? No Mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
You ſhall not have the Honour of my Death,
I'll fall by th' En'my firſt.

1 *Guard.* O brave, brave *Geta*; [Perſians *driven off.*
He plays the Devil now.

Enter Niger.

Niger. Make up for Honour,
The *Perſians* ſhrink; The Paſſage is laid open;
Great *Diocleſian* like a ſecond *Mars*,
(His ſtrong Arm govern'd by the fierce *Bellona,*)
Performs more than a Man: His Shield ſtruck full
Of *Perſian* Darts, which now are his Defence
Againſt the Enemies Swords, ſtill leads the way.
Of all the *Perſian* Forces, one ſtrong Squadron,
[*Alarms continued.*
In which *Coſroe* in his own Perſon fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted: Break through that,
The Day, and all is ours. [*Retreat.*

All. Victory, Victory. [*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter (in Triumph with Roman *Ensigns) Guard,* Diocle-sian, Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta; Cosroe, Cassana, Persians, *as Prisoners*; Delphia, Drusilla *privately.*

Dio. I am rewarded in the Act: Your Freedom
To me's ten thousand Triumphs: You, Sir, share
In all my Glories. And unkind *Aurelia,*
From being a Captive, still command the Victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free.
You I afford my pity; baser Minds
Insult on the afflicted: You shall know,
Virtue and Courage is admir'd and lov'd
In Enemies; but more of that hereafter.
Thanks to your Valour; to your Swords I owe
This Wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor Bondman. *Geta,* I am glad
Thou'rt turn'd a Fighter.

Geta. 'Twas against my Will;
But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
What Honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all Example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Nig. We will have
His Statue of pure Gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a God,
Makes forfeit of his Head.

Max. I burst with Envy;
And yet these Honours, which conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on Air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a Man,
And all these Glories, Empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant Friends and faithful Guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking Fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted Dart of Death
To spare me one short Minute. Thus adorn'd

In theſe triumphant Robes, my Body yields not
A greater Shadow than it did when I
Liv'd both poor and obſcure; a Sword's ſharp Point
Enters my Fleſh as far; Dreams break my Sleep
As when I was a private Man; my Paſſions
Are ſtronger Tyrants on me; nor is Greatneſs
(28) A ſaving Antidote to keep me from
A Traitor's Poiſon. Shall I praiſe my Fortune,
Or raiſe the building of my Happineſs
On her uncertain Favour? Or preſume
She is my own, and ſure, that yet was never
Conſtant to any? Should my Reaſon fail me
(As flatt'ry oft corrupts it) here's an Example
To ſpeak, how far her Smiles are to be truſted;
The riſing Sun, this Morning, ſaw this Man
The *Perſian* Monarch, and thoſe Subjects proud
That had the Honour but to kiſs his Feet;
And yet e'er his diurnal Progreſs ends,
He is the ſcorn of Fortune: But you'll ſay,
That ſhe forſook him for his want of Courage,
But never leaves the Bold. Now by my hopes
Of Peace and Quiet here, I never met
A braver En'my: And to make it good,
Coſroe, *Caſſana*, and the reſt, be free,
And Ranſomeleſs return.

Coſ. To ſee this Virtue
Is more to me than Empire; and to be
O'ercome by you, a glorious Victory.

Max. What a Devil means he next?

Dio. I know that Glory
Is like *Alcides'* Shirt, if it ſtay on us
Till Pride hath mix'd it with our Blood; nor can we
Part with't at Pleaſure; when we would uncaſe,
It brings along with it both Fleſh and Sinews,
And leaves us living Monſters.

(28) *A ſaving Antidote to keep me*, &c.] *A ſaving Antidote, to ſave or keep me*, &c. ſeems to be too inaccurate (not to ſay tautological) an Expreſſion, for ſuch correct Authors as ours; I with Submiſſion wou'd read thus

A Sovereign Antidote, &c.

Max.

Max. Would't were come
To my turn to put it on, I'd run the hazard.
Dio. No, I will not be pluck'd out by the Ears
Out of this glorious Castle; uncompell'd
I will surrender rather: Let it suffice,
I've touch'd the height of human Happiness,
And here I fix *Nil ultra.* Hitherto
I've liv'd a Servant to ambitious Thoughts,
And fading Glories; what remains of Life,
I dedicate to Virtue; and to keep
My Faith untainted, farewel Pride and Pomp;
And circumstance of glorious Majesty,
Farewel for ever. Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long with sore Eyes look'd upon
My flourishing Fortune; you shall have possession
Of my Felicity: I deliver up
My Empire, and this Gem I priz'd above it,
And all things else that made me worth your Envy,
Freely unto you. Gentle Sir, your Suffrage,
To strengthen this; the Soldiers love I doubt not;
His Valour, Gentlemen, will deserve your Favours,
Which let my Prayers further. All is yours.
But I have been too lib'ral, and giv'n that
I must beg back again.
Max. What am I faln from?
Dio. Nay, start not: It is only the poor Grange,
The Patrimony which my Father left me,
I would be Tenant to.
Max. Sir, I am yours:
I will attend you there.
Dio. No, keep the Court,
Seek you in *Rome* for Honour: I will labour
To find content elsewhere. Dissuade me not,
By———, I am resolv'd. And now, *Drusilla,*
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My Wife, if thy Love since hath felt no change,
I'm ready to perform it.
Dru. I still lov'd
Your Person, not your Fortunes; in a Cottage,
Being yours, I am an Empress.

Del. And I'll make
The Change moſt happy.
Dio. Do me then the Honour,
To ſee my Vow perform'd. You but attend
My Glories to the Urn; where be it Aſhes,
Welcome my mean Eſtate; and as a due,
Wiſh Reſt to me, I Honour unto you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *THE War with Glory ended, and* Coſroe,
Acknowledging his Fealty to Charinus,
Diſmiſs'd in Peace, returns to Perſia:
The reſt, arriving ſafely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with Triumphs: Maximinian,
By th' grace and interceſſion of his Uncle,
Saluted Cæſar: *but* (29) *good* Diocleſian,
Weary of Pomp and State, retires himſelf
With a ſmall Train, to a moſt private Grange
(30) *In* Lombardy; *where the glad Country ſtrives*

(29) I have a ſmall quarrel againſt this Epithet, as thinking it far beyond the Deſert of ſuch a Wretch as he was. Though our divine Poet *Spenſer*, if this be any Excuſe to our *par Fratrum*, has applied the ſame Epithet to *Claudius Cæſar*, who as little deſerv'd it, as *Diocleſian* here. B. 2. C. 10. Stan. 51.

Good Claudius, *that next was Emperor,*
An Army brought, and with him Battle fought,
In which the King was by a Treachetour
Diſguiſed ſlain, e'er any thereof thought:
Yet ceaſed not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage *his Brother's Place ſupply'd*
In Arms, and eke in Crown; and by that Draught
Did drive the Romans *to the weaker ſide,*
That they to Peace agreed. So all was pacify'd.

(30) *In* Lombardy] *Dalmatia* was the real Country, to which *Diocleſian* retir'd: But *Lombardy* being a finer Climate for a Farmer, was, I ſuppoſe, the Reaſon why our Poets have choſe to fix him there.

With

With Rural Sports to give him Entertainment:
With which delighted, he with eaſe forgets
All ſpecious Trifles, and ſecurely taſtes
The certain Pleaſures of a private Life.
But oh Ambition, that eats into,
With venom'd Teeth, true Thankfulneſs and Honour,
And to ſupport her Greatneſs, faſhions Fears,
Doubts, and Preventions to decline all dangers,
Which in the place of Safety, prove her Ruin:
All which be pleas'd to ſee in Maximinian,
To whom, his confer'd Sov'reignty was like
A large Sail fill'd full with a fore-right Wind,
That drowns a ſmaller Bark: And he once fall'n
Into Ingratitude, makes no ſtop in Miſchief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian *all,*
Honour, and Empire, abſolute Command;
Yet being ill, long Great he cannot ſtand. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Maximinian *and* Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my Lord, my Love, my Life, my *Cæſar?*
How ill this dulneſs doth comport with Greatneſs?
Does not, with open Arms, your Fortune court you?
Rome know you for her Maſter? I myſelf
Confeſs you for my Husband? love, and ſerve you?
If you contemn not theſe, and think them Curſes,
I know no Bleſſings that ambitious Fleſh
Could wiſh to feel beyond 'em.
Max. Beſt *Aurelia*,
The Parent and the Nurſe to all my Glories,
'Tis not that thus embracing you, I think
There is a Heav'n beyond it, that begets
Theſe ſad Retirements; but the fear to loſe
What it is Hell to part with: Better t' have liv'd
Poor and obſcure, and never ſcal'd the top
Of hilly Empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almoſt as ſoon

As

As we have reach'd it.

Aur. These are Panick Terrors
You fashion to yourself: Is not my Brother
(Your Equal and Co-partner in the Empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your Friend? the Soldier constant?
Hath not your Uncle *Diocletian* taken
His last farewel o'th' World? What then can shake ye?

Max. The Thought I may be shaken, and assurance
That what we do possess is not our own,
But has dependance on another's favour:
For nothing's more uncertain, my *Aurelia*,
Than Power that stands not on his proper Basis,
But borrows his Foundation. I'll make plain
My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private Thoughts? Is not the Empire
My Uncle's gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste? Does not *Charinus*
Cross me in my designs? And what is Majesty
When 'tis divided? Does not th' insolent Soldier
Call my Command his Donative? And what can take
More from our Honour? No, my wife *Aurelia*,
If I to you am more than all the World,
As sure you are to me; as we desire
To be secure, we must be absolute,
And know no Equal; when your Brother borrows
The little Splendor that he has from us,
And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe; but 'till then, we but walk
With heavy burthens on a Sea of Glass,
And our own weight will sink us.

Aur. Your Mother brought you
Into the World an Emp'ror; you perswade
But what I would have counsel'd: Nearness of Blood,
Respect of Piety, and Thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of virtuous Fools,
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition,
The maker of great Minds, and nurse of Honour,
Puts in for Empire. On then, and forget
Your simple Uncle; think he was the Master

(In

(In being once an Emp'ror) of a Jewel,
Whoſe worth and uſe he knew not: For *Charinus*,
No more my Brother, if he be a ſtop
To what you purpoſe; he to me's a Stranger,
And ſo to be remov'd.

Max. Thou more than Woman,
Thou maſculine Greatneſs, to whoſe ſoaring Spirit
To touch the Stars ſeems but an eaſie flight,
O how I glory in thee! thoſe great Women
Antiquity is proud of, thou but nam'd,
Shall be no more remembred: but perſever,
And thou ſhalt ſhine among thoſe leſſer lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, *and Guard.*

To all Poſterity, like another *Phebe*,
And be ador'd as ſhe is.

Aur. Here's *Charinus*,
His brow furrow'd with anger.

Max. Let him ſtorm,
And you ſhall hear me Thunder.

Cha. He diſpoſe of
My Provinces at's Pleaſure? and confer
Thoſe honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his Creatures?

Nig. Mighty Sir, aſcribe it
To his aſſurance of your Love and Favour,
And not to Pride or Malice.

Cha. No, good *Niger*,
Courteſie ſhall not fool me; he ſhall know
I lent a Hand to raiſe him, and defend him,
While he continues good; but the ſame Strength,
If Pride make him uſurp upon my Right,
Shall ſtrike him to the Center. You're well met, Sir.

Max. As you make the Encounter: Sir, I hear,
That you repine, and hold yourſelf much griev'd,
In that, without your good leave, I beſtow'd
The *Gallian* Proconſulſhip upon
A Follower of mine.

Cha. 'Tis true, and wonder
You durſt attempt it.

Max.

Max. Durst, *Charinus?*
Cha. Durst;
Again I speak it: Think you me so tame,
So leaden and unactive, to sit down
With such Dishonour? But, recall your Grant,
And speedily; or by the *Roman*———
Thou trip'st thine own Heels up, and hast no part
In *Rome*, or in the Empire.
Max. Thou hast none,
But by permission: Alas, poor *Charinus*,
Thou shadow of an Emperor, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish Threats: The Gods appoint him
The absolute Disposer of the Earth,
That has the sharpest Sword. I'm sure, *Charinus*,
Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel *Aper*
Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
(An act that would have made a trembling Coward
More daring than *Alcides*,) thy base fear
Made thee wink at it; then rose up my Uncle,
For th' Honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*,
Against the Traytor, and among his Guards
Punish'd the Treason: This bold daring act
Got him the Soldiers Suffrages to be *Cæsar*.
And howsoever his too gentle Nature
Allow'd thee the Name only, as his Gift,
I challenge the Succession.
Cha. Thou art cozen'd.
When the Receiver of a courtesie
Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
(31) 'Tis but a Tryal, not a present Act.
Thou hast in a few days of thy short Reign,
In over-weening Pride, Riot and Lusts,
Sham'd noble *Diocletian*, and his Gift;
Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the Empire groans

(31) *'Tis but a Tryal,*] The Sense design'd is certainly, *not at present*, or *as yet an irrevocable Act or Deed.* If the Words do not seem to the Reader to convey this Sense, a slight Change will: He may read
——— *not a perfect Act*,
But I would not have the Text disturb'd. Mr. *Seward.*

Under

Under thy Tyranny, but he will forſake
His private Life, and once again reſume
His laid-by Majeſty; or at leaſt, make choice
Of ſuch an *Atlas* as may bear this burthen,
Too heavy for thy Shoulders. To effect this,
Lend your aſſiſtance, Gentlemen, and then doubt not
But that this Muſhroom, ſprung up in a Night,
Shall as ſoon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,
If you eſteem your Honour more than Tribute
Paid to your loathſome Appetite, as a Fury
Fly from his looſe Embraces; ſo farewel:
E'er long you ſhall hear more. [*Exeunt.*

Aur. Are you ſtruck Dumb,
That you make no Reply?

Max. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their Plots,
And turn them on their own accurſed Heads.
My Uncle? good, I muſt not know the Names
Of Piety or Pity. Steel my Heart,
Deſire of Empire, and inſtruct me, that
The Prince that over others would bear ſway,
Checks at no Let that ſtops him in his way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Shepherds, and two Countrymen.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great Man will continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what elſe? h'as bought the great Farm;
A great Man, with a great Inheritance,
And all the Ground about it, all the Woods too,
And ſtock'd it like an Emperor. Now, all our ſports again,
And all our merry Gambols, our May-Ladies,
Our Evening Dances on the Green, our Songs,
Our Holiday good chear, our Bagpipes now, Boys,
Shall make the wanton Laſſes skip again,
Our Sheep-ſhearings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark ye,
We muſt not call him Emp'ror.

1 *Countr.*

1 *Countr.* That's all one,
He's the King of good Fellows, that's no Treason;
And so I'll call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant y', h'as giv'n his Honour to another Man,
He cannot give his Humour; he's a brave Fellow,
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither, *Ladon*,
What new Songs, and what Geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough; I'll tell ye,
He comes abroad anon to view his Grounds,
And with the help of *Thirsis*, and old *Egon*,
(If's whorson Cold be gone) and *Amaryllis*,
And some few more o'th' Wenches, we will meet him,
And strike him such new (*c*) Springs, and such free Welcomes,
Shall make him scorn an Empire, forget Majesty,
And make him bless the hour he liv'd here happy.

2 *Countr.* And we will second ye, we honest Carters,
We Lads o'th' lash, with some blunt Entertainment,
Our Teams to two-pence, we'll give him some content,
Or we'll bawl fearfully.

3 *Shep.* He can't expect now
His courtly Entertainments, and his rare Musicks,
And Ladies to delight him with their Voices;
Honest and chearful Toys from honest Meanings,
And the best Hearts they have. We must be neat all;
On goes my Russet Jerkin with blue Buttons. [net,

1 *Shep.* And my green slops I was marry'd in; my Bon-
With my Carnation Point with silver Tags, Boys;
You know where I won it.

(*c*) *Springs* here means Tunes. So Bishop *Douglas* in his Translation of *Virgil.* Book 6. Page 167.

Gif Orpheus *mycht reduce agane Iges*
From Hell his Spouse's Goist, with his sueit Stringeis,
Playand on his Harp of Trace *sa pleasand* Springis.

So *Chaucer* in his *House of Fame.* Book 3. Line 143, *&c.*

There saw I famous Old and Young
Piperis of the Duche *Tong,*
To lerning Love dauncis and Springis,
Regis and the straungè thingis.

1 *Countr.*

1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, *Alexis.* [vours,
1 *Shep.* And I ſhall find ſome Toys that have been fa-
And Noſe-gays, and ſuch Knacks; for there be Wenches.
3 *Shep.* My Mantle goes on too I play'd young *Paris* in,
And the new Garters *Amaryllis* ſent me. [our Faces:
1 *Countr.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handſome, and waſh
Neighbour, I ſee a Remnant of *March* Duſt
That's hatch'd into your Chaps: I pray you be careful,

Enter Geta.

And mundifie your Muzzel.
2 *Countr.* I'll to th' Barbers,
It ſhall coſt me I know what. Who's this?
3 *Shep.* Give room, Neighbours,
A great Man in our State; God bleſs your Worſhip.
2 *Countr.* Encreaſe your Maſterſhip.
Geta. Thanks, my good People;
Stand off, and know your Duties: As I take it
You are the lab'ring People of this Village,
And you that keep the Sheep. Stand farther off yet,
And mingle not with my Authority,
I am too mighty for your Company. [ſhip
3 *Shep.* We know it, Sir; and we deſire your Wor-
To reckon us amongſt your humble Servants,
And that our Country Sports, Sir, ——
Geta. For your Sports, Sir,
They may be ſeen, when I ſhall think convenient,
When out of my Diſcretion, I ſhall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for Licence. Ye look on me,
And look upon me ſeriouſly, as you knew me:
'Tis true, I've been a Raſcal, as you are,
A Fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Juſt ſuch another Piece of Durt, ſo faſhion'd:
But Time, that purifies all things of Merit,
Has ſet another Stamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearful: I take off my Auſterity;
And know me for the great and mighty Steward
Under this Man of Honour; know ye for my Vaſſals,
And at my Pleaſure I can diſpeople ye,
Can blow you and your Cattle out o'th' Country:

But

But fear me, and have Favour. Come, go along with me,
And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.
3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.
Geta. 'Tis not a thing impossible.
Perhaps I'll sing myself, the more to grace ye,
And if I like your Women.
3 *Shep.* We'll have the best, Sir,
Handsome young Girls.
Geta. The handsomer, the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your Wives too, 'twill be all one Charge to ye;
For I must know your Families.
Del. 'Tis well said,
'Tis well said, honest Friends; I know y'are hatching
Some pleasurable Sports for your great Landlord;
Fill him with Joy, and win him a Friend to ye,
And make this little Grange seem a large Empire,
Let out with home Contents: I'll work his Favour,
Which daily shall be on ye.
3 *Shep.* Then we'll sing daily,
And make him the best Sports.
Del. Instruct 'em, *Geta*,
And be a merry Man again.
Geta. Will ye lend me a Devil,
That we may dance a while?
Del. I'll lend thee two.
And Bag-Pipes that shall blow alone.
Geta. I thank ye;
But I'll know your Devils of a cooler Complexion first.
Come, follow, follow; I'll go sit and see ye. [*Exeunt.*

(32) *Enter* Diocleſian *and* Drusilla.

Del. Do; and be ready an Hour hence, and bring 'em;
For in the Grove you'll find him.

(32) *Enter* Diocles *and* Drusilla.] Though the Emperor had quitted his Imperial Dignity, and retired to his Farm, it does not appear by any Accounts, that he ever reduc'd his Name, as our Editors *Dio.*

Dio. Come *Druſilla*,
The Partner of my beſt Contents: I hope now
You dare believe me.
Dru. Yes, and dare ſay to ye,
I think ye now moſt happy.
Dio. You ſay true, Sweet,
For by my——I find now by Experience,
Content was never Courtier.
Dru. I pray ye walk on, Sir;
The cool Shades of the Grove invite ye.
Dio. O my deareſt!
When Man has caſt off his ambitious Greatneſs,
And ſunk into the Sweetneſs of himſelf;
Built his Foundation upon honeſt Thoughts,
Not great, but good Deſires his daily Servants;
How quietly he Sleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his Poſſeſſions,
And from his willing labours feeds with Pleaſure?
Here hang no Comets in the ſhapes of Crowns,
To ſhake our ſweet contents; nor here, *Druſilla*,
Cares, like Eclipſes, darken our Endeavours:
We love here without Rivals, kiſs with Innocence;
Our Thoughts as gentle as our Lips, our Children
The double Heirs both of our Forms and Faiths.
Dru. I'm glad ye make this right uſe of this ſweetneſs,
This ſweet Retiredneſs.
Dio. 'Tis ſweet indeed, Love,
And every Circumſtance about it, ſhews it.
How lib'ral is the Spring in every place here?
The artificial Court ſhews but a Shadow,
A painted imitation of this Glory.
Smell to this Flower, here Nature has her excellence:
Let all the Perfumes of the Empire paſs this,
The carefull'ſt Lady's Cheek ſhew ſuch a Colour;
They're gilded and adulterate Vanities.
And here in Poverty dwells noble Nature.

have done for him here, to pure plain *Diocles*. I ſay the Editors, not the Poets, becauſe in the Concluſion of this Act the Soldiers give him his Imperial Addition,

Long live the good and gracious Diocleſian.

What pains we take to cool our Wines, t'allay us,
[*Musick below.*
And bury quick the fuming God to quench us,
Methinks this Chrystal swell? Ha? What strange Musick?
'Tis underneath, sure; how it stirs and joys me?
How all the Birds set on? The Fields redouble
Their odorif'rous sweets? Hark how the Echoes——

Enter a Spirit from the Well.

Dru. See, Sir, those Flowers
From out the Well, spring to your Entertainment.

Enter Delphia.

Dio. Bless me.
Dru. Be not afraid, 'tis some good Angel
That's come to welcome ye.
Del. Go near and hear, Son.

S O N G.

Dio. O Mother, thank ye, thank ye, this was your Will.
Del. You shall not want delights to bless your Presence.
Now ye are honest, all the Stars shall honour ye.

Enter Shepherds and Dancers.

Stay, here are Country-shepherds, here's some sport too,
And you must grace it, Sir; 'twas meant to welcome ye;
A King shall never feel your Joy. Sit down, Son.

A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses; Pan *leading the Men*, Ceres *the Maids.*

Hold, hold, my Messenger appears; leave off, Friends,
Leave off a while, and Breathe.
Dio. What News? Ye're pale, Mother.
Del. No, I am careful of thy safety, Son,
Be not affrighted, but sit still; I'm with thee.

Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, *and Soldiers.*

And now dance out your Dance. D' you know that Person?

Be

Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dreadfullest.
Max. How confident he sits amongst his Pleasures,
And what a chearful colour shews in's Face,
And yet he sees me too, the Soldiers with me.
Aur. Be speedy in your work, (you will be stopt else)
And then you are an Emp'ror.
Max. I'll about it.
Dio. My Royal Cousin, how I joy to see ye,
You and your Royal Empress.
Max. You're too kind, Sir.
I come not to eat with ye, and to surfeit
On these poor Clowniſh Pleasures; but to tell ye
I look upon ye like my Winding-sheet,
The Coffin of my Greatness, nay, my Grave:
For whilst you are alive——
Dio. Alive, my Cousin?
Max. I say, Alive. I am no Emperor;
I'm nothing but mine own disquiet.
Dio. Stay, Sir.
Max. I cannot stay. The Soldiers doat upon ye.
I would fain spare ye; but mine own Security
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me *Cæsar:*
For whilst you are remembred, I am buried.
Dio. Did not I make ye Emperor, dear Cousin,
The free gift from my special Grace?
Del. Fear nothing.
Dio. Did not I chuse this Poverty, to raise you?
That Royal Woman gave into your Arms too?
Bless'd ye with her bright Beauty? Gave the Soldier,
The Soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on ye?
Gave ye the World's command?
Max. This cannot help ye.
Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can ye be so base, Cousin,
So far from Nobleness, so far from Nature,
As to forget all this? To tread this Tie out?
Raise to yourself so foul a Monument
That every common Foot shall kick asunder?
Must my Blood glue ye to your Peace?
Max. It must, Uncle;

I ſtand too looſe elſe, and my Foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their Love retir'd, I'm rooted.
Dio. And cannot this remov'd poor State obſcure me?
I do not ſeek for yours, nor enquire ambitiouſly
After your growing Fortunes. Take heed, my Kinſman,
Ungratefulneſs and Blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious Tides———
Max. I muſt Sail th'row 'em:
Let 'em be Tides of Death, Sir, I muſt ſtem up.
Dio. Hear but this laſt, and wiſely yet conſider:
Place round about my Grange a Garriſon,
That if I offer to exceed my Limits,
Or ever in my common talk name Emperor,
Ever converſe with any greedy Soldier,
Or look for Adoration, nay, for Courteſie
Above the days Salute.——Think who has fed ye,
Think, Couſin, who I am. D'ye ſlight my Miſery?
Nay, then I charge thee; nay, I meet thy Cruelty.
Max. This cannot ſerve, prepare: Now fall on, Soldiers,
And all the Treaſure that I have——
[*Thunder and Lightning.*
Sold. The Earth ſhakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot ſtand, Sir;
Methinks the Mountains tremble too.
2 *Sold.* The flaſhes
How thick and hot they come? We ſhall be burn'd all.
Del. Fall on, Soldiers:
You that ſell innocent Blood, fall on full bravely.
Sold. We cannot ſtir.
Del. You have your liberty,
So have you, Lady. One of you come do it.
[*A Hand with a Bolt appears above.*
D' you ſtand amaz'd? Look o'er thy Head, *Maximinian*,
Look, to thy Terror, what hangs over thee:
Nay, it will nail thee Dead; look how it threatens thee:
The Bolt for Vengeance on ungrateful Wretches;
The Bolt of innocent Blood; read thoſe hot Characters,
And ſpell the will of Heav'n. Nay, lovely Lady,
You muſt take part too, as ſpur to Ambition.

Are

Are ye humble? Now ſpeak, my part is ended.
Does all your Glory ſhake?
Max. Hear us, great Uncle,
Good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us;
Below your Feet we lay our Lives, be merciful:
Begin you, Heav'n will follow.
Aur. Oh, it ſhakes ſtill.
Max. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our baſe and foul intentions. Stand between us;
For faults confeſs'd, they ſay, are half forgiven.
We're ſorry for our Sins. Take from us, Sir,
That glorious weight that made us ſwell, that poiſon'd us;
That maſs of Majeſty I labour'd under,
(Too heavy and too mighty for my Manage)
That my poor innocent Days may turn again,
And my Mind, pure, may purge me of theſe Curſes;
By your old Love, the Blood that runs between us.
[*The Hand taken in.*
Aur. By that Love once ye bare to me, by that, Sir,
That bleſſed Maid enjoys——
Dio. Riſe up, dear Couſin,
And be your Words your Judges: I forgive ye,
Great as ye are, enjoy that Greatneſs ever,
Whilſt I mine own Content make mine own Empire.
Once more I give ye all; learn to deſerve it,
And live to love your Good more than your Greatneſs.
Now ſhew your Loves to entertain this Emperor,
My honeſt Neighbours. *Geta*, ſee all handſome.
Your Grace muſt pardon us, our Houſe is little;
But ſuch an ample welcome as a poor Man
And his true Love can make you and your Empreſs——
Madam, we have no Dainties.
Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir;
We ſhall enjoy the riches of your Goodneſs.
Sold. Long live the good and gracious *Diocleſian.*
Dio. I thank ye, Soldiers, I forgive your raſhneſs.
And, Royal Sir, long may they love and honour ye.
[*Drums beat a March afar off.*
What Drums are thoſe?

Del. Meet 'em, my honeſt Son,
They are thy Friends, *Charinus* and th' old Soldiers
That come to reſcue thee from thy hot Couſin.
But all is well, and turn all into welcomes:
Two Emperors you muſt entertain now.
Dio. O dear Mother,
I've Will enough, but I want Room and Glory.
Del. That ſhall be my care. Sound your Pipes now merrily,
And all your handſome Sports. Sing 'em full welcomes.
Dio. And let 'em know, our true Love breeds more Stories
And perfect Joys, than Kings do, and their Glories.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

QUEEN of *CORINTH*,

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Agenor, *Prince of* Argos.
Theanor, *Son to the Queen of* Corinth, *a vicious Prince.*
Leonidas, *the* Corinthian *General, Brother to* Merione.
Euphanes, *a noble young Gentleman, Favourite to the Queen.*
Crates, *Elder Brother to* Euphanes, *a malicious Beautefeu.*
Conon, Euphanes's *Confident, and Fellow-Traveller.*
Neanthes, Soficles, Eraton. } *Courtiers.*
Onos, *or* Lamprias, *a very fooliſh Traveller.*
Tutor *and* Uncle } *to* Onos, *two fooliſh Knaves.*
Gentlemen, Servants to Agenor.
A Page to Lord Euphanes.
Marſhal, Vintner, Drawers.

W O M E N.

Queen of Corinth, *A wiſe and virtuous Widow, Mother of* Theanor.
Merione, *A virtuous Lady, honourably ſollicited by Prince* Agenor.
Beliza, *A noble Lady, Miſtreſs to* Euphanes.

SCENE *CORINTH.*

THE

THE QUEEN of *CORINTH.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Neanthes, Soſicles, *and* Eraton.

ERATON.

THE General is returned then?

Nean. With much Honour.

Sof. And Peace concluded with the Prince of *Argos?*

Nean. To the Queen's Wiſhes: The Conditions ſign'd
So far beyond her Hopes, to the Advantage
Of *Corinth*, and the good of all her Subjects;
That though *Leonidas*, our brave General,
Ever came home a fair and great Example,
He never yet return'd, or with leſs Loſs
Or more deſerved Honour.

Era. Have you not heard
The Motives to this general good?

Nean. The main one
Was Admiration firſt in young *Agenor*,
(For by that Name we know the Prince of *Argos*)
Of our *Leonidas'* Wiſdom and his Valour;
Which though an En'my, firſt in him bred Wonder,
That Liking, Love ſucceeded that, which was
Followed by a Deſire to be a Friend,

Upon

Upon what Terms ſoever, to ſuch Goodneſs.
They had an Enterview; and that their Friendſhip
Might with our Peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor yielding up all ſuch ſtrong Places
As he held in our Territories, ſhould receive
(With a ſufficient Dower, paid by the Queen)
The fair *Merione* for his Wife.

Era. But how
Approves the Queen of this? ſince we well know,
Nor was her Highneſs ignorant, that her Son
The Prince *Theanor* made Love to this Lady,
And in the nobleſt way.

Nean. Which ſhe allowed of,
And I have heard from ſome familiar with
Her neareſt Secrets, ſhe ſo deeply priz'd her,
Being from an Infant train'd up in her Service,
(Or to ſpeak better, rather her own Creature)
She once did ſay, That if the Prince ſhould ſteal
A Marriage without her Leave, or Knowledge,
With this *Merione*, with a little Suit
She ſhould grant both their Pardons; whereas now
To ſhew herſelf forſooth a *Spartan* Lady,
And that 'tis in her Power, now it concerns
The common good, not alone to ſubdue
Her own Affections, but command her Son's;
She has not only forc'd him with rough Threats
To leave his Miſtreſs, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his Entrance into *Corinth*,
To wait upon his Rival.

Sof. Can it be
The Prince ſhould ſit down with this Wrong?

Nean. I know not,
I am ſure I ſhould not.

Era. Truſt me, nor I,
A Mother is a Name, but put in Ballance [him?
With a young Wench 'tis nothing; where did you leave

Nean. Near *Veſta*'s Temple, for there he diſmiſs'd me,
And full of troubled Thoughts, calling for *Crates:*
He went with him, but whither, or to what Purpoſe,
I am a Stranger.

Enter

Enter Theanor *and* Crates.

Era. They're come back, *Neanthes.*
The. I like the Place well.
Cra. Well, Sir? it is built
As if the Architect had been a Prophet,
And fashion'd it alone for this Night's Action;
The Vaults so hollow, and the Walls so strong,
As *Dian* there might suffer Violence,
And with loud Shrieks in vain call *Jove* to help her;
Or should he hear, his Thunder could not find
An Entrance to it.
The. I give up my self
Wholly to thy Direction, worthiest *Crates*;
And yet the desp'rate Cure that we must practise
Is in it self so foul, and full of Danger,
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To die not seeking Help, or that Help being
So deadly, to pursue it.
Cra. To those Reasons
I have already urg'd, I will add these.
For but consider, Sir ———
Era. It is of weight
What-e'er it be, that with such vehement Action,
Of Eye, Hand, Foot, nay all his Body's Motion,
Crates incites the Prince to.
Nean. Then observe,
With what variety of Passions he
Receives his Reasons; now he's pale, and shakes
For Fear or Anger; now his natural Red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing Smile
He seems to entertain it; 'tis resolv'd on,
Be it what 'twill; to his Ends may it prosper,
Though the State sink for't.
Cra. Now you are a Prince
Fit to rule others, and in shaking off
The Bonds in which your Mother fetters you,
Discharge your Debt to Nature, she's your Guide,
Follow her boldly, Sir.
The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.

Cra.

Cra. Yet ſtill diſguiſe your Malice
In your Humility.
The. I am inſtructed.
Cra. Though in your Heart there rage a thouſand Tempeſts,
All Calmneſs in your Looks.
The. I ſhall remember.
Cra. And at no hand, tho' theſe are us'd as Agents,
Acquaint them with your Purpoſe, 'till the Inſtant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to conſider; when 'tis done, Reward
Or Fear will keep them ſilent; yet you may
Grace them as you paſs by, 'twill make them ſurer,
And greedier (1) to ſerve you.
The. I'll move only
As you would have me: Good-day, Gentlemen;
Nay, ſpare this ceremonious Form of Duty
To him that brings Love to you, equal Love,
And is in nothing happier, than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.
Soſ. I am o'er-joy'd, I know not
How to reply; but——
Era. Hang all buts; my Lord,
For this your bounteous Favour——
Nean. Let me ſpeak,
If to feed Vultures here, after the Halter
Has done his Part, or if there be a Hell
To take a Swinge or two there, may deſerve this—
Soſ. We're ready.
Era. Try us any way.
Nean. Put's to it.
The. What Jewels I have in you?
Cra. Have theſe Souls,
That for a good Look, and a few kind Words,
Part with their Eſſence?
The. Since you will compel me
To put that to the Tryal which I doubt not,

(1) —— *to deſerve you.*] What I have inſerted in the Text, ſeems to be more natural and eaſy than the old Reading: Neither is the Quantity of the Line at all hurt, by the cropping of a Syllable, for *Greedier* is three Syllables as well as two, according as the Quantity of the Verſe requires. Mr. *Seward* propos'd too this very Alteration.

Crates,

Crates, may be, ſuddenly will inſtruct you
How, and in what to ſhew your Loves; obey him
As you will bind me to you.
Cra. 'Tis well grounded;
Leave me to rear the Building. *Nean.* We will do.
Cra. I know it.
Era. Any thing you'll put us to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Leonidas, Merione, Beliza, *and Servants.*

Leo. Siſter, I reap the Harveſt of my Labours
In your Preferment, be you worthy of it,
And with an open Boſom entertain
A greater Fortune than my Love durſt hope for;
Be wiſe, and welcome it: Play not the coy
And fooliſh Wanton, with the offered Bounties
Of him that is a Prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won, *Merione*; then if you dare
Believe the Object that took me was worthy,
Or truſt my Judgment, in me think you were
Courted, ſu'd to, and conquer'd.
Mer. Noble Brother,
I have and ſtill eſteem you as a Father,
And will as far obey you; my Heart ſpeaks it:
And yet without your Anger, give me leave
To ſay, That in the Choice of that on which
All my Life's Joys or Sorrows have dependance,
It had been fit, e'er you had made a full
And abſolute Grant of me to any other,
I ſhould have us'd mine own Eyes, or at leaſt
Made you to underſtand, whether it were
Within my Power to make a ſecond Gift
Of my poor ſelf.
Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The Prince *Theanor*'s Love; let not that cheat you;
His Vows were but meer Courtſhip; all his Service
But Practice how t' entrap a cred'lous Lady:
Or grant it ſerious, yet you muſt remember
He's not to love, but where the Queen his Mother

Muſt

Muſt give Allowance, which to you is barr'd up,
And therefore ſtudy to forget that ever
You cheriſh'd ſuch a Hope.
Mer. I would I could.
Leo. But brave *Agenor*, who is come in Perſon
To celebrate this Marriage, for your Love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thouſand Lives,
That muſt have fall'n under the Sword of War
Had not this Peace been made; which general good
Both Countries owe to his Affection to you:
O happy Siſter, ask this noble Lady,
Your boſom Friend (ſince I fail in my Credit)
What Palm *Agenor*'s Name, above all Princes
That *Greece* is proud of, carries, and with Luſtre.
Bel. Indeed Fame gives him out for excellent;
And Friend, I doubt not but when you ſhall ſee him,

(2) *Enter a Servant, who whiſpers* Beliza.

He'll ſo appear to you. Art ſure 'tis he?
Ser. As I live Madam —
Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my Joy.
'Tis my *Euphanes*.
Ser. Yes.
Bel. And he's in Health?
Ser. Moſt certainly Madam.
Bel. I'll ſee him inſtantly.
So prethee tell him. [*Exit Ser.*
Mer. I yield my ſelf too weak
In Argument t' oppoſe you; you may lead me
Whither you pleaſe.
Leo. 'Tis anſwer'd like my Siſter;
And if in him you find not ample cauſe
To pray for me, and daily on your Knees,
Conclude I have no Judgment.
Mer. May it prove ſo:
Friend, ſhall we have your Company?
Bel. Two hours hence

(2) *Enter a Servant.*] Without the Addition I have made to this Direction, every Reader perhaps wou'd not take the abrupt Queſtion, *Art ſure 'tis he?* in a proper Light.

I will not fail you.

Leo. At your pleaſure, Madam. [*Ex.* Leo. *and* Mer.

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word ſpeak a thouſand welcomes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em: Fie, my Hand,
We ſtand at no ſuch diſtance, by my Life
The parting kiſs you took before your Travel
Is yet a Virgin on my Lips, preſerv'd
With as much care as I would do my Fame
To entertain your wiſh'd return.

Euph. Beſt Lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reaſon
As ever Man did Virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that Reverence
As holy Men behold the Sun, the Stars,
The Temples, and their Gods, they all can witneſs;
And that you have deſerv'd this Duty from me,
The Life, and means of Life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profeſs it, ſince my Fortune
Affords (3) no other Payment.

Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling Courteſies, as I call them,
(Though you give them another Name) you had
Made ample ſatisfaction in th' acceptance,
And therefore did preſume you had brought home
Some other Language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields Words ſufficient to expreſs your Goodneſs;
Nor can I ever chuſe another Theme;
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more,
As you reſpect me.

Euph. That Charm is too powerful
For me to diſobey it: 'Tis your Pleaſure,
And not my Boldneſs, Madam.

(3) — *no other Payment.*

Beliz. *Good* Euphanes *where Benefits are ill conferr'd*] Thus runs the Edition of 1647, but by miſtake, for here 'tis not Senſe, tho' quite right about ſix or ſeven Speeches lower, as the Reader will very eaſily ſee and perceive.

Bel.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
Believe I am not one of thoſe weak Ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their Birth or Fortune, which are things without them:
Nor in this will I imitate the World,
Whoſe greater part of Men think when they give
They purchaſe Bondmen, not make worthy Friends:
By all that's good I ſwear, I never thought
My great Eſtate was an Addition to me,
Or that your Wants took from you.
Euph. There are few
So truly underſtanding or themſelves or what
They do poſſeſs. *Bel.* Good *Euphanes*, where Benefits
Are ill conferr'd, (4) as on unworthy Men,
That turn them to bad uſes, the Beſtower,
For wanting judgment how, and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty: But when we do Favours
To ſuch as make them Grounds on which they build
Their noble Actions, there w' improve our Fortunes
To the moſt fair advantage. If I ſpeak
Too much, though I confeſs (5) I ſpeak well,
Prethee remember 'tis a Woman's weakneſs,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

(4) —— *as* to *unworthy Men*,] I have ventur'd at my own peril to ſubſtitute *on* for *to*, as being the more common and uſual way of Expreſſion.

(5) —— *I ſpeak well*,] The Verſe is deficient both as to Senſe and Quantity, and there are two ways of filling it up. Mr. *Seward* is for reading thus.

—— I *now* ſpeak well, as deſigning a Compliment both to him and herſelf. *She ſpoke well*, becauſe ſhe gave ſufficient Reaſons for having ſupplied his Wants.

I am for ſupplying the Senſe and Meaſure another way and reading thus;

I ſpeak not well.

For this ſeems to be what the Lady wou'd have him think, *viz.* that ſhe ſpoke not well, tho' the Subject ſhe ſpoke of had abundant Matter to ſupply a Speaker with. Add to this what ſhe ſays herſelf to *Merione*, Act 3, near the End,

how rais'd 'tis better
That all do know and ſpeak it than my ſelf.

This to me appears a preſumptive Proof that *not* bids faireſt for the right Reading in this Place.

Euph.

Euph. You ſpeak nothing
But what would well become the wiſeſt Man:
And that by you deliver'd is ſo pleaſing
That I could hear you ever.
Bel. Fly not from
Your Word, for I arreſt it: And will now
Expreſs my ſelf a little more, and prove
That whereas you profeſs your ſelf my Debtor,
That I am yours.
Euph. Your Ladyſhip then muſt uſe
Some Sophiſtry I ne'er heard of.
Bel. By plain Reaſons;
For look you, had you never ſunk beneath
Your Wants, or if thoſe Wants had found ſupply
From *Crates*, your unkind and covetous Brother,
Or any other Man, I then had miſs'd,
A Subject upon which I worthily
Might exerciſe my Bounty: Whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furniſh you before, and in your Travels,
With all Conveniencies that you thought uſeful,
That Gold which would have ruſted in my Coffers
Being thus imploy'd, has render'd me a Partner
In all your glorious Actions. And whereas
Had you not been, I ſhould have dy'd a thing
Scarce known, or ſoon forgotten: There's no Trophy
In which *Euphanes* for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from *Beliza*.
Euph. That was but Thankfulneſs.
Bel. 'Twas ſuch an Honour,
And ſuch a large Return for the poor Traſh
I ventur'd with you, that if I ſhould part
With all that I poſſeſs, and my ſelf too,
In ſatisfaction for it, 'twere ſtill ſhort
Of your deſervings.
Euph. You o'er-prize them, Madam.
Bel. The Queen her ſelf hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf, for ſhe hath heard, *Euphanes*,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her Honour

In all the Courts of *Greece:* And reſt aſſur'd
(Though yet unknown) when I preſent you to her,
Which I will do this Evening, you ſhall find
That ſhe intends good to you.
Euph. Worthieſt Lady,
Since all you labour for is the Advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor Servant,
He muſt not contradict it,
Bel. Here's your Brother,
'Tis ſtrange to ſee him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You're welcome home, Sir,
(Your Pardon, Madam) I had thought my Houſe,
Conſidering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your firſt Viſit.
Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When laſt I ſaw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That abſence, which ſtill renders Men forgotten,
Should make my Preſence wiſh'd for.
Bel. That's not it,
Your too kind Brother underſtanding that
You ſtand in no need of him, 's bold to offer
His Entertainment.
Cra. He had never wanted,
Or yours, or your Aſſiſtance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.
Euph. I ſtudied many,
But could find none.
Cra. You would not find your ſelf, Sir,
Or in your ſelf, what was due to me from you,
The privilege my Birth beſtow'd upon me
Might challenge ſome regard.
Euph. You'd all the Land, Sir,
What elſe did you expect? And I am certain
You kept ſuch ſtrong Guards to preſerve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.
Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?

Euph.

Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open Mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them;
May be you look'd, I should petition to you
As you went to your Horse; flatter your Servants,
To play the Brokers for my furtherance,
Sooth your worst Humours, act the Parasite
On all Occasions, write my Name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from Slaves; [you,
Be drunk when you would have me, then Wench with
Or play the Pander; enter into Quarrels
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them
'Cause they were yours; these are the Tyrannies
Most younger Brothers groan beneath; yet bear them
From the insulting Heir, selling their Freedoms
At a less rate than what the State allows
The Salary of base and common Strumpets:
For my part, e'er on such low terms I feed
Upon a Brother's Trencher, let me die
The Beggars Death, and starve.

Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?

Cra. I'll tell you, Lady,
Since you rise up his Advocate, and boldly.
(For now I find, and plainly, in whose Favour
My Love and Service to you was neglected)
For all your Wealth, nay, add to that your Beauty,
And put your Virtues in, if you have any,
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine Courtier, the Woman's Man,
That tells my Lady Stories, dissolves Riddles,
Ushers her to her Coach, lyes at her Feet
At solemn Masks, applauding what she laughs at;
Reads her asleep anights, and takes his Oath
Upon her Pantoffles, that all Excellence
In other Madams does but zany hers:
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your Birth and Freedom.

Euph. Should another

Say this, my Deeds, not Looks ſhould ſhew——
Bel. Contemn it:
His Envy fains this, and he's but Reporter,
Without a ſecond, of his own dry Fancies.
Cra. Yes Madam, the whole City ſpeaks it with me,
And though (6) it may diſtaſte, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the Scene, and with him cenſur'd;
For you are given out for the provident Lady,
That not to be unfurniſh'd for her Pleaſures
(As without them to what vain uſe is Greatneſs)
Have made choice of an able Man, a young Man,
Of an *Herculean* Back to do you Service,
And one you may command too, that is Active,
And does what you would have him.
Bel. You are foul-mouth'd.
Cra. That can ſpeak well, write Verſes too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whoſe Wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to pleaſe you,
And by the Gods you well reward him for it.
No Night (in which while you lye ſick and panting)
He watches by you, but is worth a Talent:
No Conf'rence in your Coach, which is not paid with
A ſcarlet Suit; this the (7) poor People mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do ſo,
A Lady of your Youth, that feeds high too,
And a moſt exact Lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous Love, the laſt bought Vizard
That Leachery purchas'd.
Euph. Not a word beyond this.
The Reverence I owe to that one Womb
In which we both were Embrions, makes me ſuffer
What's paſt; but if continu'd ——
Bel. Stay your Hand,
The Queen ſhall right my Honour.
Cra. Let him do it,

(6) — *in my diſtaſte.*] The Nonſenſe of this Reading is evident; what I have inſerted in the Text was from Conjecture, and is confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

(7) —poor *People*] I have a ſtrong Suſpicion that *moſt* is the Reading we ought to follow, but I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text.

It

It is but marrying him; and for your Anger,
Know that I ſlight it: When your Goddeſs here
Is weary of your Sacrifice, as ſhe will be,
You know my Houſe, and there amongſt my Servants
Perhaps you'll find a Liv'ry (a). [*Exit.*

Bel. Be not mov'd,
I know the rancor of his Diſpoſition,
And turn it on himſelf by laughing at it,
And in that let me teach you.

Euph. I learn gladly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Neanthes, Soſines, *and* Eraton *ſeverally.*

Nean. You're met unto my wiſhes, if you ever
Deſir'd true Mirth ſo far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of Laughter,
I come before the Object that will do it;
Or let me live your Fool.

Soſ. Who is't, *Neanthes?*

Nean. Lamprias the Uſurer's Son.

Era. Lamprias? the Youth
Of ſix and fifty?

Soſ. That was ſent to Travel
By rich *Beliza*, 'till he came to Age
And was fit for a Wife?

Nean. The very ſame,
This Gallant with his Guardian, and his Tutor,
(And of the three, who is moſt Fool I know not)
Are newly come to *Corinth*, I'll not ſtale them
(8) By giving their Characters, but leave you
To make your own diſcoveries; here they are, Sir.

Enter Onos, *Uncle and Tutor.*

Tutor. That Leg a little higher; very well.

(a) *i. e.* An Allowance of Meat, *&c.*

(8) *By giving* up *their*—] The Particle *up* I have left out of the preſent Text, tho' it ſtands in all the other Copies, becauſe it confounds the Senſe: *Giving up a Character* is a Phraſe of a quite different Import to what he wou'd ſay here, as the leaſt Attention will make evident enough.

Now put your Face into the Traveller's posture;
Exceeding good.
Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?
Tut. They will be all my Scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.
Era. *Phœbus* guard me
From this new *Python.*
Sof. How they have trim'd him up
Like an old Reveller?
Nean. Curl'd him and perfum'd him,
But that was done with Judgment, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually; trust me,
That Witches Face of his is painted too,
And every Ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten Bawds, and all their Tenants.
Sof. See how it moves towards us.
Nean. There's a Salutation:
'Troth, Gentlemen, you have bestowed much Travel
In training up your Pupil.
Tut. Sir, great Buildings
Require great Labours, which yet we repent not,
Since for the Country's good we have brought home
An absolute Man.
Unc. As any of his Years,
Corinth can shew you.
Era. He's exceeding meagre.
Tut. His Contemplation ——
Unc. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.
Nean. You all contemplate;
For three such wretched Pictures of lean Famine
I never saw together.
Unc. We have fat Minds, Sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful Gentleman
Should be brought up a Glutton? he's my Ward,
Nor was there ever where I bore the Bag
Any superfluous waste.
Era. Pray you can it speak?
Tut. He knows all Languages, but will use none,

They're

They're all too big for's Mouth, or elſe too little
T'expreſs his great Conceits: and yet of late
With ſome impulſion he hath ſet down
In a ſtrange method, by the way of queſtion,
And briefly (9) too, all buſineſs whatſoever,
That may concern a Gentleman.

Nean. Good Sir, let's hear him.

Tut. Come on, Sir.

Nean. They have taught him like an Ape,
To do his Tricks by ſigns: now he begins.

Onos. When ſhall we be drunk together?

Tut. That's the firſt.

Onos. Where ſhall we whore to Night?

Uncle. That ever follows.

Era. 'Ods me, he now looks angry.

Onos. Shall we quarrel?

Nean. With me at no hand, Sir.

Onos. Then let's proteſt.

Era. Is this all?

Tut. Theſe are, Sir, the four new Virtues
That are in faſhion; many a Mile we meaſur'd
Before we could arrive (10) to this knowledge.

Nean. You might have ſpar'd that labour, for at home here
There's little elſe in practice. Ha? the Queen?.
Good Friends, for half an hour remove your (*b*) Motion,
To-morrow willingly when we've more leiſure
We'll look on him again.

Onos. Did I not rarely?

Uncle. Excellent well.

Tut. He ſhall have ſix Plumbs for it.

[*Exeunt.*

(9) *And briefly* to *all*] *Brevis eſſe laboro*, &c. was never more applicable than here, was the Paſſage to ſtand: But 'tis certainly corrupted, and ought to be wrote as I have reform'd the Text. Unleſs we read *too* for *to*, the Place is not only dark, but abſolute Nonſenſe.

(10) *unto*] So the Edition of 1647, the others have *to*.

(*b*) *i. e.* Puppet.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, *Queen*, Merione, Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, *Ladies and Attendants with Lights.*

Queen. How much my Court is honour'd, Princely Brother,
In your vouchſafing it your long'd-for Preſence,
Were tedious to repeat, ſince 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd; may the Gods,
That look into Kings Actions, ſmile upon
The league we have concluded; and their Juſtice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One Article.

Age. Great Miracle of Queens,
How happy I eſteem myſelf, in being
Thought worthy to be numbred in the rank
Of your Confed'rates, my love and beſt ſervice
Shall teach the World hereafter; but this Gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is ſo far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of neceſſity I muſt die oblig'd
To your unanſwer'd Bounty.

The. The ſweet Lady
In Bluſhes gives your Highneſs thanks.

Queen. Believe it
On the Queen's Word, ſhe is a worthy one,
And I am ſo acquainted with her Goodneſs,
That but for this Peace that hath chang'd my purpoſe,
And to her more Advancement, I ſhould gladly
Have call'd her Daughter.

The. Though I am depriv'd of
A bleſſing, 'tis not in the Fates to equal,
To ſhew myſelf a Subject as a Son,
Here I give up my Claim, and willingly
With mine own Hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above myſelf; and from this hour,
(For my Affection yields now to my Duty)
Vow never to ſollicit her.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd;
Neanthes, and the reſt. [*Exe.* Cra. Nean. Sol. Era.

Queen.

Queen. Nay, for this Night
You muſt, for 'tis our Country faſhion, Sir,
Leave her to her Devotions, in the Morning
We'll bring you to the Temple.
Leo. How in this
Your Highneſs honours me.
Mer. Sweet Reſt to all.
Age. This Kiſs, and I obey you.
Bel. Pleaſe it your Highneſs,
This is the Gentleman.
Queen. You're welcome home, Sir;
Now as I live, one of a promiſing Preſence;
I've heard of you before, and you ſhall find
I'll know you better; find out ſomething that
May do you good, and reſt aſſur'd to have it.
Were you at *Sparta* lately?
Euph. Three days ſince, Madam,
I came from thence.
Queen. 'Tis very late,
Good night, my Lord; do you, Sir, follow me,
I muſt talk further with you.
Age. All reſt with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton *and* Soſicles, *diſguis'd.*

Cra. She muſt paſs through this Cloyſter, ſuddenly
And boldly ſeize upon her.
Nean. Where's the Prince?
Cra. He does expect us at the place I ſhew'd you.

Enter Merione *and Servant.*

I hear ones footing, peace, 'tis ſhe.
Mer. Now leave me,
I know the way, though *Veſta* witneſs with me
I never trod it with ſuch fear: Help, help!
Cra. Stop her Mouth cloſe, out with the Light, I'll guide you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Merione *as newly raviſh'd.*

Mer. TO whom now ſhall I cry? What Pow'r thus kneel to?
And beg my raviſh'd Honour back upon me.
Deaf, deaf, you Gods of Goodneſs, deaf to me,
Deaf Heav'n to all my cries; deaf Hope, deaf Juſtice:
I am abus'd, and you, that ſee all, ſaw it,
Saw it, and ſmil'd upon the Villain did it;
Saw it, and gave him Strength: Why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the World's Eyes have been ſunk in ſlumbers?
Why have I then pour'd out my Tears? kneel'd to ye?
And from the Altar of a pure Heart ſent ye
Thoughts like yourſelves, white, innocent, Vows purer
And of a ſweeter (11) flame than all the Earth's Odours?
Why have I ſung your Praiſes, ſtrew'd your Temples,
And crown'd your Holy Prieſts with Virgin Roſes?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to deſtroy us?
Believe and honour ye, to ſee us ruin'd?
Theſe Tears of Anger thus I ſprinkle toward ye,
You that dare ſleep ſecure whilſt Virgins ſuffer,
Theſe ſtick like Comets, blaze eternally,
'Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your Juſtice,
And forc'd ye fear our Curſes, as we yours.

Enter Theanor, *and* Crates, *with Vizards.*

My ſhame ſtill follows me, and ſtill proclaims me;
He turns away in ſcorn, I am contemn'd too,
A more unmanly violence than the other;
Bitten, and flung away? Whate'er you are
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now moſt baſely
And ſacrilegiouſly rob'd this fair Temple,
I fling all theſe behind me, but look upon me,

(11) ——*ſweeter flame*] Though I have not diſturb'd the Text, I ſuſpect we ſhould read *fume*.

But

But one kind loving look, be what ye will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my Husband;
And you his hand in miſchief, I ſpeak to you too,
Counſel him nobly now; you know the miſchief,
The moſt unrighteous act he has done, perſwade him,
Perſwade him like a Friend; knock at his Conſcience
'Till fair Repentance follow; yet be worthy of me,
And ſhew yourſelf, if ever good thought guided ye;
You've had your foul Will, make't yet fair with Marriage;
Open yourſelf and take me, wed me now:
[*Draws his Dagger.*
More fruits of Villany? your Dagger? come
Ye're merciful, I thank you for your Medicine;
Is that too worthy too?

Enter the reſt diſguis'd.

Devil, thou with him,
Thou penny Bawd t' his Luſt, will not that ſtir thee?
Do you work by Tokens now? Be ſure I live not,
For your own ſafeties, Knaves. I will ſit patiently:
But as ye are true Villains, the Devil's own Servants,
And thoſe he loves and truſts, make it as bloody
An Act, of ſuch true horror, Heav'n would ſhake at,
'Twill ſhew the braver; Goodneſs hold my hope faſt,
And in thy Mercies look upon my ruins,
And then I'm right: My Eyes grow dead and heavy.

Enter ſix diſguis'd, ſinging and dancing to a horrid Muſick, and ſprinkling water on her Face.

Wrong me no more, as ye are Men.
The. She's faſt.
Cra. Away with her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Agenor, *and Gentlemen.*

Age. Now, Gentlemen, the time's come now t'enjoy
That fruitful Happineſs my Heart has long'd for:
This Day be happy call'd, and when old Time
Brings it about each Year, crown'd with that ſweetneſs

It

It gives me now, ſee every Man obſerve it,
And laying all aſide bears ſhew of buſineſs,
Give this to Joy and Triumph : How ſits my Cloaths ?
1 *Gent.* Handſome, and wondrous well, Sir.
Age. Do they ſhew richly ?
For to thoſe curious Eyes even Beauty envies,
I muſt not now appear poor, or low faſhion'd ;
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger ;
And ſuch a promiſe in my Blood I feel now,
That if there may be a perpetual Youth
Beſtowed on Man, I am that Soul ſhall win it:
Does my Hair ſtand well, Lord how ill-favour'dly
You have dreſs'd me to day ? how baldly ? why this Cloak ?
2 *Gent.* Why 'tis the richeſt, Sir.
Age. And here you have put me on
A pair of Breeches look like a pair of Bagpipes.
1 *Gent.* Believe, Sir, they ſhew bravely.
Age. Why theſe Stockins ?
2 *Gent.* Your Leg appears———
Age. Peuh, I would have had 'em Peach-colour,
All young and new about me : And this Scarf here,
A goodly thing : you have trick'd me like a Puppet.
1 *Gent.* I'll undertake to rig forth a whole Navy,
And with leſs labour, than one Man in Love :
They're never pleas'd.
2 *Gent.* Methinks he looks well.
1 *Gent.* Well,
As Man can look, as handſome : Now do I wonder
He found not fault his Noſe was put on ugly,
Or his Eyes look'd too gray, and rail at us :
They are the wayward'ſt things, theſe Lovers.
2 *Gent.* All will be right
When once it comes to th' puſh.
1 *Gent.* I would they were at it,
For our own quiet ſake.
Age. Come, wait upon me,
And bear yourſelves like mine, my Friends, and nobly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Theanor, Crates, *and* Erates, *bringing* Merione.

Erat. This is her Brother's Door.

Cra. There lay her down then.
Lay her along; ſhe's faſt ſtill.

Ser. As forgetfulneſs.

Cra. Be not you ſtirr'd now, but away to your Mother,
Give all Attendance, let no Stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your Face; carry yourſelf confidently.

The. But whither runs your Drift now?

Cra. When ſhe wakes,
Either what's done will ſhew a mere Dream to her,
And carry no more Credit; or ſay ſhe find it,
Say ſhe remember all the Circumſtances,
Twenty to one the Shapes in which they were acted,
The Horrors, and the ſtill Affrights we ſhew'd her,
Riſing in wilder Figures to her Memory
Will run her mad, and no Man gueſs the Reaſon:
If all theſe fail, and that ſhe riſe up perfect,
And ſo collect herſelf, believe this, Sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any Power to gueſs; the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her Honour
If it be known, and to the World's Eye publiſh'd,
Eſpecially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She muſt and will conceal it, nay forget it;
The Woman is no *Lucrece*: get you gone, Sir,
And as you would have more of this Sport, fear not.

The. I am confirm'd, farewel.

Cra. Farewel, away, Sir:
Diſperſe yourſelves, and as you love his Favour,
And that that crowns it, Gold, no Tongues amongſt ye;
You know your Charge, this way (12) goes no Suſpicion.
[*Exeunt.*

(12) —— *goes no Suſpicion*] Though this may be underſtood, it is ſuch a low and ſtiff Expreſſion, that I can ſcarce think it genuine. The Word *gives*, inſtead of *goes*, makes clearer *Engliſh*, but I believe the Original might be

—— *this way go* —— *no Suſpicion. i. e.* Be ſure ye take care, not to give the leaſt Suſpicion by your Conduct. Mr. *Seward.*

Enter Agenor, *and* Leonidas, *with two Gentlemen.*

Age. You are ſtirring early, Sir.

Leo. It was my Duty
To wait upon your Grace.

Age. How fares your Siſter,
My beauteous Miſtreſs, what, 's ſhe ready yet?

Leo. No doubt ſhe'll loſe no time, Sir; young Maids in her way
Tread upon Thorns, and think an Hour an Age
Till the Prieſt has done his Part, that theirs may follow;
I ſaw her not ſince Yeſterday i' th' Evening:
But, Sir, I am ſure ſhe is not ſlack; believe me,
Your Grace will find a loving Soul.

Age. A ſweet one,
And ſo much Joy I carry in the thought of it.
So great a Happineſs to know ſhe is mine;
Believe me, noble Brother, that to expreſs it
Methinks (13) a Tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing;
Imagination leſs: Who's that that lies there?

Leo. Where, Sir?

Age. Before the Door, it looks like a Woman.

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing,
One of the Maids o'erwatch'd belike.

Age. It may be.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit Place to ſleep in.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis ſure a Woman, Sir, ſhe has Jewels on too:
She fears no foul Play ſure.

Leo. Bring a Torch hither,
Yet 'tis not perfect Day: I ſhould know thoſe Garments.

(13) —— *a Tongue* —— *can do nothing*;
Imagination leſs:] The Copies in general exhibit the Text thus, tho' it carries, in the Front of it, plain Marks of Corruption. Mr. *Seward* propoſes, —— *can do nothing*;
Imagination ſcarce. *i. e.* little more.
He too, with me, has another Reading, thus,
—— *do nothing*;
Imaginationleſs: ——
But this he by no means thinks comparable with the former. For my part I like neither the one nor the other, ſince the Senſe of the place, by either or both of theſe Conjectures, is not entirely diſengag'd from the Difficulties that attend it, and it ſeems to me, at preſent, that nothing but the Author's Manuſcript can ever ſet us right.

Age.

Age. How ſound ſhe ſleeps?
Leo. I am ſorry to ſee this.
Age. Do you know her?
Leo. And you now I am ſure, Sir.
Age. My Miſtreſs! how comes this?

Enter Queen, Theanor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes, *and Attendants.*

Leo. The Queen and her Train?
Queen. You know my Pleaſure.
Euph. And will be moſt careful.
Queen. Be not long abſent, the Suit you preferr'd
Is granted.
Nean. This Fellow mounts apace, and will
Tow'r o'er us like a Falcon.
Queen. Good morrow to ye all, why ſtand ye wondring?
Enter the Houſe Sir, and bring out your Miſtreſs,
You muſt obſerve our Ceremonies: What's the matter?
What's that ye ſtand at? How! *Merione?*
Aſleep i'th' Street? Belike ſome ſudden Palſie
As ſhe ſtept out laſt Night upon Devotion,
To take her farewel of her Virgin State,
The Air being ſharp and piercing, ſtruck her ſuddenly:
See if ſhe Breath.
Leo. A little.
Queen. Wake her then,
'Tis ſure a Fit.
Age. She wakes herſelf,
Give room to her.
Queen. See how the Spirits ſtruggle to recover,
And ſtrongly reinforce their Strength; for certain
This was no nat'ral Sleep.
The. I'm of your mind, Madam.
Queen. No Son, it cannot be.
The. Pray Heav'n no trick in't;
Good Soul, ſhe little merits ſuch a Miſchief.
Queen. She's broad awake now, and her Senſe clears up,
'Twas ſure a Fit; ſtand off.
Mer. The Queen, my Love here,
And all my Noble Friends? Why where am I? [me,
How am I tranc'd, and moap'd, i'th' Street? Heav'n bleſs

Shame

Shame to my Sex; o'th' Ground too? O I remember—
Leo. How wild she looks?
Age. Oh my cold Heart, how she trembles?
Mer. Oh I remember, I remember.
Queen. What's that? [member,
Mer. My Shame, my Shame, my Shame: Oh I re-
My never-dying Shame.
The. Here has been Villany.
Queen. I fear so too.
Mer. You are no Furies, are ye?
No horrid Shapes sent to affright me?
Age. No, Sweet,
We are your Friends: Look up, I am *Agenor*,
O my *Merione*, that loves you dearly:
And come to marry ye.
Leo. Sister, what ail ye?
Speak out your Griefs, and boldly———
Age. Something sticks there
Will choak ye else.
Mer. I hope it will.
Queen. Be free, Lady,
You have your loving Friends about ye.
Age. Dear *Merione*,
By the unspotted Love I ever bore ye,
By thine own Goodness——
Mer. Oh 'tis gone, 'tis gone, Sir,
I am now I know not what; pray ye look not on me;
No Name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded——
Age. Speak it,
And how; Diseases of most Danger,
Their Causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd;
My fair *Merione*.
Mer. I thank your Love, Sir;
When I was fair *Merione*, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the Bud (14) you honour'd me,

(14) ——*you honour'd*] This is a very stiff, not to say odd Expression, and cannot stand here: The Sense of my Reading is this, *When I was fair*, &c. *You honour'd me, by making me your Choice, yet even then I was unworthy of your Love.* Thus all seems clear, as well as consistent. Mr. *Seward.*

White

White as the Heart of Truth, then Prince *Agenor*,
Even then I was not worthy of your Favour.
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of Pity:
Let no good thing come near me, Virtue fly me;
You that have honest noble Names despise me,
For I am nothing now but a main Pestilence
Able to poison all. Send those unto me
That have forgot their Names, ruin'd their Fortunes,
Despis'd their Honours; those that have been Virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.
The. Now it appears too plain.
Mer. Send those sad People
That hate the Light, and curse Society; [tinually
Whose Thoughts are Graves, and from whose Eyes con-
Their melting Souls drop out, send those to me;
And when their Sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one Grief more cannot be added,
My Story like a Torrent shall devour 'em.
Hark, it must out; but pray stand close together,
And let not all the World hear.
Leo. Speak it boldly.
Mer. And Royal Lady think but charitably,
Your Grace has known my breeding.
Queen. Prithee speak it.
Mer. Is there no Stranger here? Send off your Servants,
And yet it must be known: I shake.
Age Sweet Mistress.
Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd; do you guess yet?
Come close, I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of Honour.
Leo. Oh the Devil.
Age. What hellish Slave was this?
The. A Wretch, a Wretch,
A damn'd Wretch: Do you know the Villain, Lady?
Mer. No.
The. Not by guess?
Mer. Oh no.
The. It must be known.
Queen. Where was the Place?
Mer. I know not neither.

Age. O Heav'n,
Is this the happy time? My Hope to this come?
Leo. Neither the Man nor Circumstances?
The. His Tongue,
Did not you hear his Tongue, no Voice?
Mer. None, none, Sir:
All I know of him was his Violence.
Age. How came ye hither, Sweet?
Mer. I know not neither.
The. A cunning Piece of Villany.
Mer. All I remember
Is only this: Going to *Vesta*'s Temple,
To give the Goddess my last Virgin Prayers,
Near to that Place I was suddenly surpriz'd,
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently
To my Dishonour hall'd: That Act perform'd,
Brought back, but how, or whither, 'till I wak'd here——
The. This is so monstrous, the Gods cannot suffer it;
I have not read in all the Villanies
Committed by the most obdurate Rascals,
An Act so truly impious.
Leo. Would I knew him.
The. He must be known, the Devil cannot hide him.
Queen. If all the Art I have, or Power can do it,
He shall be found, and such a way of Justice
Inflicted on him: A Lady wrong'd in my Court,
And this way robb'd, and ruin'd? *The.* Be contented,
Madam, if he be above Ground I'll have him.
Age. Fair virtuous Maid, take Comfort yet and flourish,
In my Love flourish; the Stain was forc'd upon ye,
None of your Will's, nor yours; rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair Soul, I lov'd ye,
Take me the same.
Mer. I kneel and thank ye, Sir,
And I must say ye are truly honourable,
And dare confess my Will yet still a Virgin;
But so unfit and weak a Cabinet
To keep your Love and Virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre,

I mean this Body, ſo corrupt a Volume
For you to ſtudy Goodneſs in, and Honour,
I ſhall intreat your Grace, confer that Happineſs
Upon a Beauty Sorrow never ſaw yet;
And when this Grief ſhall kill me, as it muſt do;
Only remember (15) that y' had ſuch a Miſtreſs;
And if ye then dare ſhed a Tear, ye honour me:
Good Gentlemen, expreſs your Pities to me,
In ſeeking out this Villany; and my laſt Suit
Is to your Grace, that I may have your Favour
To live a poor recluſe Nun with this Lady,
From Court and Company, 'till Heav'n ſhall hear me,
And ſend me Comfort, or Death end my Miſery.

Queen. Take your own Will, my very Heart bleeds for thee.

Age. Farewel *Merione*, ſince I've not thee,
I'll wed thy Goodneſs, and thy Memory.

Leo. And I her fair Revenge.

The. Away; let's follow it,
For he is ſo rank i'th' Wind we cannot miſs him. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Crates *and* Conon.

Cra. Conon, you're welcome home, ye're wondrous welcome.
Is this your firſt Arrival?

Con. Sir, but now
I reacht the Town.

Cra. Y'are once more welcome then.

Con. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Cra. Pray ye do me the Honour
To make my poor Houſe firſt——

Con. Pray Sir excuſe me,

(15) —— *yet ye had ſuch a Miſtreſs;*
——— ——*yet honour me:*] The Miſtake in putting *yet* for *that*, as I read in the firſt Line, is very eaſy to be accounted for. The Abbreviation of *that* and *yet* might very poſſibly be the ſame in our Author's MS. and wrote, as all know very well, in this Manner, *yt*. The *yet* for *ye*, in the ſecond Line, might poſſibly be only an Error of the Preſs.

I have not seen mine own yet; nor made happy
These longing Eyes with those I love there. What's this, a Tavern?

Cra. It seems so by the Outside.

Con. Step in here then,
And since it offers itself so freely to us,
A Place made only for liberal Entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And after the *Greek* Fashion, to our Friends
Crown a round Cup or two.

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, Sir.
Drawers, who waits within?

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.

Vint. Look into the *Lilly-pot:* Why *Mark* there;
You are welcome, Gentlemen; heartily welcome
My noble Friend.

Cra. Let's have good Wine, mine Host,
And a fine private Room.

Vint. Will ye be there, Sir?
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your Wine myself:
Cushions, ye Knaves: Why when?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.

Vint. Chios, or *Lesbos*, *Greek?*

Cra. Your best and neatest.

Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.

Cra. Away, be quick then. [*Exit Vintner.*

Con. How does your Brother, Sir, my noble Friend,
The good *Euphanes?* In all my Course of Travel
I met not with a Gentleman so furnish'd
In Gentleness and Courtesie; believe, Sir,
So many friendly Offices I receiv'd from him,
So great and timely, and enjoy'd his Company
In such an open and a liberal Sweetness,
That when I dare forget him——

Cra. He's in good Health, Sir;
But you will find him a much alter'd Man,
Grown a great Courtier, Sir.

Con.

Con. He's worthy of it.

Cra. A Man drawn up that leaves no Print behind him
Of what he was. Thoſe Goodneſſes you ſpeak of
That have been in him, thoſe that you call Freedoms,
Societies, and Sweetneſs, look for now, Sir,
You'll find no Shadows of them left, no Sound;
The very Air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now behold him,
And you ſhall ſee a thing walk by, look big upon ye,
And cry for Place; I am the Queen's, give room there.
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the Bonnet,
Or fling a forced Smile at ye for a Favour.

Con. He is your Brother, Sir.

Cra. Theſe forms put off,
Which Travel, and Court Holy-water ſprinkle on him,
I dare accept, and know him; you'll think it ſtrange, Sir,
That even to me, to me his natural Brother,
And one by Birth he owes a little Honour too——

Enter Vintner with Wine.

(But that's all one) come, give me ſome Wine, mine Hoſt,
Here's to your fair Return.

Con. I wonder at it,
But ſure h'as found a Nature not worth owning
(16) In this way; elſe I know he is tender carried.
I thank ye, Sir; and now durſt I preſume
For all you tell me of theſe Alterations,
And ſtops in his ſweet Nature, which till I find ſo,
I have known him now ſo long, and look'd ſo thro' him,
You muſt give me leave to be a little faithleſs.
I ſay for all theſe, if you pleaſe to venture
I'll lay the Wine we drink, let me ſend for him
(Even I that am the pooreſt of his Fellowſhip)
But by a Boy o'th' Houſe too, let him have Buſineſs,
Let him attend the Queen, nay, let his Miſtreſs
Hold him betwixt her Arms, he ſhall come to me,
And ſhall drink with me too, love me, and heartily,

(16) *In this way*;] This Word *way* ſeems to convey ſo little Senſe, that if it be the Author's, the Sentence had better have concluded at *not worth owning*. But I turn up the *w*, and read *Man*; which certainly much improves the Senſe. Mr. *Seward*.

Like a true honeſt Man, bid me welcome home.
I'm confident.

Cra. You'll loſe.

Con. You'll ſtand to th' Wager?

Cra. With all my heart.

Con. Go, Boy, and tell *Euphanes*.

Boy. He's now gone up the Street, Sir,
With a great Train of Gallants.

Cra. What think you now, Sir?

Con. Go, and overtake him,
Commend my Love unto him. My Name's *Conon*,
Tell him I am new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would requeſt to ſee him preſently.
Ye ſee I uſe old dudgen Phraſe to draw him.

Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.

Con. Away, Boy.

Boy. I am gone, Sir. [*Exit.*

Con. Here's to you now,
And you ſhall find his Travel has not ſtopt him,
As you ſuppoſe, nor alter'd any Freedom;
But made him far more clear and excellent.
It draws the Groſsneſs off the Underſtanding,
And renders active and induſtrious Spirits.
He that knows moſt Mens Manners, muſt of neceſſity
Beſt know his own, and mend thoſe by Example.
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a Mill-horſe,
Still in the Place he was born in, lam'd and blinded.
Living at home is like it. Pure and ſtrong Spirits,
That, like the Fire, ſtill covet to fly upward, [here,
And to give Fire, as well as take it, cas'd up and mew'd
I mean at home, like luſty mettled Horſes,
Only ty'd (17) up in Stalls to pleaſe their Maſters,
Beat out their fiery Lives in their own Litters.
Why don't you travel, Sir?

Cra. I've no Belief in't,
I ſee ſo many ſtrange things half unhatch'd, to
Return, thoſe that went out Men, and good Men,

(17) —— *up in Stables*] Mr. *Seward* join'd with me in reading *Stalls* for *Stables*, which, tho' no great Improvement to the Senſe, is to that of the Meaſure.

They

They look like poach'd Eggs, with the Souls ſuck'd out,
Empty and full of Wind: All their Affections
Are bak'd in Rye-cruſt, to hold Carriage [open'd,
From this good Town to t'other; and when they are
They're ſo ill cook'd and mouldy——

Con. Ye are pleaſant.

Cra. I'll ſhew y' a Pack of theſe: I have 'em for ye,
That have been long in Travel too.

Con. Pleaſe you, Sir.

Cra. You know the Merchants Walk, Boy?

2 *Boy.* Very well.

Cra. And you remember thoſe Gentlemen were here
The other Day with me?

2 *Boy.* Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am ſure they are, pray 'em come hither,
(And uſe my Name) I would be glad to ſee 'em.

Enter firſt Boy.

1 *Boy.* Your Brother's coming in, Sir.

Vint. Odds my Paſſion;
Out with the Plate, ye Knaves; bring the new Cuſhions,
And waſh thoſe Glaſſes I ſet by for high Days,
Perfume the Rooms-along, why Sirrah.

1 *Boy.* Here, Sir.

Vint. Bid my Wife make herſelf ready handſomely,
And put on her beſt Apron, it may be
The noble Gentleman will look upon her.

Enter Euphanes, *and two Gentlemen.*

Euph. Where is he, Boy?

Vint. Your Worſhip's heartily welcome,
It joys my very Heart to ſee ye here, Sir.
The Gentleman that ſent for your Honour——

Euph. O good mine Hoſt. [nour.

Vint. To my poor homely Houſe, and't like your Ho-

Euph. I thank thine Honour good mine Hoſt, where is he?

Con. What think ye now? My beſt *Euphanes.* *Euph.* *Conon,*
Welcome my Friend, my noble Friend how is it?
Are you in ſafety come, in Health?

Con. All Health, all Safety,
Riches, and all that makes Content and Happineſs
Now I am here I have: How have you far'd, Sir?
Euph. Well, I thank Heav'n, and never nearer, Friend
To catch at great Occaſion.
Con. Indeed I joy in't.
Euph. Nor am I for my ſelf born in theſe Fortunes.
In truth I love my Friends.
Con. You were noble ever.
Cra. I thought you had not known me.
Euph. Yes, ye are my Brother, [Euph. *ſalutes* Cra.
My elder Brother too, would your Affections
Were able but to ask that Love I owe to ye,
And as I give, preſerve it; here Friend *Conon*,
To your fair welcome home.
Con. Dear Sir, I thank ye,
Fill it to th' brim, Boy: *Crates*.
Cra. I will pledge you,
But for that glorious Comet lately fired.
Con. Fie, fie, Sir, fie.
Euph. Nay, let him take his Freedoms,
He ſtirs not me, I vow to ye; much leſs ſtains me.
Cra. Sir, I can't talk with that neat trav'lling Tongue.
Con. As I live, he has the worſt belief in Men abroad.

Enter ſecond Boy.

I'm glad I am come home.
2 *Boy.* Here are the Gentlemen.
Cra. O let 'em enter: Now you that truſt in Travel,
And make ſharp Beards, and little Breeches Deities,
You that inhaunce the daily price of Tooth-picks,
And hold there is no homebred Happineſs,
Behold a Model of your Minds and Actions. [Mirth,
Euph. Though this be envious, yet done i'th' way of
I am content to thank ye for't.
Con. 'Tis well yet.
Cra. Let the Mask enter.

Enter Onos, *his Uncle, and Tutor.*

Onos. A pretty Tavern 'faith, of a fine Structure.

Uncle.

Uncle. Bear your self like a Gentleman, here's six pence,
And be sure you break no Glasses.
Tut. Hark ye Pupil,
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your Hams,
And put your Knees out bent; there, yet a little:
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling Pace, 'tis a main Posture,
And to all unair'd Gentlemen (18) will betray you:
Play with your *Pisa* Beard; why, where's your Brush, Pupil?
He must have a Brush, Sir.
Uncle. More Charge yet?
Tutor. Here, take mine,
These Elements of Travel he must not want, Sir.
Uncle. Ma'foy, he has had some nineteen Pence in Ele-
What would you more? [ments,
Tutor. Durus mehercle pater. [Travel?
Con. What Monsieur *Onos*, the very (19) pump of
Sir, as I live you've done me th' greatest kindness;
O my fair Sir, *Lampree*, the careful Uncle
To this young hopeful Issue; Monsieur *Tutor* too,
The Father to his Mind; Come, come, let's hug Boys,
Why what a Bunch of Travel do I embrace now,
Methinks I put a Girdle about *Europe*;
How has the Boy profited?
Uncle. He has enough, Sir,
If his too fiery Mettle do not mar it.
Con. Is he not thrifty yet?
Tutor. That's all his Fault,
Too bounteous minded being under Age too,
A great Consumer of his Stock in Pippins,
H'ad ever a hot Stomach.

(18) —— *will betray you:*] Mr. *Seward* is for reading *bewray*, thinking *betray* is very improper, as meaning a Discovery of something, that one wou'd have kept a Secret. I must own was this the only Sense of *betray*, Mr. *Seward*'s Reading, which is ingenious, might be allow'd. But he has gone upon a wrong Foundation, *prodo* in *Latin*, and *betray* in *English* having that very Sense which *bewray* has, *i. e.* to discover, without any Supposition, that the thing discover'd shou'd be kept a Secret.

(19) ——*pump of Travel?*] I suspect that for *pump* here we shou'd read *pink*. The *pink of Courtesy* is a well known Phrase.

Con.

Con. Come hither *Onos*,
Will you love me for this fine Apple?
Onos. Ouy.
Con. And will you be rul'd by me sometimes?
Onos. 'Faith I will.
Con. That's a good Boy.
Uncle. Pray give not the Child so much Fruit,
He's of a raw Complexion.
Euph. You Monsieur hard (20) Egg,
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your Consort travell'd through *Hungary?*
Con. He's in that Circuit still.
Euph. Do you remember
The cantel of immortal Cheese ye carried with ye,
The half cold Cabbage in a Leather Sachel,
And those invincible Eggs that would lye in your Bowels
A fortnight together, and then turn to Bedstaves;
Your sower Milk that would choak an *Irish*-man,
And Bread was bak'd in *Cæsar*'s time for th' Army?
Con. Providence, Providence.
Tutor. The Soul of Travel.
Euph. Can the Boy speak yet?
Tutor. Yes, and as fine a Gentleman,
I thank my able Knowledge, h'as arriv'd at,
Only a little sparing of his Language,
Which every Man of Observation —
Uncle. And of as many Tongues.
Tutor. Pray be content, Sir,
You know you are for the bodily part, the Purse,
I for the Magazine, the Mind.
Euph. Come hither Springal.
Onos. That in the *Almain* Tongue signifies a Gentleman,
Euph. What think you of the Forms of *Italy* or *Spain?*
Onos. I love mine own Country Pippin.

(20) — *Edge.*] This Expression appear'd to me too gross to come from our Authors Pen. *Euphanes* bantering him (*Onos*) in the next Speech upon these invincible Eggs that wou'd lye a Fortnight together in his Bowels, inclin'd me to correct the Text as I have done. I found too upon comparing the Copies, that I had the Edition of 1647 of my Side.

Tutor.

Tutor. Nobly anſwer'd,
Born for his Country firſt.
Euph. A great Philoſopher:
What Horſes do you prefer?
Onos. The white Horſe, Sir,
There where I lye; honeſt and a juſt Beaſt.
Tutor. O caput lepidum: A Child to ſay this,
Are theſe (21) fit Figures for the Mouths of Infants?
Con. Onos, what Wenches?
Come, tell me true.
Onos. I cannot ſpeak without Book.
Con. When ſhall we have one, ha?
Onos. Steal me from mine Uncle,
For look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleſhly Phyſick; they ſay I am too young,
And that 'twill ſpoil my growth; but could you help me?
Con. Meet me to morrow Man, no more.
Euph. You think now
Ye've open'd ſuch a ſhame to me of travel,
By ſhewing theſe thin Cubs: Ye've honour'd us
Againſt your will, proclaim'd us excellent;
Three Frails of Sprats carried from Mart to Mart,
Are as much Meat as theſe, to more uſe travel'd;
A bunch of bloated Fools! methinks your Judgment
Should look abroad ſometimes without your Envy.
Cra. Such are moſt of you; ſo I take my leave,
And when you find your Womens favour fail,
'Tis ten to one you'll know your ſelf, and ſeek me
Upon a better Muſter of your Manners.
Con. This is not handſome, Sir.
Euph. Pray take your Pleaſure,
You wound the Wind as much ——
Cra. Come you with me,
I have Buſineſs for you preſently: There's for your Wine,
I muſt confeſs I loſt it.
Onos. Shall I ſteal to ye,
And ſhall we ſee the Wench?

(21) *Are theſe Figures*—] I have inſerted *ſit* into the preſent Text as requiſite to the Meaſure, tho' perhaps not ſo much wanting to complete the Senſe.

Con.

Con. A dainty one.
Onos. And have a dish of Pippins?
Con. What? a peck Man.
Tutor. Will you wait, Sir?
Con. Pray let's meet oftner, Gentlemen,
I would not lose ye.
Tutor. O sweet Sir.
Con. Do you think I would,
Such noted Men as you?
Onos, Uncle, Tutor. We are your Servants. [*Exeunt.*
Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting Nonage,
My Brother for his own Ends has thrust on
Upon my Mistress; 'tis true he shall be rich
If ever he can get that Rogue his Uncle
To let him be of Years to come t' inherit it,
Now what the main Drift is ———
Con. Say ye so? no more Words,
I'll keep him Company 'till he be of Years,
Though't be a hundred Years, but I'll discover it,
And ten to one I'll cross it too.
Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your Love; farewel, Sir,
For these few Hours I must desire your Pardon,
I have Business of importance: Once a Day
At least I hope you'll see me, I must see you else:
So, once more ye are welcome.
Con. All my Thanks, Sir,
And when I leave to love you, Life go from me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Theanor *and* Crates.

Cra. WHY Sir, the Kingdom's his; and no Man now
Can come to *Corinth*, or from *Corinth* go,
Without his Licence; he puts up the Tithes
Of every Office through *Achaia*;

From

From Courtier to the Carter hold of him.
Our Lands, our Liberties, nay very Lives
Are ſhut up in his Cloſet, and let looſe
But at his Pleaſure; Books, and all Diſcourſe
Have now no Patron, nor Direction,
But glorified *Euphanes:* Our Cups are guilty
That quench our Thirſts, if not unto his Health;
Oh, I could eat my Heart, and fling away
My very Soul for Anguiſh: Gods, nor Men
Should tollerate ſuch Diſproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd; whether't be Virtue,
Or ſeeming Virtue, which he makes the Cloak
To his Ambition.

Cra. Be it which it will,
Your Highneſs is too tame, your Eyes too film'd
To ſee this, and ſit ſtill: The Lion ſhould not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the Bull;
Nature excuſe me, (22) though he be my Brother,
You are my Country's Father, therefore mine:
One parallel Line of Love I bend on him,
All Lines of Love and Duty meet in you,
As in their Center; therefore hear, and weigh
What I ſhall ſpeak: You know the Queen your Mother
Did, from a private State, your Father raiſe,
So all your Royalty you hold from her;
She is older than ſhe was, therefore more doating,
And what know we but Blindneſs of her Love,
(That hath from underneath the Foot of Fortune
Set even *Euphanes* Foot, on Fortune's Head)
Will take him by the Hand, and cry, Leap now
Into my Bed; 'tis but a Trick of Age;
Nothing impoſſible.

The. What d' ye infer on this?

Cra. Your Pardon, Sir,
With Reverence to the Queen; yet why ſhould I
Fear to ſpeak plain what pointeth to your Good?
A good old Widow is a hungry thing;
(I ſpeak of other Widows, not of Queens.)

(22) So 1647 Edition. The others *then he be my Brother.*

The.

The. Speak to thy Purpoſe.
Cra. I approach it: Sir,
Should young *Euphanes* claſp the Kingdom thus,
And pleaſe the good old Lady ſome one Night;
What might not ſhe be wrought to put on you,
Quite to ſupplant your Birth? neither is ſhe
Paſt Children, as I take it.
The. Crates, thou ſhak'ſt me;
Thou, that doſt hate thy Brother for my Love,
In my Love find one; henceforth be my Brother:
This Giant I will fell beneath the Earth;
I will ſhine out, and melt his artful Wings:
Euphanes, from my Mother's Sea of Favours
Spreads like a River, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my Storms; like a young Pine
He grows up planted under a fair Oak,
Whoſe ſtrong large Branches yet do ſhelter him,
And every Traveller admires his Beauty;
But like a Wind, I'll work into his Cranks,
Trouble his Stream, and drown all Veſſels that
Ride on his Greatneſs: Under my Mother's Arms,
Like to a ſtealing Tempeſt will I ſearch,
And rend his Root from her Protection.
Cra. Ay, now *Theanor* ſpeaks like Prince *Theanor*.
The. But how ſhall we provoke him to our Snares?
He has a Temper, Malice cannot move
T' exceed the Bounds of Judgment; he's ſo wiſe,
That we can pick no Cauſe t' affront him.
Cra. No?
What better than his croſſing your Intent?
The Suit I'd to ye? *Conon*'s forfeit ſtate
(Before he travell'd) for a Riot, he
Hath from your Mother got reſtored to him.
The. Durſt he? What is this *Conon?*
Cra. One that hath,
As People ſay, in foreign Countries pleaſur'd him.

Enter Onos, *Uncle*, *Tutor*, Neanthes, Soſicles, Eraton.

But now no more;
They have brought the Travellers I told you of,

That's

That's the ſweet Youth, that is my Brother's Rival,
That curls his Head, for he has little Hair,
And paints his Vizor, for it is no Face,
That ſo deſires to follow you, my Lord;
Shew 'em ſome Countenance, and 'twill beget [Legs
Our Sport at leaſt. *The.* What villainous (23) Crab-Tree
He makes? His Shins are full of True-Love Knots.

Cra. His Legs were ever villainous, ſince I knew him.

Era. Faith his Uncle's Shanks are ſomewhat the better.

Nean. But is't poſſible he ſhould believe he is not of Age?
Why he's fifty, Man, in's *Jubile* I warrant
S'light, he looks older than a Groat; the very Stamp
On's Face is worn out with handling. [him ſpeak,

Sof. Why I tell you all Men believe it when they hear
He utters ſuch ſingle Matter in ſo infantly a Voice.

Nean. He looks as like a Fellow that I have ſeen accommodate Gentlemen with Tobacco at our Theaters.

Onos. Moſt illuſtrious Prince.

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt, how he trebles?

Onos. I am a Gentleman a' both ſides.

Tutor. He means (ſo't pleaſe your Highneſs) both by Father and Mother.

Sof. Thou a Gentleman? Thou an Aſs. [aſſure you.

Nean. He is ne'er the farther from being a Gentleman, I

Tutor. May it pleaſe your Grace, I am another.

Nean. He is another Aſs he ſays, I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, Heroical Prince.

Nean. Nay then we muſt have the Picture of 'em, and the Word *Nos ſumus.* [gether

Tutor. That have travell'd all Parts of the Globe to-

(23 —— *Crab-Tree Legs*
He makes? ——] As *Onos* does not appear to have made, either Bows, Scrapes, or Congees yet, I am not ſatisfy'd with this Expreſſion. Beſides, what has *Shins full of True-Love Knots* in the next Line to do with *making Crab-Tree Legs here?* To take away all Difficulties and Objections to the old I wou'd offer a new Reading, which is this, —— *Crab-Tree Legs*
He has
Then *Crates'* Reply is agreeable enough.
His (Onos's) *Legs were ever villainous.*
Era. *His Uncle's Shanks are ſomewhat better.*

Uncle.

Uncle. For my part, I have ſeen the Viciſſitude of Fortune before. [than I.

Onos. Peace Uncle, for though you ſpeak a little better

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in Truth.

Onos. Yet we muſt both give place, as they ſay,
To the beſt Speaker, the Tutor.

Tutor. Yet ſince it hath pleaſed your Radience to decline ſo low, as on us poor and unworthy Dunghills —

Nean. What a ſtinking Knave's this?

Tutor. Our Peregrination was ne'er ſo (24) felicitated, as ſince we enter'd the Line of your gracious Favour, under whoſe Beamy Aſpect, and by which infallible Mathematical Compaſs, may we but hereafter preſume to ſail, our Induſtries have reach'd their deſir'd Termination and Period; and we ſhall voluntarily ſacrifice our Lives to your reſplendent Eyes, both the Altars and Fires of our devoted Offerings.

Onos. Oh divine Tutor!

Cra. Can you hold, Sir? [in *Corinth.*

Era. He has ſpoken this very Speech to ſome Whore

Nean. A plague on him for a fuſtian Dictionary; on my Conſcience this is the *Ulyſſean* Traveller that ſent home his Image riding upon Elephants to the great *Mogol.*

Soſ. The ſame; his Wit is ſo huge, nought but an Elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy you mean.

Nean. Theſe three, are ev'n the fin'ſt one Fool tripartite, that was e'er diſcover'd.

Soſ. Or a Treatiſe of Famine divided into three Branches.

Era. The Prince ſpeaks.

The. I thank ye for your Loves; but as I told you,
I have ſo little Means to do for thoſe
Few Followers I have already, that
I would have none Shipwrack themſelves, and Fortune,
Upon my barren Shelf: Sue to *Euphanes*,

(24) ——— *ne'er ſo facilitated.*] The Senſe required here is, *was never made ſo happy.* But the old Reading ſignifies no ſuch thing. The ſmall Change of *felicitated*, for *facilitated*, ſupplies the Senſe wanted, and was not only mine but Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture too, and is confirm'd by the Edition of 1647.

For

For he is Prince, and Queen, I would have no Man
Curſe me in his old Age.

Cra. Alas, Sir, they deſire to follow you
But afar off; the farther off the better.

Tutor. I Sir, and't be ſeven Mile off, ſo we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the Confronts and Affronts, which (according to your Highneſs Will) we mean on all Occaſions to put upon the Lord *Euphanes.*

Onos. He ſhall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him, if he do, I'll forſwear Wit.

Nean. It has forſworn thee, I'll ſwear, it is the ancient Enemy to thy Houſe.

The. Well, be it ſo; I here receive ye; for my Followers a great way off.

Nean. Seven Miles, my Lord, no further.

Onos. By what time, Sir, (by this Meaſure) may I come to follow him in his Chamber? [long.

Nean. Why, when his Chamber, Sir, is ſeven Miles

Enter Euphanes, Conon, *Page, Gentlemen and Attendants.*

Gent. Make way there for my Lord *Euphanes.*

Cra. Look Sir, *Jove* appears,
The Peacock of our State, that ſpreads a Train
Brighter than *Iris* Bluſhes after Rain.

Euph. You need not thank me *Conon,* in your Love
You antidated what I can do for you,
And I in Gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more; and what e'er he be
Can with Unthankfulneſs aſſoil me, let him
Dig out mine Eyes, and ſing my Name in Verſe,
In Ballad Verſe at every drinking Houſe,
And no Man be ſo charitable to lend me
A Dog to guide my ſteps.

Nean. Hail to *Euphanes.*

Soſ. Mighty *Euphanes.*

Era. The great Prince *Euphanes.*

Tutor. Key of the Court, and Jewel of the Queen.

Uncle. Sol in our Firmament.

Onos. Pearl in the States Eye.

Nean. Being a black Man.

Era. Miſtreſs of the Land.
Nean. Our humble, humble poor Petitions are,
That we may hold our Places. *All.* May we? *Euph.* Yes;
Be you malicious Knaves ſtill; and you Fools.
Con. This is the Prince's, and your Brother's Spight.
Euph. I know't, but will not know it.
Con. Yonder they are.
Who's fine Child's this?
Uncle. Sir.
Onos. Uncle, le'be,
Let him alone, he is a mighty Prince.
Euph. I ask your Highneſs Pardon: I proteſt
By *Jupiter* I ſaw you not.
The. Humph, it may be ſo.
You've rais'd ſuch Mountains 'twixt your Eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite: What do ye mean, Sir?
You much forget yourſelf.
Euph. I ſhould much more,
Not to remember my due Duty to your Grace;
I know not wherein I have ſo tranſgreſs'd
My Service to your Highneſs, to deſerve
This Rigour and Contempt, not from you only,
But from your Followers, with the beſt of whom
I was an Equal in my loweſt ebb;
Beſeech you, Sir, reſpect me as a Gentleman,
I will be never more in Heart to you:
Five fair deſcents I can derive myſelf,
From Fathers worthy both in Arts and Arms.
I know your Goodneſs companies your Greatneſs
But that you are perverted: Royal Sir,
I am your humbleſt Subject, uſe your pleaſure,
But do not give Protection to the Wrongs
Of theſe ſubordinate Slaves, whom I could cruſh
By that great deſtin'd Favour, which my Miſtreſs
And your Majeſtick Mother (25) deigns to me,

(25) —— *Mother deſigns me,*]. What pretty Work this Reading makes? *Euphanes* ſays, I cou'd cruſh your (Prince's) Slaves, by that great deſtin'd Favour your Mother deſigns me, *i. e.* by the *deſign'd Favour* your Mother *deſigns mè.* Thus much for the Senſe, but the Meaſure too reclaims againſt this very Reading, as the Reader's Ear

But

But in reſpect of you: I know lean Envy
Waits ever on the ſteps of Virtue advanc'd;
But why your Mother's Grace gets me Diſgrace,
Or renders me a Slave to bear theſe wrongs,
I do not know. Oh Mediocrity,
Thou prizeleſs Jewel, only Mean Men have,
But cannot value; like the precious Gem
Found in the Muckhill by the ignorant Cock.
The. Your creamy words but cozen; how durſt you
Intercept me ſo lately to my Mother?
And what I meant your Brother, you obtain'd
Unto the (26) forfeiter again. *Cra.* Your anſwer
To that my Lord, my Brother. *Euph.* May I periſh
If e'er I heard y' intended ſuch a ſuit,
Though 'twould have ſtuck an ignominious brand
Upon your Highneſs, to have given your Servant
A Gentleman's whole State of Worth and Quality,
Confiſcate only for a youthful Brawl.
The. Your Rudiments are too ſawcy, teach your Page.
Con. Ay, ſo are all things but your Flatterers.
Onos. Hold you your prating. [Yet,
Con. You know where you are, you fleeten Face. *Euph.*
Sir, to appeaſe and ſatisfie your Anger.
Take what you pleaſe from me, and give it him
In lieu of this; you ſhall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my State,
Which, Brother, if you pleaſe—
Cra. I'll ſtarve in Chains firſt,
Eat my own Arms.
Euph. Oh that you ſaw yourſelf;
You ne'er made me ſuch offer in my poorneſs,
And 'cauſe, to do you eaſe, I ſought not to you,
You thus maligne me; yet your Nature muſt not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude Examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I ſhall joy; you know

will tell him, by having a Syllable too much. The preſent Text is from my Conjecture, tho' I afterward found Mr. *Theobald* had recover'd this very Reading from the Folio of 1647.

(26) —— *Forfeiter again.*] So 1647 Edition. The others, *Unto the* Forfeiture *again.*

I fear you not; you've ſeen me prov'd a Man
In every way of Fortune, 'tis my comfort
I know no more ſuch Brothers in the World
As *Crates* is.
Con. Nor I ſuch as *Euphanes:*
The temper of an Angel reigns in thee.
Euph. Your Royal Mother, Sir, I had forgot,
Entreats your Preſence.
The. You have done her Errand,
I may do yours. [*Exit.*
Euph. Let it be Truth, my Lord.
Con. Crates, I'll queſtion you for this.
Cra. Piſh, your worſt. [*Exit.*
Con. Away you Hounds after your ſcent. [gone,
Onos. Come, we'll ſcorn to (27) talk to 'em: now they're
We'll away too. [*Exeunt.*
Con. Why bear you this, my Lord?
Euph. To ſhew the paſſive Fortitude the beſt;
Virtue's a ſolid Rock, whereat being aim'd
The keeneſt Darts of Envy, yet unhurt
Her Marble Heroes ſtand, built of ſuch Baſes,
Whilſt they recoil, and wound the Shooters Faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My Lord, the Queen.
Queen. Gentle *Euphanes*, how,
How doſt thou, honeſt Lord? oh how I joy
To ſee what I have made, like a choice Workman,
That having fram'd a Maſter-piece, doth reap
An univerſal Commendation;
Princes are Gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good Foundation ſo pleaſes me,
A ſtory or two higher; let Dogs bark,
They are Fools that hold them dignified by Blood,
They ſhould be only made Great that are Good.
Euph. Oraculous Madam.
Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking
If I ſhould marry thee, what merry Tales

(27) —— *to walk to'm:*] Mr. *Seward* concurr'd with me in the Correction of the preſent Text; and 'tis too plain and obvious to need any Corroboration.

Our

Our (28) Neighbour Iſlands would make of us;
But let that paſs; you have a Miſtreſs
That would forbid our Banes; troth I have wiſh'd
A thouſand times that I had been a Man,
Then I might ſit a day with thee alone,
And talk,
But as I am I muſt not; there's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't pleaſe your Majeſty,
Conon, the Friend (29) I ſu'd for.

Queen. 'Tis diſpatch'd.

Con. Gracious Madam,
I owe the Gods and you my Life.

Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honeſt Man, he ſays you are;
But now I'll chide thee; what's the cauſe, my Son,
(For my Eye's every where, and I have heard,)
So inſolently does thee Contumelies
Paſt ſuff'rance (I am told) yet you complain not,
As if my Juſtice were ſo partial
As not to right the meaneſt: Credit me,
I'll call him to a ſtrict account, and fright,
By his Example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's juſt: I ſent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you:
But let me implore your Majeſty, not to give
His Highneſs any check, for worthleſs me;
They are Court Cankers, and not Counſellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the Prince,
And would ſubvert me: I ſhould curſe my fortune
Even at the higheſt, to be made the (*c*) Gin

(28) *Neighbour Iſlands*] The Senſe here is good and Sterling; though, from deficiency of Meaſure, I ſuſpect we ſhould read

Neighbour Iſlanders.

or

Neighbouring Iſlands.

(29) Conon, *the Friend ſued for.*] Mr. *Theobald* received the Pronoun *I* in the Text, from the Copy of 1647.

(*c*) *Gin*] Here only means *Inſtrument*, or *Means*, &c. not as we take it now, for a Trap or Snare.

T' unſcrew a Mother's Love unto her Son:
Better had my pale flame in humble Shades
Been ſpent unſeen, than to be rais'd thus high,
Now to be thought a Meteor to the State,
Portending Ruin and Contagion:
Beſeech you then reſt ſatisfy'd, the Prince
Is a moſt noble natur'd Gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took
As favours from him, my blown Billows muſt not
Strive 'gainſt my Shore, that ſhould confine me, nor
Juſtle with Rocks to break themſelves to pieces.

Queen. Well, thou'rt the compoſition of a God:
My Lion, Lamb, my Eaglet, and my Dove,
Whoſe Soul runs clearer than *Diana*'s Fount,
Nature pick'd ſeveral Flowers from her choice banks,
And bound them up in thee, ſending thee forth
A Poſie for the Boſom of a Queen.

Lady. The Prince attends you.

Queen. Farewel, my good Lord:
My honeſt Man; ſtay, haſt no other Suit?
I prithee tell me; Sirrah, thine Eye ſpeaks
As if thou hadſt; out with it, modeſt Fool.

Euph. With favour, Madam, I would crave your leave
To marry, where I'm bound in gratitude,
Th' immediate means ſhe was to all my Being:
Nor do I think your Wiſdom, ſacred Queen,
Fetters in Favours, taking from me ſo
The liberty that meaneſt Men enjoy.

Queen. To marry? you're a Fool: thou'ſt anger'd me:
Leave me, I'll think on't: [*Exit.* Euph. *and* Con.
Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,

Enter Theanor,

I can ſubdue myſelf: but ſhe that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a Man.
Nay riſe without a Bleſſing, or kneel ſtill:
What's Sir the reaſon you oppoſe me thus,
And ſeek to darken what I would have ſhine?
Eclipſe a fire much brighter than thyſelf,
Making your Mother not a competent Judge

Of

Of her own Actions?

The. Gracious Madam, I
Have done no more than what in Royalty,
And to preſerve your Fame, was fit to do:
Heard you the Peoples talk of you, and him
You favour ſo, his Greatneſs, and your Love,
The pity given to me, you would excuſe me,
They prate as if he did diſhonour you;
And what know I, but his own laviſh Tongue
Has uttered ſome ſuch Speeches; he is call'd
The King of *Corinth*.

Queen. They are Traitors all:
I wear a Chriſtal Caſement 'fore my Heart,
Through which each honeſt Eye may look into't;
Let it be Proſpect unto all the World,
I care not this.

The. This muſt not be my way.
Your Pardon, gracious Madam; theſe Incitements
Made me not ſhew ſo clear a Countenance
Upon the Lord *Euphanes* as I would;
Which ſince your Majeſty affects ſo grievouſly
I'll clear the black Cloud of it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all Love and Grace to him.

Queen. Riſe with my Bleſſing, and to prove this true,
Bear him from me this Cabinet of Jewels
In your own Perſon; tell him, for his marrying
He may diſpoſe him how, and when he pleaſe.

[*Exit Queen and* Crates.

The. I ſhall diſcharge my Duty and your Will.

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all, my Lord, how luckily
Fate pops her very Spindle in our Hands:
This Marriage with *Beliza* you ſhall croſs,
Then have I one attempt for *Lamprias* more
Upon this *Phaeton:* Where's *Merione*'s Ring,
That in the Rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In, and affect our purpoſe; you, my Lord,
Shall diſobey your Mother's charge, and ſend

This Cabinet by ſome Servant of her own,
That what ſucceeds may have no Reference
Unto your Highneſs.

The. On, my Engine, on.

Cra. Now, if we be not ſtruck by Heav'ns own Hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his Ruins ſtand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, *and* Beliza.

A ſad SONG.

WEEP no more, nor Sigh nor Groan,
(30) Sorrow recalls no Time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the ſweeteſt Rain
Makes not freſh nor grow again;
Trim thy Locks, look chearfully
Fates hidd'n ends, Eyes cannot ſee.
Joys as winged Dreams fly faſt,
Why ſhould Sadneſs longer laſt.
Grief is but a Wound to Woe
Gentleſt Fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Age. Theſe heavy Airs feed Sorrow in her, Lady,
And nouriſh it too ſtrongly; like a Mother
That ſpoils her Child with giving on't the Will.
(31) *Bel.* Some lighter Note.

A lighter SONG.

COurt Ladies laugh, and wonder. Here is one
That weeps becauſe her Maiden-head is gone,
Whilſt you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you Company;

(30) *Sorrow* calls] This is not true in fact; but I think the Place may eaſily be reſtored, by reading *recalls*. Neither will the Meaſure be hurt by this Change: For the ſtriking out the firſt Syllable in *Sorrow*, and pronouncing it *S'row*, is common, not only in our, but in other Poets.

(31) *Some lighter*] The Abſurdity of putting this Paſſage after the lighter Song, in all the other Editions, was obſerv'd by Mr. *Theobald*, and Mr. *Seward*, as well as myſelf.

Too

Too well you know, Maids are like Towns on Fire,
Waſting themſelves, if no Man quench Deſire.
Weep then no more, Fool: A new Maiden-head
Thou ſuffer'ſt loſs of, in each chaſte Tear ſhed.

Leo. How like a hill of Snow ſhe ſits, and melts
Before the unchaſte fire of others Luſt?
What Heart can ſee her Paſſion and not break?
Age. Take comfort, gentle Madam; you know well
Even actual Sins committed without Will,
Are neither Sins nor Shame, much more compell'd;
Your Honour's no whit leſs, your Chaſtity
No whit impair'd, for fair *Merione*
Is more a Virgin yet than all her Sex. [now?
Mer. (32) Alas 'tis done. *Age.* Why burn theſe Tapers
Wicked and frantick Creatures joy in Night.
Leo. Imagine fair *Merione* had Dream'd
She had been Raviſh'd, would ſhe ſit thus then
Excruciate? *Mer.* Oh.
Bel. Fie, fie, how fond is this?
What reaſon for this ſurfeit of Remorſe?
How many that have done ill, and proceed,
Women that take Degrees in Wantonneſs,
Commence, and riſe in rudiments of Luſt,
That feel no ſcruple of this tenderneſs?
Mer. Piſh.
Bel. Nor are you matchleſs in miſhap, even I
Do bear an equal part of Miſery;
That Love, belov'd, a Man the Crown of Men,
(33) How I've friended, and how rais'd 'tis better
That all do know and ſpeak it than myſelf:
When he ſail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now at his full Gale, it is queſtionable
If ever I o'er-take him.

(32) *Alas 'tis done.*] Mr. *Seward* concurr'd with me in taking this Paſſage out of the Mouth of *Agenor*, and putting it into that of *Merione*, to whom it undoubtedly belongs: For ſhe breaks out into this paſſionate Sentence, and interrupts the Prince, before he could conclude his conſolatory Addreſs,

(33) Whom *I have friended,*] This is not Senſe, and conſequently cannot be the genuine Text of our pair of Authors. What I have chang'd it for bids faireſt for being right, if not the very Original Reading.

Age.

Age. Wherefore ſits
My *Phebe* ſhadow'd in a ſable Cloud?
Thoſe pearly drops which thou let'ſt fall like Beads,
Numb'ring on them thy veſtal Oriſons
Alas are ſpent in vain: I love thee ſtill,
In midſt of all theſe Showers thou ſweetlier ſcent'ſt,
Like a green Meadow on an *April* Day,
In which the Sun and Weſt-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy Drops.

Enter Euphanes, *and Servant.*

Ser. The Lord *Euphanes*, Madam. [*Exit* Mer.
Age. Poor *Merione*,
She loaths the Light, and Men. [*Exit.*
Euph. The virtuous Gods preſerve my Miſtreſs.
Bel. O my moſt honour'd Lord, thoſe times are chang'd.
Euph. Let times and Men change, could Heav'n change,
Euphanes
Should never change, to be devoted ever
To fair *Beliza*, ſhould my load of Honours,
Or any Grace which you were Author of
Detract mine Honour, and diminiſh Grace?
The Gods forbid; you here behold your Servant,
Your Creature, gentle Lady, whoſe ſound Sleeps
You purchas'd for him, whoſe Food you paid for,
Whoſe Garments were your charge, whoſe firſt Preferment
You founded; then, what ſince the gracious Queen
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free Land,
And you are Miſtreſs of.
Bel. Mock me not, gentle Lord,
You ſhine now in too high a Sphere for me,
We are Planets now disjoin'd for ever, yet
Poor ſuperſtitious Innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my Hands, and Love,
Not in Idolatry, but perfect Zeal:
For credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But were it to begin would do the ſame.
Euph. There are two Seas in *Corinth*, and two Queens,
And but there, not two ſuch i'th' ſpacious Univerſe;

I came to tender you the Man yo've made,
And like a thankful Stream to retribute
All you my Ocean have enrich'd me with.
You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? You were wont to play fair play,
You ſcorn poor helps; he that is ſure to win, [Queen.
May ſlight mean Hearts, whoſe Hand commands the

Euph. Let me be held the Knave through all the Stock
When I do ſlight my Miſtreſs; you know well
The gracious inclination of the Queen,
Who ſent me leave this Morning to proceed
To marry as I ſaw convenience,
And a great gift of Jewels: Three days hence
The general Sacrifice is done to *Veſta*,
And can you by then be accommodated,
Your Servant ſhall wait on you to the Temple.

Bel. Till now
I never felt a real joy indeed.

Euph. Here then I ſeal my Duty, here my Love,
Till which vouchſafe to wear this Ring, dear Miſtreſs;
'Twas the Queen's Token, and ſhall celebrate
Our Nuptials.

Bel. Honour ſtill raiſe, and preſerve
My honour'd Lord, as he preſerves all Honour.
[*Ex.* Euph.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, *and* Merione.

Age. Why ſhift you Places thus, *Merione*,
And will not lend a Word? Could'ſt thou ſo ſoon
Leave Sorrow as the Place, how bleſt were I,
But 'twill not be; Grief is an impudent Gueſt,
A Follower every where, a hanger on,
That Words nor Blows can drive away.

Leo. Dear Siſter.

Bel. Who can be ſad? Out with theſe Tragick Lights,
And let day repoſſeſs her natural Hours:
Tear down theſe blacks, caſt ope' the Caſements wide,
That we may jocondly behold the Sun.
I did partake with ſad *Merione*
In all her Mourning; let her now rejoyce

With

With glad *Beliza*, for *Euphanes* is
As full of Love, full of Humility,
As when he wanted.
Mer. Oh——that.
Leo. Help, she faints:
Her Grief has broke her Heart.
Mer. No——that——that.
Age. Mistress, what point you at?
Her Lamps are out, yet still she extends her Hand
As if she saw something Antipathous
Unto her virtuous Life.
Leo. Still, still she points,
And her Lips move, but no Articulate sound
Breaths from 'em: Sister, speak, what moves you thus?
Bel. Her Spirits return.
Mer. Oh, hide that fatal Ring;
Where had it you, *Beliza?*
Bel. What hid Fate
Depends on it? *Euphanes* gave it me
As holy pledge of future Marriage.
Mer. Then is *Euphanes* the foul Ravisher:
Let me speak this and Die. That dismal Night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that Ring
The Partner of my rob'd Virginity.
Leo. Euphanes?
Age. Strange.
Bel. Impossible.
Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief Servant to the Queen——ha? I have read
Somewhere I am sure, of such an Injury
Done to a Lady: And how she durst Die. [*Exit.*
Age. Oh follow her, *Beliza.*
Bel. To assure her,
The unlikelihood of this. [*Exit.*
Age. Love hides all Sins.
What's to be done, *Leonidas?*
Leo. Why this:
Amazement takes up all my Faculties;
The plagues of Gods and Men will muster all
To avenge this Tyranny. Oh frontless Man,

To

To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus:
Firſt let's implore, then cure.
Age. Who, who can truſt
The gentle Looks and Words of two-fac'd Man?
Like *Corinth*'s double Torrent, you and I
Will ruſh upon the Land; nor ſhall the Queen
Defend this Villain in his Villany:
Luſt's violent Flames can never be withſtood
Nor quench'd, but with as violent ſtreams of Blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, *Uncle*, *Tutor*, *and* Onos.

Onos. THinks he to carry her, and live?
Cra. It ſeems ſo,
And ſhe will carry him, the Story ſays.
Onos. Well, hum ———
Have I for this, thou fair but falſeſt fair
Stretch'd this ſame ſimple Leg over the Sea?
What though my baſhfulneſs, and tender Years,
Durſt ne'er reveal my Affection to thy Teeth?
Deep Love ne'er tattles, and, ſay they, loves bit
The deeper dip'd, the ſweeter ſtill is it.
Tutor. Oh, ſee the power of Love, he ſpeaks in Rhime.
Cra. Oh, Love would make a Dog to howle in Rhime:
Of all the Lovers yet I have heard or read
This is the ſtrangeſt; but his Guardian,
And you his Tutor ſhould inform him better,
Thinks he, that Love is anſwer'd by inſtinct?
Tutor. He ſhould make means,
For certain, Sir, his baſhfulneſs undoes him,
For from his Cradle, he'ad a ſhameful Face.
Thus walks he Night and Day, eats not a bit,
Nor ſleeps one jot, but's grown ſo humerous,
Drinks Ale, and takes Tobacco as you ſee,
Wears a Steeletto at his Codpiece cloſe,

Stabs

Stabs on the leaſt occaſion: Strokes his Beard,
Which now he puts i'th' poſture of a *T.*
The *Roman T.* your *T.* beard is the faſhion,
And twifold doth expreſs th'enamour'd Courtier,
As full as your (34) fork-carving Traveller.

Onos. Oh, black clouds of diſcontent invellop me;
Garters fly off; go Hatband, bind the Brows
Of ſome dull Citizen that fears to ake;
And Leg appear now in ſimplicity
Without the Trappings of a Courtier:
Burſt Buttons burſt, your Batchelor is worm'd.

Cra. A Worm-eaten Batchelor thou'rt indeed.

Onos. And Devil Melancholy poſſeſſes me now.

Uncle. Croſs him not in this fit I adviſe you, Sir.

Onos. Die crimſon Roſe, that didſt adorn theſe Cheeks,
For itch of Love is now broke forth on me. [ſcabby.

Uncle. Poor Boy, 'tis true; his Wriſts and Hands are

Onos. Burn Eyes out in your Sockets, ſink and ſtink:
Teeth I will pick you to the very Bones,
Hang Hair like Hemp, or like the *Iſling* Curs,
For never Powder, nor the Criſping-Iron
Shall touch theſe dangling locks—oh—Ruby Lips,
Love hath to you been like Wine Vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, Lips, Ghoſts ye are,
And my diſgrace ſharper than Muſtard-ſeed.

(34) ——*fork-carving Traveller.*] As every new Cuſtom is a good Fund for Satire, to your Wits of all ſorts; So I imagine here, could we know the preciſe Time when this Play was wrote, we might fix the *Æra* of the Introduction of Forks, the Uſe of which it ſo agreeably banter'd. Nor are our Authors the only Satiriſts upon this Occaſion. *Ben Johnſon* has join'd the Laugh with 'em againſt this Cuſtom, in his *Devil's an Aſs*, Act 5. Scene 4.

Meercraft ſays to *Gilt-head* and *Sledge*.

Have I deſerv'd this from you two? for all
My pains at Court, *to get you each a Patent.*
Gilt. *For what?*
Meer. *Upo' my Project o'the* Forks.
Sle. Forks? *what be they?* [The Project of Forks.
Meer. *The laudable Uſe of Forks,*
Brought into Cuſtom here, as they are in Italy,
To th' ſparing o' Napkins.——

Cra.

Cra. How like a Chandler he does vent his Paſſions, *Riſum teneatis?*

Onos. Well ſung the Poet,
Love is a Golden *bubo*, full of Dreams;
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Tutor. A Golden bubble, Pupil, Oh groſs *ſolæciſme*
To chaſter Ears that underſtand the Latin.

Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in Love, Revenge is now the Cud
That I do chaw: I'll challenge him.

Cra. I marry Sir.

Uncle. Your Honour bids you, Nephew, on and proſper.

Onos. But none will bear it from me, times are dangerous.

Cra. Carry it yourſelf, Man.

Onos. Tutor, your counſel: I'll do nothing, Sir,
Without him.

Uncle. This may rid thee, valiant Cuz,
Whom I have kept this forty Year my Ward;
Fain would I have his State, and now of late
He did inquire at *Epheſus* (35) for's Age,
But the Church Book being burnt with *Dian*'s Temple
He loſt his aim: I have try'd to famiſh him,
Marry he'll live o'th' Stones; and then for Poiſons,
He is an Antidote 'gainſt all of 'em;
He ſprung from *Mithridates*; he's ſo dry and hot,
He will eat Spiders faſter than a Monkey:
His Maw, unhurt, keeps Quickſilver like a Bladder,
The largeſt doſe of *Camphire*, *Opium*,
Harms not his Brain; I think his Skull's as empty
As a ſuck'd Egg; *Vitriol* and Oil of *Tartar*
He will eat Toſts of: *Henbane* I am ſure
And *Hemlock* I have made his Pot-herbs often.

Cra. If he refuſe you, yours is then the Honour;
If he accept, he being ſo great, you may
Crave both to chuſe the Weapon, Time, and Place,
Which may be ten Years hence, and *Calicut*,
Or underneath the Line to avoid advantage.

(35) ——— *for his Age,*] 'Tis to be wiſh'd our Authors had not been guilty of this and the like Anachroniſms.

Onos.

Onos. I am resolv'd.

Tutor. By your favour, Pupil,
Whence shall this Challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental Base, or Matter,
As now the Gentry set their lives upon.
Did you e'er cheat him at some Ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him; hath he call'd your Whore,
Whore; though she be, beside yours, twenty Mens?
Your Honour, Reputation is touched then,
And you must challenge him: Has he deny'd
On thirty damme's to accommodate Mony,
Though (36) you have broke threescore before to him;
Here you must challenge him: Durst he ever shun
To drink two Pots of Ale wi'ye? or to Wench
Though weighty business otherwise importun'd?
He is a proud Lord,
And you may challenge him: Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your (37) yellow Starch, or said your Doublet
Was not exactly frenchify'd? or that, that Report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your Sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In Circle, or Oblique, or Semi-circle,
Or direct Parallel? you must challenge him.

Onos. He never gave (38) me th' direct Parallel lye in's life.

(36) *Though* he——*to* you;] The Alteration in the Text is so easy and obvious, and withal so necessary, that 'tis sufficient only to point it out. Mr. *Seward* too agreed in this Correction, and remarks farther, that this is a fine Burlesque of the Folly of that Age in regard to duelling. The Banter was begun by *Shakespear*, in *As you like it.* and once before finely imitated by our Authors, in the Character of the two Swordsmen, in *King and no King*; which Mr. *Theobald* unaccountably mistook for a Burlesque upon the fine Quarrel between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, in *Shakespear*'s *Julius Cæsar.*

(37) ——*yellow Starch,*] In explaining this place, I beg leave to quote what the Great and Ingenious Mr. *Warburton* has said upon a parallel Passage in *Shakespear*'s *All's well that Ends well*, viz. 'That 'this is an Allusion to a Fashion then in vogue, of using yellow Starch 'in their Ruffs and Bands.

(38) ——my *direct Apparel*] As big a Fool as *Onos* appears to be through the Play, yet I can't help thinking that our Authors design'd him not to be so flagrant an one as this Passage makes him. Beside the

Tutor.

Tutor. But for the crown of all, has he refus'd
To pledge your Miſtreſs Health though he were ſick ?

Enter Neanthes *and Page.*

And crav'd your pardon ? you muſt challenge him,
There's no avoiding ; one or both muſt drop.
Onos. Exquiſite Tutor. [here
Nean. Crates, I have ſought you long, what make you
Fooling with theſe three Farthings, while the Town
Is all in uproar, and the Prince our Maſter,
Seiz'd by *Leonidas* and *Agenor*, carried,
And Priſoner kept i'the Caſtle, flanks
The Weſt part of the City, where they vow
To hold him, 'till your Brother, Lord *Euphanes*,
Be render'd to 'em, with his Life to ſatisfie
The Rape, by him ſuſpected to *Merione?*
The Queen refuſes to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his Innocency,
And dares 'em do their worſt on Prince *Theanor* ;
The whole State's in combuſtion.
Cra. Fatal Ring.
Uncle. What will become of us ?
Nean. And ſhe hath given Commiſſion to *Euphanes*
And *Conon*, who have levied Men already,
With violence to ſurpriſe the Tower, and take 'em.
What will you do ?
Cra. Along wi'ye, and prevent
A farther miſchief : Gentlemen, our intents
We muſt defer ; You are the Princes followers.
Nean. Will ye walk with us ?
Uncle. You ſhall pardon us.

Blunder here, had he made it, ſhould have been animadverted upon by the Tutor, as he has done in ſome of his Speeches before ; which however we don't find to be the Caſe here. I therefore imagine the Poets made him ſpeak according to my Reformation of the Text. I would remark too farther, that our Authors have improv'd upon *Shakeſpear* in his Diviſions and Subdiviſions of the Lye ; for he only comes to the *Lye circumſtantial*, and *Lye direct* ; whereas we find here four Diſtinctions of Lyes more than *Shakeſpear* had remark'd : Nor can I think the Satire in this Place, at all Inferior to that in *As You like it.*

Tutor. We are his Followers afar off, you know.
And are contented to continue ſo. [*Exe.* Cra. *and* Nean.
Onos. Sir Boy.
Page. Sir Fool? a Challenge to my Lord?
How dar'ſt thou, or thy Ambs-ace here think of him,
Ye Crow-pick'd Heads, which your thin Shoulders bear
As does the Poles on *Corinth* Bridge the Traitors:
Why you three Nine-pins you talk of my Lord,
And Challenges? you ſhall not need; Come draw,
His Page is able to ſwinge three ſuch Whelps;
Uncle, why ſtand ye off? Long-Man, advance.
Onos. S'light, what have we done, Tutor?
Tutor. He is a Boy,
And we may run away with Honour.
Page. That ye ſhall not,
And being a Boy I am fitter to encounter
A Child in Law as you are, under twenty:
Thou Sot, thou three-ſcore Sot, and that's a Child
Again I grant you.
Uncle. Nephew, here's an Age:
Boys are turn'd Men, and Men are Children.
Page. Away you Peaſants with your bought Gentry;
Are not you he, who when your Fellow Paſſengers,
Your laſt Tranſportment being aſſail'd by a Galley
Hid yourſelf i'the Cabbin; and the Fight done
Peep'd above Hatches, and cry'd, Have we taken,
Or are we ta'en? Come, I do want a Slipper,
But this ſhall ſerve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call ſome dozen Brother Pages,
They're not far off I'm ſure, and we will blanket you
Until you piſs again.
All. Nay, we will ſwear, Sir.
Page. 'Tis your beſt courſe:
Firſt, you ſhall ſwear never to name my Lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed.
Next, To begin his Health in every place,
And never to refuſe to pledge it, though
You ſurfeit to the Death. Laſtly, to hold
The pooreſt, littleſt Page in Reverence;
To think him valianter, and a better Gentleman,

Than

Than you three ſtamp'd together; and to give him
Wine and Tobacco whereſoe'er you meet,
And the beſt Meat if he can ſtay.
All. We ſwear it loyally.
Page. Then I diſmiſs you
True Liegemen to the Pantoffle;
I had more Articles, but I have buſineſs
And cannot ſtay now; ſo adieu dear Monſieur,
Tres noble & tres puiſſant.
Uncle. Adieu, Monſieur.
Onos. A voſtre ſervice & commandement.
Tutor. I told you, Pupil, you'd repent this foolery.
Onos. Who, I repent? you are miſtaken, Tutor,
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,
And ſcorn to begin now: Come, let's be melancholy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, *and Lords.*

Lords. 'Twere better treat with 'em.
Queen. I will no Treaties
With a League-breaker and a Rebel; ſhall I
Article with a Traitor? be compell'd
To yield an Innocent unto their fury
Whom I have prov'd ſo to you?
Euph. Gracious Queen,
Though your own God-like diſpoſition
Would ſuccour Virtue, and protect the right;
Yet for the publick good, for the dear ſafety
Of your moſt Royal only Son, conſent
To give me up the Sacrifice to their malice:
My Life is aim'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thouſand ſuch as I
Purpled our Seas, than that your Princely Son
Should be endanger'd.
Queen. Still well ſaid, honeſt Fool,
Were their demand but one Hair from thy Head,
By all the Gods I'd ſcorn 'em: Were they here,

The Majeſty that dwells upon this Brow
Should ſtrike 'em on their Knees: As for my Son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll anſwer, I
An equal Mother to my Country am,
And every virtuous Son of it is Son
Unto my Boſom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heav'nly Madam, and the Gods
Can ſuffer nothing paſs to injure you:
The Life that *Conon* promis'd, he ſtands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Fare ye well both,
Succeſs attend you; you have Soldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if you bring not Peace,
Bring me their Heads.

Con. I will put fair for one. [*Exe. Queen and Lords.*

Euph. Double the Guard upon her Highneſs Perſon.
Conon, you muſt perform a friendly part,
Which I ſhall counſel you.

Con. I am your Servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theanor, Agenor, *and* Leonidas *above.*

Leo. Make good that Fortification, and the Watch
Keep ſtill upon the Battlements; Royal Sir,
Weigh but our injuries, we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;
Nor ſhall this upſtart *Muſhroom* bred i'th' Night,
Sit brooding underneath your Mother's Wings
His damn'd Impieties.

Age. For yourſelf, brave Prince,
Fear nothing that this face of Arms preſents;
We ask the Raviſher, and have no means
To win him from your moſt indulgent Mother
But by this Practice.

The. Stout *Leonidas*,
Princely *Agenor*, your Wrongs cry ſo loud,
That who ſo would condemn you is not heard,
I blame you not, who but *Euphanes* durſt
Make Stories like to this? My Wrong's as ſtrong,

Ask

Ask my revengful Arm to ſtrengthen yours;
As for my fear, know you, and *Greece* throughout,

Enter Euphanes, *and* Conon.

Our Mother was a *Spartan* Princeſs born,
That never taught me to ſpell ſuch a Word.
Con. Sir, you do tempt your Life.
Euph. Conon, no more.
Do thus as thou would'ſt ſave it. [*Sound Trumpet within.*
Age. What Trumpet's this?
Leo. Beneath I do perceive
Two armed Men ſingle, that give us Summons
As they would treat.
Age. Let us deſcend.
Con. My Lord,
I would you would excuſe me, and proceed
According to the Queen's directions.
Euph. Friend,
As thou wouldſt wear that Title after Death,

Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, *and Soldiers.*

Perform my Charge; no Soldier on his Life
Approach us nearer.
Con. Safety to both the Princes, Loyalty
To you Lord General; the Queen, your Miſtreſs
As well as ours, (39) though not through fear, to cut
Civil diſſention from her Land, and ſave
Much guiltleſs Blood, that Uproar ever thirſts,
And for the Safeguard of her Son, by me.
(As you demand) hath ſent the Lord *Euphanes*
To plead his own Cauſe, or to ſuffer Death
As you ſhall find him worthy; ſo delivering
The Prince back, I ſhall leave him to your Guard.
Leo. The Queen is good and gracious: Kiſs her Hand.

(39) ——*though not* to *fear*,] What a Deſcription is here of the Queen of *Corinth? Miſtreſs of you and us, though not to fear.* I ſhould wonder much how ſhe or any one elſe could ever be ſo: The ſmall Addition made to the old Text clears up all Inconſiſtency, and the Queen appears in a Light equally glorious with the Heroines of Antiquity.

Age. And seal our Duties: Sir, depart in Peace.

The. Oh Sir, you now perceive, when in the Scales
Nature and fond Affection weigh together,
One poizes like a Feather, and you know my Lords
What's to be done.

Euph. Your Highness is unarm'd,
Please you to use mine, and to lead the Army
Back to your Mother: *Conon*, march you with 'em.

Con. I will my Lord: But not so far as not
To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [*Exit.*

Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
Or stay your deathful Hand? be not so wise
To stop your Rage, look how unmov'dly, here
I give myself my Country's Sacrifice,
An innocent Sacrifice: Truth laughs at Death,
And terrifies the Killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armless seeks her Foes,
And never needs the Target nor the Sword,
Bow, nor invenom'd Shafts.

Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your Eloquence, but Impudence,
That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him, who knows not
The Iron Forehead that bold Mischief wears.

Leo. Forbear a while *Agenor*, I do tremble,
And something sits like Virtue in his Face,
Which the Gods keep.

Euph. Agenor strike, *Leonidas*,
You that have purchas'd Fame on certain Grounds,
Lose it on Supposition: Smear your Hands
In guiltless Blood, laugh at my Martyrdom:
But yet remember, when Posterity
Shall read your Volumes fill'd with virtuous Acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody Leaf,
Noting your foolish Barbarisms, and my Wrong,
(As time shall make it plain) what follows this
Decyphering any noble Deed of yours
Shall be quite lost, for Men will read no more.

Leo. Why? Dare you say you're innocent?

Euph. By all the Gods, as they of this foul Crime:

Why

Why Gentlemen, pry clean thorow my Life,
Then weigh these Circumstances; think you that he
Which made Day Night, and Men to Furies turn'd,
Durst not trust Silence, Vizors, nor her Sense
That suffer'd; but with Charms and Potions
Cast her asleep, (for all this I've enquir'd)
Acted the Fable of *Proserpine*'s Rape,
The place (by all Description) like to Hell:
And all to perpetrate unknown his Lust,
Would fondly in his Person bring a Ring,
And give it a Betrothed Wife, i'th' same House
Where the poor injur'd Lady liv'd and groan'd.

Age. Hell gives us Art to reach the depth of Sin,
But leaves us wretched Fools, when we are in.

Euph. Had it giv'n me that Art, and left me so,
I would not thus into the Lions Jaws
Have thrust myself defenceless, for your good,
The Prince's safety, or the Common-weals;
You know the Queen deny'd me, and sent us
Commanders to surprize you, and to raze
This Tower down, w'had power enough to do it,
Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My Person to your Wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my Heart as pure as Infants sleep. [weep.

Leo. What think you, Sir? *Age.* No harm I'm sure, I

Euph. The Gods are just, and mighty: But to give you
Further assurance, and to make yourselves
Judges and Witnesses of my Innocence
Let me demand this Question, On what Night
Was this foul Deed committed? *Age.* On the Eve
Before our Marriage meant. *Euph. Leonidas,*
(Your Rage being off, that still drowns Memory)
Where was yourself and I that very Night,
And what our Conference?

Leo. By the Gods 'tis true:
Both in her Highness's Chamber, conferring
Even of this Match until an hour of Day,
And then came I to call you; we are sham'd.

Age. Utterly lost, and sham'd.

Euph. Neither, be chear'd,

He that could find this out, can pardon it;
And know this Ring was ſent me from the Queen,
How ſhe came by it, yet is not enquir'd:
Deeper Occurrents hang on't, and pray Heav'n
That my Suſpicions prove as falſe as yours,
Which for the World till I have greater Proof
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch;
Only this build upon, with all my Nerves
I'll labour with ye, till Time waken Truth.

Age. There are our Swords, Sir, turn the points on us.

Leo. Puniſh Rebellion, and revenge your Wrong.

Euph. Sir, my Revenge ſhall be to make your Peace.
Neither was this Rebellion, but raſh Love.

Enter Conon.

Con. How's this? Unarm'd left, now found doubly Arm'd?
And thoſe, that would have ſlain him, at his Feet?
Oh Truth, thou art a mighty Conquereſs:
The Queen, my Lord, perplex'd in care of you,
That, croſs to her Command, hazard yourſelf,
In Perſon here is come into the Field,
And like a Leader, marches in the Head
Of all her Troops, vows that ſhe will demoliſh
Each Stone of this proud Tower be you not ſafe:
She chafes like ſtorms in Groves, now ſighs, now weeps,
And both ſometimes, like Rain and Wind commixt,
Abjures her Son for ever, leſs himſelf
Do fetch you off in Perſon, that did give
Yourſelf to ſave him of your own free Will,
And ſwears he muſt not, nor is fit to live.

Euph. Oh ſhe's a Miſtreſs for the Gods. *Age.* And thou
A Godlike Servant fit for her. *Leo.* Wide *Greece*
May boaſt, becauſe ſhe cannot boaſt thy like.

Euph. Thus *Conon* tell her Highneſs.

Con. My joy flies. [gentle Peace.

Euph. Let's toward her March: Stern Drum ſpeak

Leo. We are your Pris'ners, lead us: Ne'er was known
A precedent like this; one unarm'd Man,
Suſpected, to captive with golden Words
(Truth being his Shield) ſo many arm'd with Swords. [*Ex.*

Enter

Enter (at one Door) Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, *Lords, and Soldiers*; (*at another*) Euphanes *(with two Swords)* Agenor, Leonidas, *and Soldiers:* Euphanes *presents* Leonidas *on his knees to the Queen:* Agenor *bareheaded, makes shew of sorrow to the Queen, she stamps, and seems to be angry at the first.* Euphanes *perswades her, lays their Swords at her Feet, she gives them their Swords again, they kiss her Hand and embrace, the Soldiers lift up* Euphanes, *and shout:* Theanor *and* Crates *discovered,* Conon *whispers with* Crates, Euphanes *with* Agenor, *and* Leonidas *observes it, who seem to promise something,* Euphanes *directs his Page somewhat.*

[*Exeunt all but* Theanor *and* Crates.

The. We are not lucky *Crates*, this great Torrent
Bears all before him.

Cra. Such an Age as this
Shall ne'er be seen again; Virtue grows fat,
And Villany pines; the Furies are asleep,
Mischief 'gainst Goodness aim'd, is like a Stone,
Unnat'rally forc'd up an eminent Hill
Whose weight falls on our Heads and buries us,
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own Bogs.

The. What's to be done?

Cra. Repent, and grow good.

The. Pish,
'Tis not the fashion, Fool, 'till we grow Old:
The Peoples love to him now scares me more
Than my fond Mother's, both which, like two Floods
Bearing *Euphanes* up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy, would he were in Heav'n,
But that hereafter: *Crates* help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.

Cra. Your Will, my Lord?

The. Beliza is to marry him forthwith,
I long to have the first touch of her too,
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fie, Sir,
You'll be the Tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to persever

Beastly,

Beaſtly, and deſp'rate.
The. Croſs me not, but do't:
Are not the Means, the Place, the Inſtruments
The very ſame? I muſt expect you ſuddenly. [*Exit.*
Cra. I muſt obey you.
Who is in evil once Companion
Can hardly ſhake him off, but muſt run on.
Here I appointed *Conon* to attend
Him, and his Sword; he promis'd to come ſingle,

Enter Conon *and Page.*

T'avoid Prevention; he's a Man on's Word.
Con. You're well met, *Crates.*
Cra. If we part ſo, *Conon.*
Con. Come, we muſt do theſe mutual Offices;
We muſt be our own Seconds, our own Surgeons,
And fairly fight, like Men, not on Advantage.
Cra. You have an honeſt Boſom.
Con. Yours ſeems ſo.
Cra. Let's pair our Swords: You are a juſt Gentleman.
Con. You might be ſo: Now ſhake Hands if you pleaſe,
Though't be the Cudgel Faſhion, 'tis a friendly one.
Cra. So, ſtand off.
Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em. [*Exit.*
Con. Crates, to expoſtulate your Wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wiſh your Excuſe
In Words, and ſo return like maiden Knights:
Yet freely thus much I profeſs, your Spleen
And rugged Carriage toward your honour'd Brother
Hath much more ſtirr'd me up, than mine own Cauſe,
For I did ne'er affect theſe bloody Men,
But hold 'em fitter be made publick Hangmen,
Or Butchers call'd, than valiant Gentlemen:
'Tis true, ſtamp'd (40) Valour does upon juſt Grounds;
Yet for whom juſtlier ſhould I expoſe my Life
Than him, unto whoſe Virtue I owe all.

(40) ——*Valour does*] I once thought that *does* was a Corruption of *goes*, i. e. proceeds upon juſt Grounds; but *does*, i. e. *acts*, I believe is the Poets Text.

Cra.

Cra. Conon, you think by this great Deed of yours
T' insinuate yourself a Lodging nearer
Unto my Brother's Heart: Such Men as you
Live on their Undertakings for their Lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em,
Than if they sate still, make 'em but their Whores,
For which end Gallants now-a-days do fight:
But here we come not to upbraid; what Men
Seem, the rash World will judge; but what they are
Heav'n knows: and this --- (41) Horses, we are descry'd,
One Stroke for fear of Laughter.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, *and Page.*

Con. Half a score.
Euph. Hold, hold; on your Allegiance hold.
Age. He that strikes next ———
Leon. Falls like a Traitor on our Swords.
Euph. Oh Heav'n, my Brother bleeds: *Conon*, thou art
A Villain, an unthankful Man, and shalt
Pay me thy Blood for his, for his is mine.
Thou wert my Friend, but he is still my Brother;
And though a Friend sometimes be nearer said,
In some Gradation, it can never be,
Where that same Brother can be made a Friend,
Which, dearest *Crates*, thus low I implore;
What in my Poverty I would not seek,
Because I would not burthen you, now here
In all my height of Bliss I beg of you,
Your Friendship; my Advancement, Sir, is yours;
I never held it strange, pray use it so:
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the most useful Faculties of Man,

(41) ——*Horses, we are descry'd,*] Were they then to make their Escape? Nothing less. To set all right I wou'd read,

Curse on't, we are descry'd.

Thus to express himself, wou'd be natural and in Character for the enraged *Crates*, as being balk'd in his design'd Revenge upon *Conon* his Antagonist, and the Abettor of his Brother *Euphanes*. Upon this Foundation, and the Nearness of the Trace of the Letters, I have made bold to offer this Reading, tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.

To

To ſtrengthen mutually and relieve each other:
Two Eyes, two Ears, two Arms, two Legs and Feet.
That where one fail'd, the other might ſupply;
And I, your other Eye, Ear, Arm and Leg,
Tender my Service, Help and Succour to ye.

Age. Leon. A moſt divine Example.

Euph. For dear Brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deaf to me,
Now be no more ſo: In humility
I give ye the Duty of a younger Brother,
Which take you as a Brother, not a Father,
And then you'll pay a Duty back to me.

Cra. 'Till now I have not wept theſe thirty Years.

Euph. Diſcording Brothers, are like mutual Legs
Supplanting one another: He that ſeeks
Aid from a Stranger, and forſakes his Brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his Arm,
And to his Body joins a wooden one;
Cuts off his natural Leg, and truſts a Crutch;
Plucks out his Eye to ſee with Spectacles.

Cra. Moſt dear *Euphanes*, in this Crimſon Flood
Waſh my unkindneſs out; you have o'ercome me,
Taught me Humanity and Brotherhood;
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a Ruler o'er me than a Brother,
Which henceforth be: *Jove* ſurely did deſcend,
When thou wert gotten, in ſome heav'nly Shape,
And greet my Mother, as the Poets tell
Of other Women.

Age. Be this Holy-day.

Leon. And noted ever with the whiteſt Stone.

Con. And pardon me, my Lord, look you, I bleed
Faſter than *Crates*; what I've done I did
To reconcile your Loves, to both a Friend,
Which my Blood cement, never to part or end.

Age. Moſt worthy *Conon.*

Leon. Happy riſe, this Day
Contracts more good than a whole Age hath done.

Euph. Royal *Agenor*, brave *Leonidas*,
You are main Cauſes, and muſt ſhare the Fame.

Cra.

Cra. Which in ſome part this Hour ſhall requite,
For I have aim'd my black Shafts at white Marks,
And now I'll put the Clew into your Hands,
Shall guide ye moſt perſpicuouſly to th' depth
Of this dark Labyrinth, where ſo long you were loſt
Touching this old Rape, and a new Intent,
Wherein your Counſel, and your active Wit,
My deareſt Brother, will be neceſſary.

Euph. My Propheſy is come, prove my Hopes true,
Agenor ſhall have right, and you no wrong,
Time now will pluck her Daughter from her Cave:
Let's hence to prevent Rumour; my dear Brother,
Nature's divided Streams the higheſt Shelf
Will over-run at laſt, and flow to itſelf. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Soſicles, Eraton.

Euph. I'VE won the Lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your Faith only
And Secreſie muſt make perfect; think not, Sir,
I ſpeak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My Soul upon the Tryal. *Cra.* You may ſafely,
But are *Agenor* and *Leonidas* ready
To ruſh upon (42) him in the Act, and ſeize him
I' th' Height of his Security? *Euph.* At all Parts
As you could wiſh them.

Cra. Where's the Lady?

Euph. There
Where you appointed her to ſtay.

Cra. 'Tis wiſely order'd. [way,

Euph. Laſt, when you have him ſure, compel him this
For as by Accident here I'll bring the Queen
To meet you, 'twill ſtrike greater Terror to him,

(42) ——*him the Act,*——] The Particle *In* is from the Edition of 1647.

To

To be ta'en unprovided of Excuſe, [*Neanthes*,
And make more for our Purpoſe. [*Exit.*] *Cra.* Come
Our Fames and all are at the ſtake. *Nean.* 'Tis fit,
That ſince relying on your Skill, we venture
So much upon one Game, you play with Cunning,

Enter Theanor.

Or we ſhall riſe ſuch Loſers as ——
Sof. The Prince.
Cra. The Plot is laid, Sir, howſoe'er I ſeem'd
A little ſcrupulous, upon better Judgment
I have effected it.
The. 'Tis the laſt Service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.
Cra. We hope ſo, Sir.
The. And I will ſo reward it ——
Nean. You are bound to that; in every Family
That does write luſtful, your fine Bawd gains more
(For like your (43) Broker, he takes Fees on both ſides)
Than all the Officers of the Houſe.
Sof. For us then
To be a great Man's Panders, and live poor,
That were a double Fault.
Cra. Come, you loſe time, Sir,
We will be with you inſtantly: The Deed done,
We have a Mask that you expect not. *The.* Thou
Art ever careful; for *Jove*'s *Mercury*
I would not change thee. [*Exit.*
Era. There's an Honour for you.
Nean. To be compar'd with the celeſtial Pimp,
Jove's ſmock-ſworn Squire, Don *Hermes*.
Cra. I'll deſerve it;
And Gentlemen be aſſur'd, though what we do now
Will to the Prince *Theanor* look like Treaſon
And baſe Diſloyalty; yet th' End ſhall prove,
When he's firſt taught to know himſelf, then you,
In what he judg'd us falſe, we were moſt true. [*Exeunt.*

(43) — *like your Brother,*] The Text is from Mr. *Seward*'s and my Conjecture; Mr. *Theobald* had in his Margin remark'd that the Folio too of 1647 gave this very Reading.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, *and* Conon.

Euph. Only make haſte, my Lords, in all things elſe
You are inſtructed: you may draw your Swords
For ſhew, if you think good, but on my Life
You will find no Reſiſtance in his Servants,
And he's himſelf unarm'd.
Age. I would he were not,
My juſt Rage ſhould not then be loſt.
Euph. Good Sir,
Have you a care no Injury be done
Unto the Perſon of the Prince; but *Conon*,
Have you an Eye on both, it is your Truſt
That I rely on. *Con.* Which I will diſcharge,
Aſſure yourſelf, moſt faithfully.
Euph. For th' Lady,
I know your beſt reſpect will not be wanting;
Then to avoid Suſpicion and Diſcovery,
I hold it requiſite, that as ſoon as ever
The Queen hath ſeen her, ſhe forſake the Place,
And fit herſelf for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour. *Leo.* If this proſper,
Believe it you have made a purchaſe of
My Service and my Life.
Euph. Your Love I aim at.
Leo. (44) Where ſhall I find you?
Euph. With the Queen.
Con. Enough, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you my Lord, I've met
A dozen Meſſengers in ſearch of you.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Attendants.

Euph. I knew I ſhould be ſought for, as I wiſh'd
She's come herſelf in Perſon.

(44) *Where ſhall I find you?*] So 1647 Edition. The others, *Here I ſhall find you.*

Queen.

Queen. Are you found, Sir?
I wonder where you ſpend your Hours, methinks
Since I ſo love your Company, and profeſs
'Tis the beſt comfort this Life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.
Euph. Gracious Madam,
To have the Happineſs to ſee and hear you,
Which by your Bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold ſo great a Bleſſing, that my Honours
And Wealth compar'd to that, are but as Cyphers
To make that Number greater; yet your Pardon
For borrowing from my Duty ſo much time,
As the Proviſion for my ſudden Marriage
Exacted from me.
Queen. I perceive this Marriage
Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.
She's a good Lady, and a fair, *Euphanes*,
Yet by her leave I will ſhare with her in you;
I am pleas'd that in the Night ſhe ſhall enjoy you,
And that's ſufficient for a Wife; the Day-time [you,
I will divorce you from her. *Leo. within.* We will force
If you reſiſt.
Queen. What Noiſe is that?
The. within. Baſe Traytors.
Euph. It moves this way.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas *with* Theanor, Merione *like* Beliza. Conon, Crates, Neanthes, Soſicles, Eraton, *and Guard.*

Queen. Whate'er it be I'll meet it,
I was not born to fear: Who's that, *Beliza?*
Euph. My worthieſt, nobleſt Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Mer.
Queen. Stay her, ha?
All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion; what new *Gorgon*'s Head
Have you beheld, that you're all turn'd Statues?
This is prodigious, has none a Tongue
To ſpeak the Cauſe?
Leo. Could every Hair, great Queen,
Upon my Head yield an articulate ſound,

And

And all together ſpeak, they could not yet
Expreſs the Villany we have diſcover'd;
And yet, when with a few unwilling Words
I have deliver'd what muſt needs be known,
You'll ſay I am too Eloquent, and wiſh
I had been born without a Tongue.
Queen. Speak boldly,
For I, unmov'd with any loſs, will hear.
Leo. Then know, we have found out the Raviſher
Of my poor Siſter, and the place, and means
By which th'unfortunate, though fair *Beliza*
Hath met a ſecond Violence. *Euph.* This confirms
What but before I doubted to my Ruin.
My Lady Raviſh'd.
Queen. Point me out the Villain;
That guilty wretched Monſter that hath done this,
That I may look on him, and in mine Eye
He reads his Sentence.
Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the Prince, that heard,
You have it all.
Queen. Wonder not that I ſhake,
The Miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the Thunder that thy Words
Have thrown upon me: Dar'ſt thou kneel, with hope
[Theanor *kneels.*
Of any favour, but a ſpeedy Death,
And that too in the dreadful'ſt ſhape that can
Appear to a deſpairing leprous Soul,
If thou haſt any? No, libidinous Beaſt,
Thy Luſt hath alter'd ſo thy former Being,
Be Heav'n I know thee not.
The. Although unworthy,
Yet ſtill I am your Son.
Queen. Thou lieſt, lieſt falſly,
My whole Life never knew but one chaſte Bed,
Nor e'er deſir'd warmth but from lawful Fires;
Can I be then the Mother to a Goat,
Whoſe Luſt is more inſatiate than the Grave,
And like infectious Air ingenders Plagues,

To murder all that's chaſte or good in Woman?
The Gods I from my Youth have ſerv'd and fear'd,
Whoſe holy Temples thou haſt made thy Brothels;
Could a Religious Mother then bring forth
So damn'd an Atheiſt? Read but o'er my Life,
My Actions, Manners, and made perfect in them
But look into the Story of thy ſelf
As thou art now, not as thou wert, *Theanor*,
And Reaſon will compel thee to confeſs,
Thou art a Stranger to me.

(45) *Euph.* Note but how heavy
The weight of guilt is; it ſo low hath ſunk him,
That he wants power to riſe up in defence,
Of this bad Cauſe.

Queen. Perſwade me not *Euphanes*,
This is no Prince, nor can claim part in me
My Son was born a Free-man, this a Slave
To beaſtly Paſſions, a Fugitive,
(46) And run-away from Virtue: Bring Bonds for him.
By all the honour that I owe to Juſtice,
He loſes me for ever that ſeeks to ſave him;
Bind him I ſay, and like a Wretch that knows
He ſtands Condemn'd before he hears the Sentence,
With his baſe Agents, from my ſight remove him,
And lodge them in the Dungeon; as a Queen
And Patroneſs to Juſtice I command it:
Thy Tears are like unſeaſonable Showers,
And in my Heart now ſteel'd can make no entrance;
Thou'rt cruel to thyſelf, Fool, 'tis not want
In me of ſoft Compaſſion; when thou left'ſt
To be a Son, I ceas'd to be a Mother;
Away with them: The Children I will leave

(45) Agen. *Note but*--] The giving this Speech to *Agenor*, as all the Copies do, makes ſtrange work with the following one of the Queen. For ſhe bids *Euphanes* perſuade her not, *&c.* But how could he perſuade her, when, by the old Edition, not he but *Agenor* had been pleading for the Prince? But if we put *Euphanes* for *Agenor*, as I have done, the Buſineſs is concluded, and all is right.

(46) *And run away from Virtue:*] The Change of the Verb into a Subſtantive, by the help of a poor Hyphen, gives a different and elegant Senſe to this Paſſage, which was not one of the cleareſt before.

To

To keep my Name, to all Posterities,
Shall be the great Examples of my Justice,
The Government of my Country, which shall witness
How well I rul'd myself; bid the wrong'd Ladies
Appear in Court to morrow, we will hear them;
And by one Act of our Severity,
For fear of Punishment, or love to Virtue,
Teach others to be honest: All will shun
To tempt her Laws, that would not spare her Son. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter Onos, *Uncle, and Tutor.*

Uncle. Nay, Nephew. *Tutor.* Pupil, hear but Reason.

Onos. No
I have none, and will hear none; oh my Honour,
My Honour blasted in the Bud, my Youth,
My hopeful Youth, and all my Expectation
Ever to be a Man, are lost for ever.

Uncle. Why Nephew, we as well as you are dub'd
Knights o'th' Pantofle.

Tutor. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at by each Page and Groom,
Yet with erected heads we bear it.

Onos. Alas,
You have years, and strength to do it; but were you,
As I, a tender Gristle, apt to bow,
You would like me, with Cloaks envelloped,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

Uncle. He will run mad
I hope, and then all's mine.

Tutor. Why look you Pupil,
There are for the recovery of your Honour
Degrees of Medicines; for a tweak by the Nose
A Man's to travel but six Months, then blow it,
And all is well again; the Bastinado
Requires a longer time, a Year or two,
And then 'tis buried: I grant you have been baffl'd,
'Tis but a Journey of some thirty Years,
And it will be forgotten.

Onos. Think you ſo?
Tutor. Aſſur'dly.
Uncle. He may make a ſhorter cut,
But hang or drown himſelf, and on my life
'Twill no more trouble him.
Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or Hemp or Water, they are dangerous Tools
For Youth to deal with; I will rather follow
My Tutor's Counſel.
Tutor. Do ſo.
Onos. And put in
For my Security, that I'll not return
In thirty Years, my whole 'ſtate to my Uncle.
Uncle. That I like well of.
Onos. Still provided Uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of Age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abus'd me.
Uncle. 'Tis a match.
Onos. Then *Corinth*, thus the baſhful *Lamprias*
Takes leave of thee; and for this little time
Of thirty Years, will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a Man. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Euphanes *and Marſhal.*

Euph. Are your Priſoners ready?
Mar. When it ſhall pleaſe the Queen
To call them forth, my Lord.
Euph. Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have born themſelves this Night
Of their impriſonment?
Mar. Gladly, Sir; your Brother
With th' other Courtiers willingly receiv'd
All courteſies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, ſo diſſembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wondred at it. But the Prince,
That, as born higheſt, ſhould have grac'd his fall

With

With greateſt Courage, is ſo ſunk with Sorrow,
That to a common judgment he would ſeem
To ſuffer like a Woman: but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many,
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Conſideration of what's paſt, more frights him
Than any other Puniſhment.

Euph. That's indeed
True Magnanimity; the other but
A deſp'rate baſtard Valour.

Mar. I preſs'd to him,
And notwithſtanding the Queen's ſtrict Command,
Having your Lordſhip's promiſe to ſecure me,
Offer'd to free him from his Bonds, which he
Refus'd, with ſuch a Sorrow, mix'd with Scorn
That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his Highneſs
To give one Reaſon for't: He briefly anſwer'd,
That he had ſat in Judgment on himſelf,
And found that he deſerv'd them; that he was
A Raviſher, and ſo to ſuffer like one,
Which is the reaſon of my Tears: he addeth,
For wer't not I again ſhould break the Laws,
By ſcorning all their rigour can inflict,
I ſhould die ſmiling.

Euph. I forbear to wonder
That you were mov'd that ſaw this: I am ſtruck
With the relation ſo. 'Tis very well,
See all things ready. I do wiſh I could
Send comfort to the Prince; be ready with him;
[*Bar brought in.*
'Tis in the Queen's Breaſt only, which for us
To ſearch into were ſaucineſs, to determine
What ſhe thinks fit.

Enter Leonidas, *with* Merione *in white*; Euphanes, *with* Beliza *in black*; *Queen*, Agenor, Conon, *Marſhal*, *with* Theanor, Crates, Soſicles, Eraton, *Lords*, *Ladies*, *and Guard.*

Lord. Make way there for the Queen.

Queen. Read firſt the Law, and what our Anceſtors

Have in this caſe provided, to deter
Such like Offenders: To you, gentle Ladies,
This only, Would I could as well give Comfort,
As bid you be ſecure from fear or doubt
Of our diſpleaſure, be as confident
As if your Plea were 'gainſt a common Man,
To have all Right from us; I will not grieve
For what's not worth my Pity: Read the Law.

Clerk Reads.

(47) Lycurgus *the nineteenth againſt Rapes: It is provided, and publickly enacted and confirmed, That any Man of what degree ſoever, offering Violence to the Chaſtity of a Virgin, ſhall,* ipſo facto, *be liable to her Accuſation, and according to the ſaid Law be cenſur'd; ever provided, that it ſhall be in the choice of the ſaid Virgin ſo abuſed, either to compel the Offender to marry her without a Dowry, if ſo ſhe will be ſatisfied, or demanding his Head for the Offence, to have that accordingly performed.*

Queen. You hear this: what do you demand?

Mer. The benefit
The Law allows me.

Bel. For the injury
Done to mine Honour, I require his Head.

Mer. I likewiſe have an Eye upon mine Honour,
But knowing that his Death cannot reſtore it,
I ask him for my Husband.

Bel. I was raviſh'd,
And will have Juſtice.

Mer. I was raviſh'd too,
I kneel for Mercy.

Bel. I demand but what
The Law allows me.

Mer. That which I deſire
Is by the ſame Law warranted

(47) Lycurgus *the nineteenth*] What Buſineſs had *Lycurgus'* Laws at *Corinth?* This is an odd Proceeding, to commit a Rape in one Country, and be try'd and condemn'd for it by the Laws of another.

Bel.

Bel. The Rape
On me hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.
Mer. The Rape on me gives me the privilege
To be his Wife, and that is all I sue for.
Age. A doubtful case.
Leo. Such pretty Lawyers, yet
I never saw nor read of.
Euph. May the Queen
Favour your sweet plea, Madam.
Bel. Is that justice?
Shall one that is to suffer for a Rape
Be by a Rape defended? Look upon
The publick Enemy of Chastity,
This lustful Satyr, whose enrag'd desires
The ruin of one wretched Virgin's Honour
Would not suffice; and shall the wrack of two
Be his Protection? May be I was ravish'd
For his Lust only, thou for his Defence;
O fine evasion! shall with such a slight
Your Justice be deluded? your Laws cheated?
And he that for one Fact deserv'd to die,
For sinning often, find Impunity?
But that I know thee, I would swear thou wert
A false Impostor, and suborn'd to this;
And it may be thou art, *Merione:*
For had'st thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou would'st like me complain, and call for Vengeance,
And our wrongs being equal, I alone
Should not desire Revenge: But be it so,
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
And foolish Mercy shew'd to him undo thee.
Consider, Fool, before it be too late,
What joys thou canst expect from such a Husband,
To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd Embraces,
Which Men say heighten pleasure, were distastful.
Mer. 'Twas in respect, that then they were unlawful,
Unbless'd by *Hymen*, and left stings behind them,
Which from the Marriage-bed are ever banish'd.
Let this Court be then th' Image of *Jove*'s Throne,

Upon which Grace and Mercy ſtill attend,
To intercede between him and his Juſtice;
And ſince the Law allows as much to me
As ſhe can challenge, let the milder Sentence,
Which beſt becomes a Mother, and a Queen,
Now overcome, nor let your Wiſdom ſuffer:
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Indure a ſecond Raviſhment.

Bel. You can free him
Only from that which does concern yourſelf,
Not from the Puniſhment that's due to me;
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
I plead mine own juſt wreak, which will right both,
Where that which you deſire robs me of Juſtice?
'Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody Woman,
Doſt thou deſire his Puniſhment? Let him live then;
For any Man to marry where he likes not
Is ſtill a lingring Torment.

Bel. For one Rape
One Death's ſufficient, that way cannot catch me.

Mer. To you I fly then, to your Mercy, Madam,
Exempting not your Juſtice, be but equal;
And ſince in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not ſo be undervalu'd in
Your Highneſs favour, that the World take notice
You ſo prefer'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that Son, you would not ſave for me;
Mercy, O Mercy, Madam.

Bel. Great Queen, Juſtice.

Age. With what a Maſculine Conſtancy the grave Lady
Hath heard them both?

Leo. Yet how unmov'd ſhe ſits
In that which moſt concerns her?

Con. Now ſhe riſes;
And having well weigh'd both their Arguments,
Reſolves to ſpeak.

Euph. And yet again ſhe pauſes;
O *Conon*, ſuch a Reſolution once
A *Roman* told me he had ſeen in *Cato*
Before he kill'd himſelf.

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis now determin'd.
Merione, I could wish I were no Queen,
To give you Satisfaction; no Mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part,
Even with my Being, both might have their Wishes;
But since that is impossible, in few Words
I will deliver what I am resolv'd on;
The End for which all profitable Laws
Were made, looks two ways only, the Reward
Of innocent good Men, and th' Punishment
Of bad Delinquents: Ours, concerning Rapes,
Provided (48) that same latter Clause of Marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
A Path so horrid. The great Law-Giver
Draco, that for his strange Severity
Was said to write his stern Decrees in Blood,
Made none for Parricides, presuming that
No Man could be so wicked: Such might be
Lycurgus's Answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my Son, which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it;
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full Revenge: You see, *Beliza*,
You have your Wish; with you, *Merione*,
I'll spend a Tear or two, so Heav'n forgive thee.

The. Upon my Knees I do approve your Judgment,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible; only that I may,
Having already made Peace with myself,
Part so with all the World: Princely *Agenor*
I ask your pardon; yours my Lord *Euphanes*;
And *Crates* with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me: Yours, gracious Mother,
I dare not ask, and yet if that my Death
Be like a Son of yours, though my Life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it: Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd, may wish my Ashes

(48) — *that same latter of Marriage*] The filling up the Sense and Measure by the Word *Clause*, is from the Folio of 1647.

No

No heavy Burden, e'er I ſuffer Death,
For the reſtoring of *Merione*'s Honour,
Let me be married to her, and then die
For you *Beliza*.

Queen. Thou haſt made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the World,
Thy Suit is granted; call a *Flamyn* forth
To do this holy Work, with him a Headſman.

Enter Flamyn *and Executioner.*

Raiſe up thy weeping Eyes, *Merione*,
With this Hand I confirm thy Marriage,
Wiſhing that now the Gods would ſhew ſome Miracle,
That this might not divorce it.

Cra. To that purpoſe
I am their Miniſter; ſtand not amaz'd,
To all your Comforts I will do this Wonder.
Your Majeſty (with your Pardon I muſt ſpeak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of ſuch a Contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to match her with *Agenor*;
The griev'd Prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To croſs what you determin'd, by an Oath
Bound me and theſe his Followers to do ſomething
That he might once enjoy her; we ſwore to it,
And eaſily perſwaded, being aſſur'd
She was his Wife before the Face of Heav'n,
Although ſome ceremonious Forms were wanting,
Committed the firſt Rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the Marriage; but when we perceiv'd
He purpos'd to abuſe our ready Service
In the ſame kind, upon the chaſte *Beliza*,
Holding ourſelves leſs ty'd to him than Goodneſs,
I made Diſcovery of it to my Brother,
Who can relate the reſt.

Euph. It is moſt true.

Queen. I would it were.

Euph. In every Circumſtance
It is, upon my Soul: For this known to me,
I wan *Merione* in my Lady's Habit,

To

To be again (but willingly,) ſurpriz'd ;
But with *Agenor*, and her noble Brother,
With my approv'd Friend *Conon*, with ſuch ſpeed
She was purſu'd, that the lewd Act ſcarce ended,
The Prince (aſſur'd he had enjoy'd *Beliza*,
For all the time *Merione*'s Face was cover'd)
Was apprehended and brought to your Preſence,
But not 'till now diſcover'd, in reſpect
I hop'd the imminent Danger of the Prince,
To which his looſe unquenched Heats had brought him,
Being purſu'd unto the lateſt Tryal,
Would work in him Compunction, which it has done ;
And theſe two Ladies in their feign'd Contentions,
To your Delight I hope have ſerv'd as Maskers
To their own Nuptials.

Queen. My choice was worthy
When firſt I look'd on thee ; as thou haſt order'd
All ſhall be done, and not the meaneſt that
Plaid in this unexpected Comedy,
But ſhall partake our Bounty : And my Lord,
That with the reſt you may ſeem ſatisfy'd,
If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet
So far in Debt to Years, but that ſhe may
Bring you a luſty Boy, I offer up
Myſelf and Kingdom, during my Life, to you.

Age. It is a Bleſſing which I durſt not hope for,
But with all Joy receive.

All. We all applaud it.

Queen. Then on unto the Temple, where the Rites
Of Marriage ended, we'll find new Delights. [*Exeunt.*

BONDUCA.

A

TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CARATACH, *General of the* Britains, *Couſin to* Bonduca.
Nennius, *a great Soldier, a* Britain *Commander.*
Hengo, *a brave Boy, Nephew to* Caratach.
Suetonius, *General to the* Roman *Army in* Britain.
Penius, *a brave* Roman *Commander, but ſtubborn to the General.*
Junius, *a* Roman *Captain, in love with* Bonduca's *Daughter.*
Petilus, *a merry Captain, but ſomewhat wanton.*
Demetrius, Decius, } *Two* Roman *Commanders.*
Regulus, Druſus, Macer, Curius, } *Four* Roman *Officers.*
Judas, *a Corporal, a merry hungry Knave.*
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.

W O M E N.

Bonduca, *Queen of the* Iceni, *a brave* Virago.
Her two Daughters, by Protuſagus.

SCENE *BRITAIN.*

Bonduca, *Queen of the* Iceni, *a brave* Virago, *by* Protuſagus.
Her two Daughters.] Thus runs the Folio of 1679, from which the Editor of the Octavo inconſiderately copied. The Reader will ſee by the Courſe of the Play, that the Alteration made here is undoubtedly what the Drawer up of the *Dramatis Perſonæ* intended.

BON-

BONDUCA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bonduca, *Daughters*, Hengo, Nennius, *and Soldiers.*

BONDUCA.

THE hardy *Romans?* O ye Gods of *Britain*,
The ruſt of Arms, the bluſhing ſhame of Soldiers;
Are theſe the Men that conquer by Inheritance?
The Fortune-makers? Theſe the *Julians*,

Enter Caratach.

That with the Sun meaſure the end of Nature,
Making the World but one *Rome*, and one *Cæſar?*
Shame, how they flee! *Cæſar*'s ſoft Soul dwells in 'em;
Their Mothers got 'em ſleeping, Pleaſure nurſt 'em,
Their Bodies ſweat with ſweet Oils, Loves allurements,
Not luſty Arms. Dare they ſend theſe to ſeek us,
Theſe *Roman* Girls? Is *Britain* grown ſo wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, *Nennius*, ſcatter'd 'em;
And through their big-bon'd *Germans*, on whoſe Pikes
The honour of their Actions ſits in Triumph,
Made Themes for Songs to ſhame 'em, and a Woman,
A Woman beat 'em, *Nennius*; a weak Woman,
A Woman beat theſe *Romans*.

Car.

Car. So it ſeems,
A Man would ſhame to talk ſo.
Bon. Who's that? *Car.* I.
Bon. Couſin, do you grieve at my Fortunes?
Car. No, *Bonduca*,
If I grieve, 'tis at th' bearing of your Fortunes;
You put too much Wind to your Sail: Diſcretion
And hardy Valour are the twins of Honour,
And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror;
Divided, but a Talker. 'Tis a Truth,
That *Rome* has fled before us twice, and routed;
A Truth we ought to crown the Gods for, Lady,
And not our Tongues. A Truth is none of ours,
Nor in our Ends, more than the noble bearing,
For then it leaves to be a Virtue, Lady;
And we that have been Victors, beat ourſelves,
When we inſult upon our Honours Subject.
Bon. My valiant Couſin, is it foul to ſay
What Liberty and Honour bid us do,
And what the Gods allow us?
Car. No, *Bonduca*,
So what we ſay exceed not what we do.
Ye call the *Romans* fearful, fleeing *Romans*,
And *Roman* Girls, the lees of tainted Pleaſures:
Does this become a doer? Are they ſuch?
Bon. They are no more.
Car. Where is your Conqueſt then?
Why are your Altars crown'd with Wreaths of Flowers,
The Beaſts with gilt Horns waiting fore the Fire?
The holy *Druides* compoſing Songs
Of everlaſting Life to Victory?
Why are theſe Triumphs, Lady? For a *May*-game?
For hunting a poor Herd of wretched *Romans?*
Is it no more? Shut up your Temples, *Britains*,
And let the Husbandman redeem his Heifers;
Put out our holy Fires, no Timbrel ring;
Let's home, and ſleep; for ſuch great Overthrows,
A Candle burns too bright a Sacrifice,
A Glow-worm's Tail too full of Flame. O *Nennius*,
Thou hadſt a noble Uncle knew a *Roman*,

And

And how to ſpeak him, how to give him weight
In both his Fortunes.
Bon. By —— I think
Ye doat upon theſe *Romans*, *Caratach.*
Car. Witneſs theſe wounds, I do; they were fairly giv'n,
I love an En'my, I was born a Soldier;
And he that in the head on's Troop defies me,
Bending my manly Body with his Sword,
I make a Miſtreſs. Yellow-treſſed *Hymen*
Ne'er ty'd a longing Virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that Man that wounds me:
And are not all theſe *Romans?* Ten ſtruck Battels
I ſuck'd theſe honour'd ſcars from, and all *Roman:*
Ten Years of bitter Nights and heavy Marches,
(When many a frozen Storm ſung through my Curaſs,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more ſtubborn Metal,) have I wrought through,
And all to try theſe *Romans.* Ten times a Night
I've ſwum the Rivers, (1) when the Stars of *Rome*
Shot at me as I floated, and the Billows
Tumbled their watry Ruins on my Shoulders,
Charging my batter'd Sides with Troops of Agues;
And ſtill to try theſe *Romans*, whom I found
(And if I lye, my Wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witneſs, Gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wiſe, to do and ſuffer,
Ever advanc'd as forward as the *Britains*,
Their ſleeps as ſhort, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as ſubtle, Lady. 'Tis diſhonour,
And follow'd, will be impudence, *Bonduca.*
And grow to no belief, to taint theſe *Romans.*
Have not I ſeen the *Britains*——

(1) ——*when the Stars of* Rome] Mr. *Theobald* in his Margin gives us *Shafts* or *Darts*, as thinking the Place corrupted. I have not however ventur'd to diſturb the Text; as thinking the Paſſage right as it ſtands.

Bon. What? *Car.* Diſheartned,
Run, run, *Bonduca?* not the quick rack ſwifter;
The Virgin from the hated Raviſher
Not half ſo fearful? (*a*) not a Flight drawn home,
A round Stone from a ſling, a Lovers wiſh,
E'er made that haſte that they have. By——
I've ſeen theſe *Britains*, that you magnifie,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring
Baſely for Mercy, roaring: the light Shadows,
That in a thought ſcur o'er the Fields of Corn,
Halted on Crutches to 'em. *Bon.* O ye Powers,
What Scandals do I ſuffer? *Car.* Yes, *Bonduca*,
I've ſeen thee run too, and thee, *Nennius*;
Yea, run apace, both; then when *Penius*,
The *Roman* Girl, cut through your armed Carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the Hill;
Then when he hunted ye like *Britain* Foxes,
More by the ſcent than ſight; then did I ſee
Theſe valiant and approved Men of *Britain*,
Like Boading Owls, creep into tods of Ivy,
And hoot their Fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, *Caratach?*
Car. I fled too,
But not ſo faſt; your Jewel had been loſt then,
Young *Hengo* there; he (2) traſht me, *Nennius*:
For when your Fears out-run him, then ſtept I,
And in the head of all the *Romans* fury
Took him, and, with my tough Belt, to my Back
I buckled him; behind him, my ſure Shield:
And then I follow'd. If I ſay I fought

(*a*) ——*not a Flight*] Here means *Arrow*. So *Shakeſpeare* in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 1. Sc. 1. makes *Beatrice* ſay,

He (Benedick) *challeng'd* Cupid *at the* Flight.

(2) ——*he* traſht *me* Nennius] The more natural as well as uſual word in this place, ſhou'd have been *trac'd*, *i. e.* follow'd, and probably the Line run ſo in the Authors MSS. for if I remember right *traſh* abſolutely taken, is not to be met with in the ſenſe here requir'd.

Five

Five times in bringing off this bud of *Britain*,
I lie not, *Nennius*. Neither had ye heard
Me ſpeak this, or ever ſeen the Child more,
But that the Son of Virtue, *Penius*,
Seeing me ſteer through all theſe ſtorms of danger,
(3) My Helm ſtill in my Hand, my Sword; my Prow
Turn'd to my Foe, my Face; he cry'd out nobly,
Go, *Britain*, bear thy Lion's Whelp off ſafely;
Thy manly Sword has ranſom'd thee; grow ſtrong,
And let me meet thee once again in Arms;
Then if thou ſtand'ſt, thou'rt mine. I took his Offer,
And here I am to Honour him.

Bon. O Couſin,
From what a flight of Honour haſt thou checkt me?
What wouldſt thou make me, *Caratach?*

Car. See, Lady,
The noble uſe of others in our loſſes:
Does this afflict ye? Had the *Romans* cry'd this
And, as we have done theirs, ſung out theſe Fortunes,
Rail'd on our baſe condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as th' Earth was ours, to ſhew us
Nothing but Sea could ſtop our flights; deſpis'd us,
And held it equal, whether banquetting
Or beating of the *Britains* were more buſineſs,
It would have gall'd ye.

Bon. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but ſo think it, as we may be conquer'd;
And where we have found Virtue, though in thoſe
That came to make us Slaves, let's cheriſh it.
There's not a blow we gave ſince *Julius* landed,
That was of ſtrength and worth, but like Records,
They file to After-ages. Our Regiſters,
The *Romans* are, for noble deeds of Honour;
And ſhall we (4) burn their mentions with upbraidings?

(3) *My Helm ſtill in my Hand, my Sword my Prow,*
Turn'd to my Foe my Face,] The right Punctuation in the Text, is from Mr. *Theobald.*

(4) —— *burn their mentions with upbraidings?*] This Place appears to me far from genuine. For what can *burning of Mentions*, i. e. Hiſtories, *with upbraidings*, poſſibly ſignify? I ſuſpect that for *burn* we ſhou'd read *brand*, which will anſwer the Phraſe *Notam in-*

Bon. No more, I see myself; thou'st made me, Cousin,
More than my Fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with Glory:
Thy temperance has cur'd that Tympany,
And giv'n me Health again, nay more Discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these *Romans.*

Car. Thy Love and Hate are both unwise ones, Lady.

Bon. Your Reason?

Nen. Is not Peace the end of Arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general Conquest:
Had we a diff'rence with some petty Isle,
Or with our Neighbours, Lady, for our Land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious Lord,
Or making Head against Commotions,
After a day of Blood, Peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the Ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as Life,
The Gods we worship, and next those, our Honours,
And with those Swords that know no end of Battel;
Those Men, beside themselves, allow no Neighbour;
Those Minds that where the day is, claim Inheritance,
And where the Sun makes ripe the Fruits, their Harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more Ground
To add to *Rome*, and here i'th' Bowels on us;
It must not be; no, as they are our Foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em;
Let's use the Peace of Honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our (5) Hands, our Swords. That hardy *Roman*,
That hopes to graft himself into my Stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,

ferere, and the Sense then will run thus: They (*Romans*) have by their Annals recorded to our Honours ev'ry Stroke and Action of ours since *Julius* (*Cæsar*) first had Footing here: And shall we, by upbraiding them with a Defeat or two, make 'em insert our vile Treatment of 'em in their future Memoirs, and so disgrace all their former honourable, by this dishonourable Mention of us.

(5) ——— *ends, our Swords.*] The Sense seems to labour here; what I have offer'd is clear and absolute. Let us use the Peace of Honour, but not tamely and submissively desire it: No, let us seek it with our Swords in our Hands, as tho' we cou'd carve it out for ourselves, if the Conditions offer'd are not honourable.

And

And be ally'd in Aſhes. *Bon. Caratach*,
As thou haſt nobly ſpoken, ſhall be done;
And *Hengo* to thy charge I here deliver:
The *Romans* ſhall have worthy Wars.
Car. They ſhall.
And, little Sir, when your young Bones grow ſtiffer,
And when I ſee ye able in a Morning
To beat a dozen Boys, and then to breakfaſt,
I'll tye ye to a Sword.
Hengo. And what then, Uncle?
Car. Then ye muſt kill, Sir, the next valiant *Roman*
That calls ye Knave.
Hengo. And muſt I kill but one?
Car. An hundred, Boy, I hope.
Hengo. I hope five hundred.
Car. That is a noble Boy. Come, worthy Lady,
Let's to our ſeveral charges, and henceforth
Allow an Enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Junius *and* Petillius, *two* Roman *Captains.*

Pet. What ail'ſt thou, Man? doſt thou want Meat?
Jun. No. *Pet.* Cloaths?
Jun. Neither. For Heav'ns love, leave me.
Pet. Drink? *Jun.* Ye tire me.
Pet. Come, it is drink; I know 'tis drink.
Jun. 'Tis no drink.
Pet. I ſay 'tis drink; for what Affliction
Can light ſo heavy on a Soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou ſhalt have drink. *Jun.* Prithee *Petillius* ——
Pet. And by mine Honour, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou ſhalt have drink. I ſee,
Like a true Friend, into thy wants: 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a deſolation,
Eſpecially of that dry Nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do ye (6) do this to me? *Pet.* For I ſee,

(6) —*do*] So the Edition of 1647. The others thus; *Why do ye this to me?*

Although your Modeſty would fain conceal it,
Which ſits as ſweetly on a Soldier,
As an old Side-ſaddle. *Jun.* What do you ſee?

Pet. I ſee as (7) fair as day, that thou want'ſt drink.
Did I not find thee gaping like an Oyſter
For a new Tide? thy very thoughts lye bare
Like a low Ebb? thy Soul that rid in Sack,
Lies moor'd for want of Liquor? Do but ſee
Into thy ſelf; for by——I do:
For all thy Body's chapt and crackt like Timber
For want of moiſture, what is't thou want'ſt there, *Junius*,
And if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a Whore too; ſay it be: come, Meecher,
Thou ſhalt have both; a pretty valiant Fellow,
Die for a little Lap and Lechery?
No, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid in our Country,
Thou dy'dſt o'th' Chin-cough. Hear, thou noble *Roman*,
The Son of her that loves a Soldier,
Hear what I promiſed for thee; thus I ſaid,
Lady, I take thy Son to my Companion,
Lady, I love thy Son, thy Son loves War,
The War loves Danger, Danger Drink, Drink Diſcipline,
Which is Society and Lechery;
Theſe two beget Commanders: Fear not, Lady,
Thy Son ſhall lead.

Jun. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, *Petillius*,
That ſo ridiculous and looſe a Mirth
Can maſter your Affections. *Pet.* Any Mirth,
And any way, of any Subject, *Junius*,
Is better than unmanly muſtineſs;
What harm's in Drink, in a good wholeſome Wench?
I do beſeech ye, Sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my Head handſomely,
But thou would'ſt fain be drunk; come, no more fooling,
The General has new Wine, new come over.

Jun. He muſt have new Acquaintance for it too,
For I will *none*, *I thank ye.*

(7) ——*far as day.*] Mr. *Seward* ſaw the Fault here as well as myſelf, and both hit upon the Reading in the Text.

Pet.

Pet. *None, I thank ye?*
A ſhort and touchy anſwer. *None, I thank ye:*
Ye do not ſcorn it, do ye?
Jun. Gods defend, Sir;
I owe him ſtill more honour.
Pet. *None, I thank ye:*
No Company, no Drink, no Wench, *I thank ye.*
Ye ſhall be worſe intreated, Sir.
Jun. *Petillius,*
As thou art honeſt, leave me.
Pet. *None, I thank ye:*
A modeſt and a decent Reſolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave ye, *Junius,*
And leave ye to the Boys, that very ſhortly
Shall all ſalute ye, by your new Sirname
Of *Junius*, *None I thank ye.* I would ſtarve now,
Hang, drown, deſpair, (*b*) deſerve the forks, lye open
To all the dangerous paſſes of a Wench,
Bound to believe her Tears, and wed her Aches,
E'er I would own thy Follies. I have found ye,
Your lays, and out-leaps, *Junius*, haunts, and lodges:
I've view'd ye, and I've found ye by my skill
To be a Fool o'th' firſt Head, *Junius,*
And I will hunt ye; ye're in Love, I know it:
Ye are an Aſs, and all the Camp ſhall know it;
A peeviſh idle Boy; your Dame ſhall know it.
(8) A wronger of my Care; yourſelf ſhall know it.

Enter Corporal Judas, *and four Soldiers.*

Jud. A Bean? a (9) Princely diet, a full Banquet,
To what we compaſs.
1 *Sold.* Fight like Hogs for Acorns?

(*b*) *i. e.* The *Gallows.*

(8) This Line is from the Edition of 1647; but how it came to be dropt upon us, the Reader muſt judge.

(9) — *Princely* diet,] My Copy of the 1647 Edition, which in this Place is not very fair, reads, I think, *Dier.* Though I have not diſturb'd the Text, I can't yet help thinking but we may improve the Senſe, by an eaſy and obvious Correction, thus,

——*A Princely* Dinner, *a full Banquet.*

I don't remember any where, that a *Diet* is us'd for Meal.

2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for Pig-nuts?
Pet. What ail theſe Raſcals?
3 *Sold.* If this hold, we're ſtarv'd.
Jud. For my part, Friends,
Which is but twenty Beans a day, a hard World
For Officers, and Men of Action;
And thoſe ſo clipt by maſter Mouſe, and rotten;
For underſtand 'em *French* Beans, where the Fruits
Are ripen'd like the People in old Tubs.
For mine own part, I ſay, I'm ſtarv'd already.
Not worth another Bean, conſum'd to nothing,
Nothing but (10) Fleſh and Bones left, miſerable:
Now if this muſty Provender can prick me
To honourable Matters of Atchievement, Gentlemen,
Why there's the Point.
4 *Sold.* I'll fight no more. *Pet.* You'll hang then,
A ſovereign Help for Hunger. Y' eating Raſcals,
Whoſe Gods are Beef and Brewis, whoſe brave Angers
Do execution upon theſe, and (c) Chibbals:
Ye Dog's Heads in the Porridge-Pot; you fight no more?
Does *Rome* depend upon your Reſolution
For eating mouldy Pye-Cruſt?

(10)——*Fleſh and Bones left,*] This is really a merry Deſcription of a Man hunger-ſtarv'd; He was reduc'd to Fleſh and Bones! Why what would he be at? Wou'd he be more than ſo? Modes of Speech are ſtrangely alter'd, if we ſhould read and the Poets wrote,

Skin and Bones.

(c) A ſort of Onions.

So *Ben Johnſon,* inhis *Gypſies Metamorphos'd,* Vol. 5. p. 377.

2 Gypſie.

Where the Cacklers, but no Grunters,
Shall uncas'd be for the Hunters:
Thoſe we ſtill muſt keep alive;
I, and put them out to thrive
In the Parks, and in the Chaſes,
And the finer Walled places;
As Saint James's, Greenwich, Tibbals,
Where the Acorns plump as Chibbals,
Soon ſhall change both Kind and Name,
And proclaim 'em the King's Game.

3 *Sold.*

3 *Sold.* Would we had it.
Jud. I may do Service, Captain.
Pet. In a Fiſh-market.
You, Corporal Curry-Comb, what will your fighting
Profit the Common-wealth? d' you hope to triumph,
Or dare your vamping Valour, Goodman Cobler,
Clap a new Sole to th' Kingdom? s'death, ye Dog-Whelps
You, fight, or not fight.
Jud. Captain. *Pet.* Out, ye Fleſh-flies,
Nothing but Noiſe and Naſtineſs.
Jud. Good, Give us Meat,
Whereby we may do.
Pet. Whereby hangs your Valour?
Jud. Good Bits afford good Blows.
Pet. A good Poſition:
How long is't ſince thou eat'ſt laſt? wipe thy Mouth,
And then tell Truth.
Jud. I have not eat to th' purpoſe—— [Garlick?
Pet. To th' purpoſe? What's that? half a Cow and
Ye Rogues, my Company eat Turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digeſt, and fight upon't;
Old Matts, and Mud with Spoons, rare Meats. Your
Shoes, Slaves?
Dare ye cry out for Hunger, and thoſe extant:
Suck your Sword-Hilts, ye Slaves, if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em March-pane; *To the Purpoſe?*
A grievous Penance. Doſt thou ſee that Gentleman,
That melancholy Monſieur?
Jun. Pray ye, *Petillius.*
Pet. He has not eat theſe three Weeks.
2 *Sold.* 'Has drunk th' more then.
3 *Sold.* And that's all one.
Pet. Nor drunk nor ſlept theſe two Months.
Jud. Captain, we do beſeech you as poor Soldiers,
Men that have ſeen good Days, whoſe mortal Stomachs
May ſometime feel Afflictions.
Jun. This, *Petillius,*
Is not ſo nobly done.
Pet. 'Tis common Profit;
Urge him to th' Point, he'll find you out a Food

That

That needs no Teeth nor Stomach; a ſtrange furmity
Will feed you up as fat as Hens i'th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like *Fichocks*; to him.
Jud. Captain.
Jun. Do you long to have your Throats cut?
Pet. See what Metal
It makes in him: Two Meals more of this Melancholy,
And there lyes *Caratach*.
Jud. We do beſeech ye.
2 *Sold.* Humbly beſeech your Valour. *Jun.* Am I only
Become your Sport, *Petillius?* *Jud.* But to render
In way of general good, in Preſervation.
Jun. Out of my Thoughts, ye Slaves.
4 *Sold.* Or rather Pity.
3 *Sold.* Your warlike Remedy againſt the Maw-worms.
Jud. Or notable Receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your Table-books.
Jun. Is this true Friendſhip?
And muſt my killing Griefs make others May-Games?
Stand from my Sword's Point, Slaves, your poor ſtarv'd Spirits
Can make me no Oblations; elſe, O Love,
Thou proudly blind Deſtruction, I would ſend thee
Whole *Hecatombs* of Hearts, to bleed my Sorrows.
Jud. Alas, he lives by Love, Sir. [*Exit* Junius.
Pet. So he does, Sir,
And cannot you do ſo too? All my Company
Are now in love, ne'er think of Meat, nor talk
Of what Provant is: *Aymees*, and *Hearty hey-hoes*,
Are Sallets fit for Soldiers. Live by Meat;
By larding up your Bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And ſhews ye meerly mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like Camels, with Baskets at your Noſes.
Get ye in love: Ye can whore well enough,
That all the World knows; faſt ye into Famine,
Yet ye can crawl like Crabs to Wenches; handſomely
Fall but in love now, as ye ſee Example,
And follow't but with all your Thoughts, *probatum*,
There's ſo much Charge ſav'd, and your Hunger's ended.
[*Drum afar off.*
Away,

Away, I hear the General; get y' in love all,
Up to the Ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude Murmurings; and discreetly
Carry your Stomachs, or I propheſie
A pickel'd Rope will choak ye. Jog, and talk not.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, *Drum and Colours.*

Suet. Demetrius, is the Meſſenger diſpatch'd
To *Penius*, to command him to bring up
The *Volans* Regiment?
Dem. He's there by this time. [*Mona?*
Suet. And are the Horſe well view'd we brought from
Dec. The Troops are full and luſty.
Suet. Good *Petillius*,
Look to thoſe eating Rogues, that bawl for Victuals,
And ſtop their Throats a Day or two: Proviſion
Waits but the Wind to reach us.
Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their Stomachs, which I find
As deaf as Adders to Delays: Your Clemency
Hath made their Murmurs, Mutinies; nay, Rebellions:
Now, an' they want but Muſtard, they're in Uproars!
No Oil but *Candy*, *Luſitanian* Figs
And Wine from *Lesbos*, now can ſatisfie 'em:
The *Britiſh* Waters are grown dull and muddy,
The Fruit diſguſtful: (11) *Orontes* muſt be ſought for,
And Apples from the happy Iſles; the truth is,
They are more curious now in having nothing,
Than if the Sea and Land turn'd up their Treaſures:
This loſt the Colonies, and gave *Bonduca*
(With Shame we muſt record it) time and ſtrength
To look into our Fortunes; great Diſcretion

(11) *Orontes*] Our Poets are ſadly out here in their Choice of pleaſant Waters for drinking. Mr. *Maundrell* ſays, the Waters of this River are *thick and turbid*, as unfit to be drunk, as its Fiſh to be eaten. *Choaſpes* was undoubtedly what they would have ſaid, but truſting to Memory they made this Miſtake. The Waters of this River were famous for their fineneſs, &c. and as *Ælian* tells us were drunk by the *Perſian* Monarchs, let 'em be in what part of their Dominions they would.

To

To follow offer'd Vict'ry; and laſt, full Pride
To brave us to our Teeth, and ſcorn our Ruins.
Suet. Nay, chide not, good *Petillius*, I confeſs
My Will to conquer *Mona*, and long ſtay
To execute that Will, let in theſe Loſſes:
All ſhall be right again, and as a Pine
Rent from *Oeta* by a ſweeping Tempeſt,
Jointed again, and made a Maſt, defies
Thoſe angry Winds that ſplit him: So will I,
Piec'd to my never-failing Strength and Fortune,
Steer through theſe ſwelling Dangers; plow their Prides up,
And bear like Thunder through their loudeſt Tempeſts:
They keep the Field ſtill.
Dem. Confident and full.
Pet. In ſuch a Number, one would ſwear they grew,
The Hills are wooded with their Partizans,
And all the Valleys overgrown with Darts,
As Moors are with rank Ruſhes: No Ground left us
To charge upon, no room to ſtrike: Say Fortune
And our Endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are ſo infinite, ſo-ever ſpringing,
We ſhall be kill'd with killing; of deſperate Women,
That neither Fear or Shame e'er found, the Devil
Has rank'd amongſt 'em Multitudes: Say th' Men fail,
They'll poiſon us with their Petticoats; ſay they fail,
They've Prieſts enough to pray us into nothing.
Suet. Theſe are Imaginations, Dreams of nothing,
The Man that doubts or fears ——
Dec. I'm free of both.
Dem. The ſelf ſame I.
Pet. And I as free as any;
As careleſs of my Fleſh, of that we call Life,
So I may loſe it nobly; as indifferent
As if it were my Diet. Yet, noble General,
It was a Wiſdom learn'd from you; I learn'd it,
And worthy of a Soldier's Care, moſt worthy,
To weigh with moſt deliberate Circumſtance
The ends of Accidents, above their Offers;

How

How to go on (12) and get, to ſave a *Roman*,
Whoſe one Life is more worth in way of doing,
Than Millions of theſe painted Waſps; how viewing
To find Advantage out; how, found, to follow it
With Counſel and Diſcretion, leſt meer Fortune
Should claim the Victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, *Petillius*,
And worthily remembred: The Rule is certain,
Their Uſes no leſs excellent; but where time
Cuts off Occaſions, (13) Danger, Time and all
Tend to a preſent Peril, 'tis required
Our Swords and Manhoods be beſt Counſellors,
Our Expeditions, Precedents. To win, is nothing,
Where Reaſon, Time and Counſel are our Camp-Maſters:
But there to bear the Field, then to be Conquerors,
Where pale Deſtruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In Wants and Mutinies, ourſelves but handfuls,

(12) ——*go on and* get,] *To go on and get* is a little ſavouring of Tautology; for if a Man *goes on*, in the Senſe of this Paſſage, he cannot chuſe but *get*. *But to go on, and yet not loſe a* Roman, is an Expreſſion which the Words immediately following would induce us to believe the Poets wrote here. I have not however diſturb'd the Text, and only humbly offer this Innovation to the Judgment of the Reader.

(13) ——— Danger, *Time and all*
Tend to a preſent Peril,] i. e. *Danger* tends to a preſent *Danger*. Our Poets might have been guilty of ſuch Inaccuracy, and they might not. *Evil* is very near in Letters to *Peril*, taking away the *P*, and might probably have been the Word. Mr. *Seward*.

What Mr. *Seward* has advanc'd has probability: But as two of our beſt Writers and Poets have been guilty of the ſame Inaccuracy, or what elſe you pleaſe to call it, I have let the Paſſage ſtand.

Spenſer, Book 6. Cant. 1. Stan. 25.
——— *yet* Shame *ſhall thee with* Shame requite,

Milton, *Chriſtmas* Hymn. Stanza 3d.
But he, her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning Sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes a univerſal Peace *through Sea and Land.*

And

And to ourſelves our own Fears, needs a new way,
A ſudden and a deſperate Execution:
Here, how to ſave, is loſs; to be wiſe, dang'rous;
Only a preſent well-united Strength,
And Minds made up for all Attempts, diſpatch it:
Diſputing and delay here, cools the Courage;
Neceſſity gives Time for Doubts; (things infinite,
According to the Spirit they are preach'd to:)
Rewards like them, and Names for After-Ages,
Muſt ſteel the Soldier; his own Shame help to arm him:
And having forc'd his Spirit, e'er he cools,
Fling him upon his Enemies; ſudden and ſwift,
Like Tigers amongſt Foxes, we muſt fight for't:
Fury muſt be our Fortune; Shame we've loſt,
Spurs ever in our Sides to prick us forward:
There is no other Wiſdom nor Diſcretion
Due to this Day of Ruin, but Deſtruction;
The Soldiers order firſt, and then his Anger.

Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.

Suet. Then no doubt
The Day muſt needs be ours. That the proud Woman
Is infinite in Number, better likes me,
Than if we dealt with Squadrons; half her Army
Shall choak themſelves, their own Swords dig their Graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears, one ſingle Valour,
The Virtues of the valiant *Caratach*
More doubts me than all *Britain:* He's a Soldier
So forg'd out, and ſo temper'd for great Fortunes,
So much Man thruſt into him, ſo old in Dangers,
So fortunate in all Attempts, that his mere Name
Fights in a thouſand Men, himſelf in millions,
To make him *Roman.* But no more, *Petillius*,
How ſtands your Charge?

Pet. Ready for all Employments,
To be commanded too, Sir.

Suet. 'Tis well govern'd;
To morrow we'll draw out, and view the Cohorts:
I'th' mean time, all apply their Offices.

Where's

Where's *Junius*? *Pet.* In's Cabin,
Sick o'th' Mumps, Sir. *Suet.* How?
Pet. In Love, indeed in Love, moſt lamentably loving,
To the tune of Queen *Dido*.
Dec. 'Las poor Gentleman. [Lady?
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what
I'll be a Spokeſman for him.
Pet. You'll ſcant ſpeed, Sir.
Suet. Who is't?
Pet. The Devil's Dam, *Bonduca*'s Daughter,
Her youngeſt, crackt i'th' Ring.
Suet. I'm ſorry for him:
But ſure his own Diſcretion will reclaim him,
He muſt deſerve our anger elſe. Good Captains,
Apply yourſelves in all the pleaſing Forms
Ye can, unto the Soldiers; fire their Spirits,
And ſet 'em fit to run this Action;
Mine own Proviſions ſhall be ſhar'd amongſt 'em,
Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the Kingdom lies before 'em.
Their Shames forgot, their Honours infinite,
And Want for ever baniſht. Two days hence,
Our Fortunes, and our Swords, and Gods be for us:
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Penius, Regulus, Macer, *and* Druſius.

Pen. I Muſt come?
Macer. So the General commands, Sir.
Pen. I muſt bring up my Regiment? *Macer.* Believe, Sir,
I bring no Lye. *Pen.* But did he ſay, I muſt come?
Macer. So delivered.
Pen. How long is't, *Regulus*, ſince I commanded
In *Britain here*?
Reg. About five years, great *Penius*.

Pen.

Pen. The General ſome five Months. Are all my Actions
So poor, and loſt, my Services ſo barren,
That I'm remembred in no nobler Language
But muſt come up?

Macer. I do beſeech ye, Sir,
Weigh but the times Eſtate.

Pen. Yes, good Lieutenant,
I do, and his that ſways it. Muſt come up;
Am I turn'd bare Centurion? Muſt, and ſhall,
Fit Embaſſies to court my Honour? *Macer.* Sir——

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my Men
Againſt an hundred thouſand barbarous Slaves
That have marcht name by name with *Rome*'s beſt doers?
Serve 'em up ſome other Meat; I'll bring no Food
To ſtop the Jaws of all thoſe hungry Wolves.
My Regiment's mine own. I muſt, my Language.——

Enter Curius.

Cur. Penius, where lies the Hoſt? *Pen.* Where Fate may find 'em. [ſoon?

Cur. Are they ingirt? *Pen.* The Battel's loſt. *Cur.* So

Pen. No; but 'tis loſt, becauſe it muſt be won:
The *Britains* muſt be Victors. Whoe'er ſaw
A troop of bloody Vultures hovering
About a few corrupted Carcaſſes,
Let him behold the ſilly *Roman* Hoſt,
Girded with millions of fierce *Britains* Swains,
With Deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his ſhame;
I ſcorn my Life, yet dare not loſe my Name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a moſt famous End,
When both our Names and Lives are Sacrific'd
For *Rome*'s increaſe?

Pen. Yes, *Curius*, but mark this too;
What Glory is there, or what laſting Fame
Can be to *Rome* or us? What full Example,
When one is ſmother'd with a Multitude,
And crouded in amongſt a nameleſs Preſs;
Honour got out of Flint, and on their Heads
Whoſe Virtues, like the Sun, exhal'd all Valours,

Muſt

Muſt not be loſt in miſts and fogs of People,
Noteleſs, and out of Name, (14) both rude and naked:
Nor can *Rome* task us with impoſſibilities,
Or bid us fight againſt a Flood; we ſerve her,
That ſhe may proudly ſay ſhe has good Soldiers,
Not Slaves to choak all hazards. Who but Fools,
That make no diff'rence betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their Fames and Fortunes
Into this *Britain*-gulf, this quick-ſand Ruin,
That ſinking, ſwallows us? What noble Hand
Can find a Subject fit for blood there? Or what Sword
Room for his Execution? What Air to cool us,
But poiſon'd with their blaſting Breaths and Curſes,
Where we lye buried quick above the Ground,
And are with labouring Sweat, and breathleſs Pain,
Kill'd like to Slaves, and cannot kill again? [then
Dru. Penius, mark antient Wars, and know (15) that
Ten Captains weigh'd an hundred thouſand Men.
Pen. Druſius, mark antient Wiſdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the Overthrow that ſav'd his Men.
I muſt not go.
Leg. The Soldiers are deſirous,
Their Eagles all drawn out, Sir.
Pen. Who drew up, *Regulus?*
Ha? Speak, did you? whoſe bold Will durſt attempt this?
Drawn out? Why, who commands, Sir? On whoſe Warrant
Durſt they advance?
Reg. I keep mine own Obedience.

(14) —— *but rude and naked*:] I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *both* in the preſent Text, for the old *but*; it ſeems to me to heighten the Senſe, and might have been the original Reading.

(15) ——— *that then*
Captains weigh'd] The Corruption here is very evident, but little trouble will ſet all right. We may read thus,
——— *that then*
Ten Captains weigh'd.
Or thus,
——— *that ten*
Captains out-weigh'd—— The Number has either been dropt upon us, or the Verb ſuffer'd a Mutilation of its firſt Syllable: I am for the firſt, and have alter'd the Text accordingly.

Dru. 'Tis like the general Cauſe, their love of Honour,
Relieving of their wants,——
Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? My Place but at their pleaſures?
Come, who did this?
Dru. By ——Sir, I am ignorant.
[*Drum ſoftly within, then enter Soldiers with Drum and Colours.*
Pen. What, am I grown a Shadow? Hark, they march.
I'll know, and (will) be myſelf. Stand, Diſobedience;
He that advances one Foot higher, dies for't.
Run through the Regiment upon your Duties,
And charge 'em on command, beat back again,
By——I'll tithe 'em all elſe.
Reg. We'll do our beſt.
[*Exeunt* Druſius *and* Regulus.
Pen. Back, ceaſe your bawling Drums there,
I'll beat the Tubs about your Brains elſe. Back:
Do I ſpeak with leſs fear than Thunder to ye?
Muſt I ſtand to beſeech ye? Home, home; ha?
D'ye ſtare upon me? Are thoſe Minds I moulded,
Thoſe honeſt valiant Tempers I was proud
To be a Fellow to, thoſe great Diſcretions [fires?
Made your Names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to Wild-
O Gods, to Diſobedience? Command, farewel:
And ye be witneſs with me, all things Sacred,
I have no ſhare in theſe Mens Shames. March Soldiers,
And ſeek your own ſad Ruins; your old *Penius*
Dares not behold your Murders.
1 *Sold.* Captain. 2 *Sold.* Captain.
3 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Captain.
Pen. Too too dear lov'd Soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heav'n yet knows,
Though in your Mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own Wills; 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourſelves; I wrong ye,
In wiſhing ye to ſave your Lives and Credits,
To keep your Necks whole from the Ax hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much diſhonour'd ye; go, ſeek the *Britains*,
And ſay ye come to glut their Sacrifices;

But

But do not ſay I ſent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all Parts, good, and govern'd,
Is only left of my Command, for Story;
What now ye are, for Pity. Fare ye well.

Enter Druſius *and* Regulus.

Dru. Oh turn again, great *Penius*; ſee the Soldier
In all points apt for Duty.
Reg. See his Sorrow
For's Diſobedience, which he ſays was haſte,
And haſte, he thought, to pleaſe you with. See Captain,
The toughneſs of his Courage turn'd to Water;
See how his manly Heart melts.
Pen. Go, beat homeward,
There learn to eat your little with Obedience,
And henceforth ſtrive to do as I direct ye.
[*Exeunt Soldiers.*
Macer. My Anſwer, Sir.
Pen. Tell the great General,
My Comp'nies are no Fagots to fill Breaches;
Myſelf no Man that muſt, or ſhall, can carry:
Bid him be wiſe, and where he is, he's ſafe then;
And when he finds out poſſibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the Captains.
Macer. All this I ſhall deliver.
Pen. Farewel, *Macer.* [*Exit* Penius.
Cur. Pray Gods this breed no Miſchief.
Reg. It muſt needs,
If ſtout *Suetonius* win; for then his Anger,
Beſides the Soldiers loſs of due and honour,
Will break together on him.
Dru. He's a brave Fellow;
And but a little hide his Haughtineſs,
(Which is but ſometimes neither, on ſome Cauſes)
He ſhews the worthieſt *Roman* this day living.
You may, good *Curius*, to the General
Make all things ſeem the beſt.
Cur. I ſhall endeavour:
Pray for our Fortunes Gentlemen, if we fall,
This one farewel ſerves for a Funeral.

The Gods make ſharp our Swords, and ſteel our Hearts;
We dare, alas, but cannot fight our Parts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Junius, Petillius *and a Herald obſerving* Junius.

Pet. Let him go on, ſtay, now he Talks.

Jun. Why?
Why ſhould I love mine Enemy? What's Beauty?
Of what ſtrange Violence, that like the Plague,
It works upon our Spirits? Blind they feign him,
I'm ſure, I find it ſo.

Pet. A Dog ſhall lead ye.

Jun. His fond Affections blinder.

Pet. Hold ye there ſtill.

Jun. It takes away my Sleep.

Pet. Alas, poor Chicken.

Jun. My company, content; almoſt my faſhion.

Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis ſure the Plague, for no Man dare come near me
Without an Antidote, 'tis far worſe; Hell.

Pet. Thou'rt damn'd without Redemption then.

Jun. The way to't
Strew'd with fair Weſtern Smiles, and *April* Bluſhes,
Led by the brighteſt Conſtellations; Eyes, [thence
And ſweet (16) proportions, envying Heav'n; but from
No way to guide, no Path, no Wiſdom bring us.

Pet. Yes, a ſmart Water, *Junius.* *Jun.* Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool ſtill? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our Ends, we loſe 'em,
And all our Appetites are but as Dreams
We laugh at in our Ages.

(16) —— *envying Heav'n*;] As this is now pointed, 'tis Proportions which *Heaven envies*; but if this be the Deſign, the Senſe and Expreſſion are both equally ſtiff and bad. I believe the Comma after *proportions* ſhould be out, and *envying* be underſtood as *vying with*, or *emulating Heaven*. It is an uncommon Uſe of the Word, but I believe fully juſtifiable from its Etymology. I take *Envy* to be no more originally than *vye*, with the affirmative Particle added to it, as *Enfolded* from *folded*, *endure* from *dure*, &c. only this is chang'd into the Active Verb. Mr. *Seward.*

Pet.

Pet. Sweet Philoſopher! [Gods,
Jun. Do I know on ſtill, and yet know nothing? Mercy,
Why am I thus Ridic'lous? *Pet.* Motley on thee,
Thou art an arrant Aſs. *Jun.* Can red and white,
An Eye, a Noſe, a Cheek. *Pet.* But one Cheek, *Junius?*
An half-fac'd Miſtreſs?
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton Fools call Faſhion, thus abuſe me?
Take me beyond my Reaſon? Why ſhould not I
Doat on my Horſe well trapt, my Sword well hatch'd?
They are as handſome things, to me more uſeful,
And poſſible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excuſable, my Youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine Honour dare not ask; ſhe has been Raviſh'd,
My Nature muſt not know; ſhe hates our Nation.
Thus to diſpoſe my Spirit!
Pet. Stay a little, he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not Love; I am a Man, have Reaſon,
And I will uſe it: I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a Wench, there are a thouſand ——
Pet. Hold thee there, Boy.
Jun. A thouſand will intreat me.
Pet. Ten thouſand, *Junius.*
Jun. I am young and luſty,
And to my faſhion Valiant; can pleaſe Nightly.
Pet. I'll ſwear thy Back's *probatum*, for I've known thee
Leap at ſixteen like a ſtrong Stallion.
Jun. I will be Man again.
Pet. Now mark the working,
The Devil and the Spirit tug for't: Twenty pound
Upon the Devil's Head.
Jun. I muſt be wretched.
Pet. I knew I'd won.
Jun. Nor have I ſo much power
To ſhun my Fortune.
Pet. I will hunt thy Fortune
With all the Shapes imagination breeds, [*Muſick.*
But I will fright thy Devil: Stay, he ſings now.
[*Song, by* Junius, *and* Petillius *after him in Mockage.*

Jun. Muſt I be thus abus'd?
Pet. Yes marry muſt ye.
Let's follow him cloſe: Oh, there he is, now read it.

Herald reads. *It is the General's Command that all ſick Perſons, old and unable, retire within the Trenches; he* (17) *that fears has Liberty to leave the Field: Fools, Boys, and Cowards muſt not come near the Regiments, for fear of their Infections; eſpecially thoſe Cowards they call Lovers.*

Jun. Ha?
Pet. Read on.

Herald. *If any common Soldier love an Enemy, he's whip'd and made a Slave: If any Captain,* (18) *he's caſt with loſs of Honours, flung out o'th' Army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a Soldier.*

Jun. The—— conſume ye all, Rogues. [*Exit* Jun.
Pet. Let this work:
H'as ſomething now to chew upon, he's gone,
Come, ſhake no more.
Her. Well, Sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for *Europe*;
I would have given my Life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to Lovers whilſt I live again,
Or come within their Confines——
Pet. There's your Payment,
And keep this private.
Her. I am School'd for Talking. [*Exit* Herald.

(17) *that fears his Liberty—Fools, Boys and Lovers*] The bare Inſpection of this Place evidently ſhews 'tis far from ſound. *He that fears has Liberty,*—— is Senſe, not ſo the old Reading. *So Fools, Boys and Lovers,——eſpecially thoſe Cowards they call Lovers* can never be genuine. I hope my Correction bids fair for reſtoring the true Senſe of this Place.

(18) *Captain, caſt*] The reſtoring of the Verb here to its ancient undoubted Right, makes full and compleat Senſe, which it could not be ſaid to be before this Inſertion.

Enter

Enter Demetrius.

Pet. How now, *Demetrius*, are we drawn?
Dem. 'Tis doing,
Your Company ſtands fair; but pray ye, where's *Junius?*
Half his command are wanting, with ſome forty
That *Decius* leads.
Pet. Hunting for Victuals.
Upon my life free-booting Rogues, their Stomachs
Are like a Widow's Luſt, ne'er ſatisfied.
Dem. I wonder how they dare ſtir, knowing th' Enemy
Maſter of all the Country.
Pet. Reſolute Hungers
Know neither Fears nor Faiths, they tread on Ladders,
(19) Ropes, Gallows's, and overlook all Dangers.
Dem. They may be hang'd though.
Pet. There's their joyful Supper,
And no doubt they are at it. *Dem.* But for Heav'n's ſake,
How does young *Junius?* *Pet.* Drawing on, poor Gentleman.
Dem. What, to his end?
Pet. To th' end of all Fleſh, Woman.
Dem. This Love has made him a ſtout Soldier.
Pet. O, a great one,
Fit to command young Goſlings; but what News?
Dem. I think the Meſſenger's come back from *Penius*
By this time, let's go know.
Pet. What will you ſay now
If he deny to come, and take Exceptions
At ſome half Syllable, or ſound deliver'd
With an ill Accent, or ſome Stile left out?
Dem. I cannot think he dare.
Pet. He dare ſpeak Treaſon,
Dare ſay what no Man dares believe, dares do ——

(19) *Ropes, Gallows, and overdo all Dangers.*] The Verſe and the Senſe here both ſeem to labour: I hope I have ſupplied the one, and remedied the other. *To overdo a Danger* is an Expreſſion I don't remember, but *to overlook one* common.

But that's all one: I'll lay you my black Armour
To twenty Crowns, he comes not.
Dem. Done. *Pet.* You'll pay?
Dem. I will.
Pet. Then keep thine old uſe, *Penius*,
Be ſtubborn and vain-glorious, and I'll thank thee.
Come let's go pray for ſix Hours; moſt of us
I fear will trouble Heav'n no more; two good Blows
Struck home at two Commanders of the *Britains*,
And my part's done.
Dem. I do not think of Dying.
Pet. 'Tis poſſible we may live. But *Demetrius*,
With what ſtrange Legs, and Arms, and Eyes, and Noſes,
Let Carpenters and Copper-ſmiths conſider.
If I can keep my Heart whole, and my Wind-pipe,
That I may drink yet like a Soldier——
Dem. Come let's have better Thoughts: mine's on your Armour.
Pet. Mine's in your Purſe, Sir let's go try the Wager.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Judas *and his four Companions* (*Halters about their Necks*;) Bonduca, *her Daughters, and* Nennius *following.*

Bon. Come, hang 'em preſently.
Nen. What made your Rogueſhips
Harrying for Victuals here? Are we your Friends;
Or do you come for Spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Don't ye long for't?
Jud. What ſay ye? Shall we hang in this vein? Hang we muſt,
And 'tis as good to diſpatch it merrily,
As pull an Arſe like Dogs to't.
1 *Sold.* Any way, ſo it be handſome.
3 *Sold.* I had as lieve 'twere toothſome too: But all agree,
And

And (20) I'll not ſtick out, Boys.
4 *Sold.* Let us hang pleaſantly.
Jud. Then pleaſantly be't: Captain, the truth is,
We had as lieve hang with Meat in our Mouths,
As ask your Pardon empty.
Bon. Theſe are brave Hungers.
What ſay you to a Leg of Beef now, Sirrah?
Jud. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.
Bon. Torment 'em, Wenches, I muſt back; then hang 'em. [*Exit.*
Jud. We humbly thank your Grace.
1 *Daugh.* The Rogues laugh at us.
2 *Daugh.* Sirrah, what think you of a Wench now?
Jud. A Wench, Lady?
I do beſeech your Ladiſhip, retire.
I'll tell ye preſently, ye ſee the time's ſhort;
One craſh, even to the ſettling of my Conſcience.
Nen. Why, is't no more but up, Boys?
Jud. Yes, ride too, Captain,
(21) Will you but ſee my Seat?
1 *Daugh.* Ye ſhall be ſet, Sir,
Upon a Jade ſhall ſhake ye.
Jud. Sheets, good Madam,
Will do it ten times better.
1 *Daugh.* Whips, good Soldier,
Which ye ſhall taſte 'fore ye hang, to mortifie ye;
'Tis pity ye ſhould die thus deſperate. [caps.
2 *Daugh.* Theſe are the merry *Romans*, the brave Mad-
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your Reſolutions.
Bring out the Whips.
Jud. Would your good Ladiſhips
Would exerciſe 'em too.

(20) *I'll not out, Boys.*] Here ſeems to be a Deficiency in the Expreſſion, which by the Inſertion of a Monoſyllable, I hope I have made up.

(21) *Will you but ſee my Seat?*
1 Daugh. *You ſhall be ſet.*] Tho' this is Senſe, yet to make it more agreeable with what follows we perhaps ſhou'd read ſo,

Will you ſee me ſet?
1 Daugh. *You ſhall be ſet.*

4 *Sold.* (22) Securely Ladies,
We'll ſhew you a ſtrange Patience.
Nen. Hang 'em Raſcals,
They'll talk thus on the Wheel.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are theſe Fellows? What's the crime committed,
That they wear Necklaces?
Nen. They're *Roman* Rogues,
Taken a Foraging.
Car. Is that all, *Nennius?*
Jud. Would I were fairly hang'd; this is the Devil,
The kill-cow, *Caratach.*
Car. And you would hang 'em.
Nen. Are they not Enemies?
1 *Sold.* My Breech makes Buttons.
1 *Daugh.* Are they not our Tormentors?
Car. Tormentors? Flea-traps.
Pluck off your Halters, Fellows.
Nen. Take heed, *Caratach,*
Taint not your Wiſdom.
Car. Wiſdom, *Nennius?*
Why, who ſhall fight againſt us, make our Honours,
And give a glorious Day into our Hands,
If we diſpatch our Foes thus? What's their Offence?
Stealing a Loaf or two to keep out Hunger,
A piece of greazie Bacon, or a Pudding?
Do theſe deſerve the Gallows, they are hungry,
Poor hungry Knaves, no meat at home left, ſtarv'd:
Art thou not hungry?
Jud. Monſtrous hungry.
Car. He looks like Hunger's ſelf; get 'em ſome Victuals,
And Wine to cheer their Hearts, quick: Hang up poor Pilchers?
2 *Sold.* This is the braveſt Captain——
Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your Will.

(22) *Surely Ladies,*] The preſent Text is from Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture, which he thinks completes the Senſe, and is a better Word.

Car.

Car. I'll anſwer all, Sir.

2 *Daugh.* Let's up and view his Entertainment of 'em. I am glad they're ſhifted any way, their Tongues elſe Would ſtill have murdered us.

1 *Daugh.* Let's up and ſee it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down poor Knaves: Why where's this Wine and Victuals?
Who waits there?

Serv. within. Sir, 'tis coming.

Hen. Who are theſe, Uncle?

Car. They are *Romans*, Boy.

Hen. Are theſe they
That vex mine Aunt ſo? Can theſe fight? They look
Like empty Scabbards all, no mettle in 'em,
Like Men of Clouts, ſet to keep Crows from Orchards;
Why, I dare fight with theſe.

Car. That's my good Chicken. And how do ye?
How do you feel your Stomachs?

Jud. Wondrous apt, Sir,
As ſhall appear when time calls.

Car. That's well, down with't,
A little Grace will ſerve your turns; eat ſoftly,
You'll choak ye Knaves elſe: Give 'em Wine.

Jud. Not yet, Sir,
We're even a little buſie.

Hen. Can that Fellow
Do any thing but eat? Thou Fellow.

Jud. Away Boy,
Away, this is no Boys Play.

Hen. By——Uncle,
If his Valour lyes in's Teeth, he's the moſt valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear ye talk, Sir.

Hen. Good Uncle, tell me,
What's the Price of a couple of cramm'd *Romans?*

Car. Some twenty *Britains* Boy; theſe are good Soldiers.

Hen. Do not the Cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, Boy.
Come, I'll ſit with you too; ſit down by me, Boy.

Jud.

Jud. Pray bring your Diſh then.
Car. Hearty Knaves; More Meat there.
1 *Sold.* That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now and pledge me.
Jud. This little Piece, Sir.
Car. By——ſquare Eaters,
More Meat I ſay; upon my Conſcience
The poor Rogues have not eat this Month: How terribly
They charge upon their Victuals; dare ye fight thus?
Jud. Believe it, Sir, like Devils.
Car. Well ſaid, Famine,
Here's to thy General.
Jud. Moſt excellent Captain, I will now pledge thee.
Car. And to morrow Night, ſay to him,
His Head is mine.
Jud. I can aſſure ye, Captain,
He will not give it for this waſhing.
Car. Well ſaid. [*Daughters above.*
1 *Daugh.* Here's a ſtrange Entertainment: How the Thieves drink.
2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry, they look'd for colder Liquor.
Car. Fill 'em more Wine, give 'em full Bowls; which of you all now,
In Recompence of this good, dare but give me
A ſound Knock in the Battel?
Jud Delicate Captain,
To do thee a ſufficient Recompence,
I'll knock thy Brains out. *Car.* Do it. [Brains out.
Hen. Thou dar'ſt as well be damn'd: Thou knock his
Thou Skin of Man? Uncle, I will not hear this.
Jud. Tie up your Whelp.
Hen. Thou kill my Uncle?
Would I had but a Sword for thy ſake, thou dry'd Dog.
Car. What a Mettle
This little Vermin carries.
Hen. Kill mine Uncle?
Car. He ſhall not, Child.
Hen. He cannot; he's a Rogue,
An only eating Rogue. Kill my ſweet Uncle?
Oh that I were a Man. *Jud.* By this Wine, which I

Will

Will drink to Captain *Junius*, who loves
The Queen's moſt excellent Majeſty's little Daughter
Moſt ſweetly, and moſt fearfully, I'll do it.
Hen. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great Pin.
Car. No more, Boy.
I'll pledge thy Captain: To ye all good Fellows.
2 *Daugh.* In love with me? That Love ſhall coſt your Lives all:
Come Siſter, and adviſe me; I have here
A way to make an eaſie Conqueſt of 'em,
If Fortune favour me.
Car. Let's ſee ye ſweat
To Morrow, Blood and Spirit, Boys, this Wine
Turn'd to ſtern Valour.
1 *Sold.* Hark ye, *Judas*,
If he ſhould hang us after all this.
Jud. Let him:
I'll hang like a Gentleman, and a *Roman*.
Car. Take away there, they have enough.
Jud. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good Cheer, and if we meet to Morrow,
One of us pays for't.
Car. Get 'em Guides, their Wine
Has over-maſter'd 'em.

Enter ſecond Daughter and a Servant.

2 *Daugh.* That hungry Fellow
With the red Beard there, give it him, and this,
To ſee it well delivered.
Car. Farewel Knaves;
Speak nobly of us, keep your Words to Morrow,

Enter a Guide.

And do ſomething worthy your Meat. Go, guide 'em,
And ſee 'em fairly onward.
Jud. Meaning me, Sir?
Serv. The ſame.
The youngeſt Daughter to the Queen intreats ye
To give this privately to Captain *Junius*,
This for your Pains.

Jud.

Jud. I reſt her humble Servant,
Commend me to thy Lady. Keep your Files, Boys.
Serv. I muſt inſtruct ye farther.
Jud. Keep your Files there.
Order, ſweet Friends; Faces about now. *Guide.* Here, Sir,
Here lyes your way. *Jud.* Bleſs the Founders, I ſay:
Fairly, good Soldiers, fairly march now; cloſe, Boys.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, *and* Macer.

Suet. Bid me be wiſe, and keep me where I am,
And ſo be ſafe; not come, becauſe commanded;
Was it not thus?
Macer. It was, Sir.
Pet. What now think ye?
Suet. *Muſt come*, ſo heinous to him, ſo diſtaſteful?
Pet. Give me my Mony.
Dem. I confeſs 'tis due, Sir,
And preſently I'll pay it.
Suet. His Obedience,
So blind at his Years and Experience,
It cannot find where to be tendred?
Macer. Sir,
The Regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The Captains at all points ſteel'd up; their Preparations
Full of Reſolve, and Confidence: Youth and Fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious Day,
Guilded their *Phalanx*; when the angry *Penius*
Stept like a ſtormy Cloud 'twixt them and hopes.
Suet. And ſtopt their Reſolutions?
Macer. True; his Reaſon
To them was odds, and odds ſo infinite,
Diſcretion durſt not look upon.
Suet. Well *Penius*,
I cannot think thee Coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; thou'ſt lopt a Limb off from me;
And let it be thy Glory, thou waſt ſtubborn;
Thy Wiſdom, that thou left'ſt thy General naked:

Yet

Yet e'er the Sun ſet, I ſhall make thee ſee,
All Valour dwells not in thee; all command
In one Experience. Thou'lt too late repent this,
(23) And wiſh, I muſt come up, had been thy Bleſſing.
Pet. Let's force him.
Suet. No, by no means; he's a Torrent
We cannot eas'ly ſtem.
Pet. I think, a Traitor.
Suet. No ill words; let his own Shame firſt revile him.
That Wine I have, ſee it, *Demetrius*,
Diſtributed amongſt the Soldiers,
To make 'em high and luſty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the Word through, that the Eagles
May preſently advance; no Man diſcover,
Upon his Life, the Enemies full Strength,
But make it of no Value: *Decius*,
Are your ſtarv'd People yet come home?
Dec. I hope ſo.
Suet. Keep 'em in more Obedience: This is no Time
To chide, I could be angry elſe, and ſay more to ye:
But come, let's order all: Whoſe Sword is ſharpeſt,
And Valour equal to his Sword this Day,
Shall be my Saint.
Pet. We ſhall be holy all then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Judas *and his Company.*

Jud. Captain, Captain, I've brought 'em off again;
The drunkenneſt Slaves.
Dec. ——— Confound your Rogueſhips;
I'll call the General, and have ye hang'd all.
Jud. Pray who will you command then?
Dec. For you, Sirrah,
That are the Ring-Leader to theſe Devices,
Whoſe Maw is never cram'd, I'll have an Engine.
Jud. A Wench, ſweet Captain.
Dec. Sweet *Judas*, even the Forks,
Where ye ſhall have two *Lictors* with two Whips
Hammer your Hide.

(23) So the Folio of 1647. The other Copies thus:
And wiſt, *I muſt*, &c.

Jud.

Jud. Captain, good Words, fair Words,
Sweet Words, good Captain; if you like not us,
Farewel, we have Employment.
Dec. Where haſt thou been?
Jud. There where you dare not be with all your Valour.
Dec. Where's that?
Jud. With beſt good Fellow living.
1 *Sold.* The King of all good Fellows.
Dec. Who's that:
Jud. Caratach.
Shake now, and ſay, we have done ſomething worthy,
Mark me, with *Caratach:* By this——*Caratach:*
Do you as much now and you dare: ſweet *Caratach.*
Ye talk of a good Fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old *Caratach:* beſides the drink, Captain,
The braveſt running Banquet of black Puddings,
Pieces of glorious Beef.
Dec. How ſcap'd ye hanging?
Jud. Hanging's a Dog's Death, we are Gentlemen,
And I ſay ſtill, old *Caratach.*
Dec. Belike then,
You are turn'd Rebels all.
Jud. We're *Roman* Boys all,
And Boys of Mettle: I muſt do that, Captain,
This Day, this very Day.
Dec. Away, ye Raſcal.
Jud. Fair words, I ſay again.
Dec. What muſt you do, Sir?
Jud. I muſt do that my Heart-ſtrings yern to do,
But my word's paſt.
Dec. What is it?
Jud. Why, kill *Caratach.*
That's all he ask'd us for our Entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Jud. Would I had ſold myſelf
Unto the Skin I had not promis'd it;
For ſuch another *Caratach* ——
Dec. Come Fool,
Have ye done your Country Service?

Jud.

Jud. I have brought that
To Captain *Junius*.
Dec. How?
Jud. I think will do all:
I cannot tell, I think ſo.
Dec. How? to *Junius?*
I'll more enquire of this: You'll fight now? *Jud.* Promiſe,
Take heed of promiſe, Captain. *Dec.* Away, and rank then.
Jud. But hark ye, Captain, there is Wine diſtributing,
I would fain know what ſhare I have. *Dec.* Be gone,
Ye have too much. *Jud.* Captain, no Wine, no fighting.
There's one call'd *Caratach* that has Wine. *Dec.* Well, Sir,
If you'll be rul'd now, and do well. *Jud.* Do excellent.
Dec. Ye ſhall have Wine, or any thing: go File,
I'll ſee ye have your ſhare: drag out your Dormiſe,
And ſtow 'em ſomewhere, where they may ſleep handſomely,
They'll hear a hunt's-up ſhortly.
Jud. Now I love thee:
But no more Forks nor Whips.
Dec. Deſerve 'em not then:
Up with your Men, I'll meet ye preſently;
And get 'em ſober quickly.
Jud. Arm, arm, Bullies,
All's right again and ſtraight; and which is more,
More Wine, more Wine: Awake ye Men of *Memphis*,
Be ſober and diſcreet, we've much to do, Boys.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. PRepare there for the Sacrifice, the Queen comes.
[*Muſick.*

Enter in Solemnity the Druids *ſinging, the ſecond Daughter ſtrewing Flowers; then* Bonduca, Nennius, *and others.*

Bon. Ye powerful Gods of *Britain*, hear our Prayers;

Hear us you great Revengers, and this Day
Take pity from our Swords, doubt from our Valours;
Double the ſad Remembrance of our Wrongs
In every Breaſt; the Vengeance due to thoſe
Make infinite and endleſs: on our Pikes
This day pale Terror ſit, Horrors and Ruins
Upon our Executions; claps of Thunder
Hang on our armed Carts, and 'fore our Troops
Deſpair and Death; Shame beyond theſe attend 'em.
Riſe from the Duſt, ye Relicks of the Dead,
Whoſe noble Deeds our (24) holy *Druids* ſing;
O riſe, ye valiant Bones, let not baſe Earth

(24) —— *holy* Druids *ſing*;] What I think proper to be ſaid in relation to the *Druides*, I ſhall quote from Mr. *Jones*'s Anſwers to Mr. *Tate*'s Queſtions, in *Vol.* 1. *p.* 187, of a Collection of Mr. *Toland*'s Pieces.

I ſay, that *Druides*, or *Druidæ*, is a Word that is derived from the *Britiſh* Word *Drudion*, being the Name of certain wiſe, diſcreet, learned and religious Perſons among the *Britons*. *Drudion* is the Plural Number of this Primitive Word *Drud*. By adding *ion* to the Singular Number, you make the Plural of it, *ſecundum formam Britannorum*; *ſic Drud*, *Drudion*. This Primitive Word *Drud* has many Significations. One Signification is *Dialwr*, that is a Revenger, or one that redreſſeth Wrong, for ſo the Juſticers call'd *Drudion*, did ſupply the Place of Magiſtrates. Another Signification, *Krewlon*, and that ſignifies Cruel and Mercileſs; for they did execute Juſtice moſt righteouſly, and puniſh'd Offenders moſt ſeverely. *Drud* ſignifies alſo *Gue* and *Prid*, that is, Valiant or Hardy. *Drud* is alſo Dear or Precious, *unde venit Drudanieth*, which is Dearth. Theſe *Drudion*, among the *Britons*, by their Office did determine all kind of Matters, as well private as publick, and were Juſticers as well in religious Matters and Controverſies, as in Law Matters and Controverſies, for Offences of Death and Title of Laws. Theſe did the Sacrifices to the Heathen Gods, and the Sacrifices could not be made without them, and they did forbid Sacrifices to be done by any Man that did not obey their Decree and Sentence. All the Arts, Sciences, Learning, Philoſophy and Divinity that was taught in the Land, was taught by them, and they taught by Memory, and never would that their Knowledge and Learning ſhould be put in Writing: whereby when they were ſuppreſt by the Emperor of *Rome* in the Beginning of Chriſtianity, their Learning, Arts, Laws, Sacrifices, and Governments were loſt and extinguiſh'd here in this Land; ſo that I can find no more mention of any of their Deeds in our Tongue than I have ſet down, but that they dwelled in Rocks and Woods, and dark Places; and ſome Places in our Land had their Names from them, and are called after their Names to this Day.

Oppreſs

Oppreſs your Honours, whilſt the Pride of *Rome*
Treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your Stories.
Nen. (25) Thou great *Tiranes*, whom our ſacred Prieſts,
Armed with dreadful Thunder, (26) place on high
Above the reſt of the immortal Gods,
Send thy conſuming Fires, and deadly Bolts,
And ſhoot 'em home; ſtick in each *Roman* Heart
A fear fit for Confuſion; blaſt their Spirits,
Dwell in 'em to Deſtruction; through their *Phalanx*
Strike, as thou ſtrik'ſt a proud Tree; ſhake their Bodies,
Make their Strengths totter, and their topleſs Fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin.
1 *Daugh.* O thou God,
Thou feared God, if ever to thy Juſtice
Inſulting Wrongs, and Raviſhments of Women,
(Women deriv'd from thee,) (27) the Shames, the Suf-
ferings
Of thoſe that daily fill'd thy Sacrifice
With Virgin Incenſe, have Acceſs, now hear me;
Now ſnatch thy Thunder up, now on theſe *Romans*,
Deſpiſers of thy Power, of us Defacers,
Revenge thyſelf; take to thy killing Anger,
To make thy great Work full, thy Juſtice ſpoken,
An utter rooting from this bleſſed Iſle
Of what *Rome* is or has been.
Bon. Give more Incenſe,
The Gods are deaf and drouſy; no happy Flame
Riſes to raiſe our Thoughts: Pour on.

(25) *Thou great* Tiranes,] Thus wrote our Authors, tho' the Antiquarians of latter Days have not follow'd their Example.

Mr. *Sammes* in his *Britannia Antiqua illuſtrata*, calls this God *Taramis*: *Toland* in his *Remains*, *Taramis* or *Taranis*, but Mr. *Baxter* allows neither the one or the other. *Jupiter Tonans* verò five *Tanarus* Lucano *Taranis* Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitioſum eſſe *Taramis*, Britannorum hodierna lingua clariſſimo eſt argumento, cui *Tonitrua* dicuntur *Taraneu*, ut ſit ſingulari numero *Taran*. Vid. *Gloſſar. Antiq. Britannic. in voc. Tanarus*. From ſo great a choice of Names as I have here ſerv'd up, the Reader may take which pleaſes him beſt.

(26) —— *place on high*] So the Edition of 1647, the reſt *plac'd*.

(27) —— *their Shames*,] The reaſon why Mr. *Seward* and myſelf have receded from the old Reading in this Place, is too obvious to be mention'd.

2 *Daugh.* See Heav'n,
And all you Pow'rs that guide us, ſee, and ſhame,
(28) We kneel ſo long for pity: Over your Altars
(Since 'tis no light Oblation that you look for,
No Incenſe Offering,) will I hang mine Eyes;
And as I wear theſe Stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your Pow'rs into Compaſſion.
This Tear for *Proſutagus* my brave Father;
(Ye Gods now think on *Rome*;) this for my Mother,
And all her Miſeries; yet ſee, and ſave us;
But now ye muſt be open-ey'd. See, Heav'n,
Oh ſee thy Show'rs ſtol'n from thee; our Diſhonours,
[*A Smoke from the Altar.*
Oh Siſter, our Diſhonours: Can ye be Gods,
And theſe Sins ſmother'd?

Bon. The Fire takes.

Car. It does ſo,
But no Flame riſes. Ceaſe your fearful Prayers,
Your Whinings, and your tame Petitions;
The Gods love Courage arm'd with Confidence,
And Prayers fit to pull them down: weak Tears
And troubled Hearts, the dull Twins of cold Spirits,
They ſit and ſmile at. Hear how I ſalute 'em:
(29) Divine *Andraſta*, thou who hold'ſt the Reins
Of furious Battels, and diſorder'd War,
And proudly row'ſt thy ſwarty Charriot-wheels
Over the heaps of Wounds and Carcaſſes,
Sailing through Seas of Blood; thou ſure-ſteel'd Sternneſs,
Give us this Day good Hearts, good Enemies,
Good Blows o' both ſides, Wounds that Fear or Flight
Can claim no Share in; ſteel us both with Angers

(28) *We kneel ſo long for pity over your Altars;*
Since 'tis no light Oblation that you look for,
No Incenſe Off'ring, will I hang my Eyes;] This pointing renders the Senſe greatly confus'd; the true one I take to be that of the Text.

(29) *Divine* Andate,] The real Name of this Goddeſs, ſays Mr. *Baxter* from *Xiphilin*, is not *Andate* but *Andraſta*; and ſo I have ventur'd to alter the Text.

And

And warlike Executions fit thy viewing;
Let *Rome* put on her beſt ſtrength, and thy *Britain*,
Thy little *Britain*, but as great in Fortune,
Meet her as ſtrong as ſhe, as proud, as daring;
And then look on, (30) thou Red-ey'd God: who does beſt,
Reward with honour; who Deſpair makes fly.
Unarm for ever, and brand with Infamy:
Grant this, divine *Andraſta*, 'tis but Juſtice;
And my firſt blow thus on thy holy Altar [*A flame ariſes.*
I Sacrifice unto thee.

Bon. It flames out. [*Muſick.*

Car. Now ſing, ye *Druids*. [*Song.*

Bon. It is out again. [more,

Car. (31) Sh'as giv'n us leave to fight yet; we ask no
The reſt hangs in our Reſolutions:
Tempt her no more.

Bon. I would know farther, Couſin.

Car. Her hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our Valours are our beſt Gods. Chear the Soldier,
And let him eat. *Meſ.* He's at it, Sir.

Car. Away then;
When he has done, let's March. Come, fear not, Lady,
This day the *Roman* gains no more ground here,
But what his Body lies in.

Bon. Now I'm confident. [*Exeunt. Recorders.*

SCENE II.

Enter Junius, Curius, *and* Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beſide our Lives,
It forfeits all our Underſtandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forſake me in ſo juſt a Service,
A Service for the Common-wealth, for Honour?

(30) —— *thou Red-ey'd God:*] As the *Greeks uſe* Θεὸς, and the *Latins Deus*, both for God and Goddeſs; ſo our Poets here have taken the ſame Liberty, and call *Andraſta Red-ey'd God*, though ſhe was really a Goddeſs.

(31) Thus Mr. *Theobald* reads in his Margin: The old Reading is *H'has*.

Read but the Letter; you may love too.
Dec. Read it;
If there be any ſafety in the Circumſtance,
Or likelihood 'tis Love, we will not fail ye.
Read it, good *Curius*.
Cur. Willingly. *Jun.* Now mark it.
Cur. reads. Health to thy Heart, my honoured *Junius*,
And all thy Love requited: I am thine,
Thine everlaſtingly, thy Love has won me,
And let it breed no doubt; our new Acquaintance
Compels this, 'tis the Gods decree to bleſs us.
The Times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not;
By all the Love thou bear'ſt me I conjure thee,
Without diſtruſt of danger, to come to me;
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of myſelf and Fortune this bleſt Day
Into thy Hands, if thou think'ſt good: To ſhew thee
How infinite my Love is, ev'n my Mother
Shall be thy Priſoner, the Day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your Danger like a Lover,
A juſt affecter of thy Faith: Thy Goodneſs,
I know, will uſe us nobly; and our Marriage,
If not redeem, yet leſſen *Rome*'s Ambition.
I'm weary of theſe Mis'ries: Uſe my Mother,
(If you intend to take her) with all Honour,
And let this Diſobedience to my Parents
Be laid on Love, not me. Bring with thee, *Junius*,
Spirits reſolv'd to fetch me off, the nobleſt,
Forty will ſerve the turn; juſt at the joining
Of both the Battels, we'll be weakly guarded;
And for a Guide, within this Hour ſhall reach thee
A faithful Friend of mine: The Gods, my *Junius*,
Keep thee, and me to ſerve thee; young *Bonvica*.
Cur. This Letter carries much Belief, (32) and moſt
Objections anſwer'd, we muſt have doubted.

(32) ——— *and moſt Objections*
Anſwer'd, we muſt have doubted.] This is not Grammar, without being made an imperfect Sentence: But I believe the Original run thus,
——— *and thoſe Objections*
Anſwers, we muſt have doubted.

Dec.

Dec. Is that Fellow come to ye for a Guide yet?
Jun. Yes. *Dec.* And examin'd?
Jun. Far more than that, he has felt Tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this Truth.
Dec. Strange.
Cur. If ſhe mean what ſhe writes, as't may be probable,
'Twill be the happieſt vantage we can lean to.
Jun. I'll pawn my Soul ſhe means Truth.
Dec. Think an Hour more,
Then if your Confidence grow ſtronger on ye,
We'll ſet in with ye. *Jun.* Nobly done, I thank ye:
Ye know the time. *Cur.* We will be either ready
To give ye preſent Counſel, or join with ye.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, *and* Macer.

Jun. No more, as ye are Gentlemen. The Gen'ral.
Suet. Draw out apace, the Enemy waits for us;
Are ye all ready?
Jun. All our Troops attend, Sir.
Suet. I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo, *Junius*,
I hope you're diſpoſſeſt.
Jun. I hope ſo too, Sir?
Suet. Continue ſo. And Gentlemen, to you now;
To bid you fight is needleſs, ye are *Romans*,
The Name will fight itſelf; to tell ye who
You go to fight againſt, his Power, and Nature,
But loſs of time; (33) Ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it ſo. To tell ye farther,
His Body ſhows more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears, leſs poſſible to deal with,
Is but to ſtick more Honour on your Actions,

Or
——— *and thoſe*
Objections anſwers, which we muſt have doubted.
The Former makes the following Verſes moſt compleat.
T. Seward.

(33) ——yet *know it*,] Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Seward* and myſelf, all concurr'd in this ſlight Alteration of the Text: Not that I ſhould have taken notice of ſo ſmall a Matter, but out of a Deſire that the World ſhould know the very minuteſt thing that Mr. *Theobald* had done in his intended Edition of our Authors.

Load ye with virtuous Names, and to your Memories
Tye never-dying Time, and Fortune conſtant.
Go on in full aſſurance, draw your Swords
As daring and as confident as Juſtice;
The Gods of *Rome* fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topleſs *Apenine*, and blows
To all the under World, all Nations, [dwells;
The Seas, and unfrequented Deſarts, where the Snow
Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, and there
Where nothing but eternal Death and Sleep is,
Informs again the dead Bones. With your Virtues,
Go on, I ſay: Valiant and Wiſe, rule Heav'n,
And all the great aſpects attend 'em. Do but blow
Upon this Enemy, who, but that we want Foes,
Cannot deſerve that Name; and like a Miſt,
A lazy Fog, before your burning Valours
You'll find him fly to nothing; this is all,
We've Swords, and are the Sons of antient *Romans*,
Heirs to their endleſs Valours, fight and Conquer.

Dec. Dem. It is done.

Pet. That Man that loves not this Day,
And hugs not in his Arms the noble Danger,
May he die fameleſs and forgot. *Suet.* Sufficient,
Up to your Troops, and let your Drums beat Thunder,
March cloſe, and ſudden like a Tempeſt: All Executions [*March.*
Done without ſparkling of the Body; keep your Phalanx
Sure lin'd, and piec'd together, your Pikes forward,
And ſo march like a moving Fort; e'er this Day run,
We ſhall have ground to add to *Rome*, well won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Caratach *and* Nennius.

Nen. The *Roman* is advanc'd; from yond' Hills brow
We may behold him, *Caratach.* [*A March.*

Car. Let's thither, [*Drums within at one place afar off.*
I ſee the Duſt fly. Now I ſee the Body,
Obſerve 'em, *Nennius*, by——— a handſome Body,
And

And of a few, ſtrongly and wiſely jointed:
Suetonius is a Soldier. *Nen.* As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the Regiments,
Viewing their Preparations. *Car.* Very likely,
He ſhews no leſs than General; ſee how bravely
The Body moves, and in the Head how proudly
The Captains ſtick like Plumes; he comes apace on;
Good *Nennius* go, and bid my ſtout Lieutenant
Bring on the firſt ſquare Body to oppoſe 'em,
And as he Charges, open to incloſe 'em;
The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their Backs, in which I'll lead the Vanguard.
We ſhall have bloody Crowns this Day, I ſee by't;
Haſte thee good *Nennius*, I'll follow inſtantly.
[*Exit* Nennius.
How cloſe they march, as if they grew together? [*March.*
No place but lin'd alike, ſure from Oppreſſion;
They will not change this Figure; we muſt charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both Ends, Van and Rear.
[*Drums in another place afar off.*
They'll never totter elſe. I hear our Muſick,
And muſt attend it: Hold good Sword, but this Day,
And bite hard where I hound thee, and hereafter
I'll make a Relick of thee, for young Soldiers
To come like Pilgrims to, and kiſs for Conqueſts. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Junius, Curius, *and* Decius.

Jun. Now is the time, the Fellow ſtays. *Dec.* What think ye?

Cur. I think 'tis true. *Jun.* Alas, if 'twere a Queſtion,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
D'ye think mine own Diſcretion ſo ſelf-blind,
My care of you ſo naked, to run headlong?

Dec. Let's take *Petilius* with us. *Jun.* By no means:
He's never wiſe but to himſelf, not courteous,
But where the end's his own; we're ſtrong enough,
If not too many. Behind yonder Hill
The Fellow tells me ſhe attends, weak guarded,

Her

Her Mother and her Sister. *Cur.* I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five Blows for't; weigh the good,
The general good may come. *Dec.* Away, I'll with ye,
But with what doubt? *Jun.* Fear not, my Soul for all.
[*Exeunt.*

[*Alarms, Drums and Trumpets in several Places afar off, as at a main Battel.*

SCENE V.

Enter Drusus *and* Penius *above.*

Dru. Here ye may see 'em all, Sir; from this Hill
The Country shews off level. *Pen.* Gods defend me,
What Multitudes they are, what Infinites?
The *Roman* Power shews like a (34) little Star
Hedg'd with a double Halo. Now the Knell Rings,
[*Loud Shouts.*
Hark how they shout to th' Battel, how the Air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, *Drusus*,
With the huge vollied Clamours.
Dru. Now they charge,
Oh Gods, of all sides, fearfully.
Pen. Little *Rome.*
Stand but this growing *Hydra* one short Hour,
And thou hast out-done *Hercules.* *Dru.* The Dust
Hides 'em, we cannot see what follows. *Pen.* They're gone,
Gone, swallow'd, *Drusus*, this eternal Sun
Shall never see 'em march more.
Dru. O turn this way,
And see a Model of the Field, some forty,
Against four hundred.
Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd;
O nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too: *Drusus*,

(34) —— *little Star*
Hedg'd with a double Hollow.] Thus the Octavo of 1711: The Folio of 1679 has *Hollo*, that of 1647 *Halloa*; which last lead me to conjecture the real Word was *Halo*, a well known Term in Astronomy, and to my great Pleasure I found afterward, Mr. *Theobald* had plac'd this very Correction in his Margin.

They

They ſeem to carry it ; now they charge all, [*Loud Shouts.*
Cloſe, cloſe, I ſay ; they follow it : Ye Gods,
Can there be more in Men ? More daring Spirits ?
Still they make good their Fortunes. Now they're gone too,
For ever gone ; ſee *Druſus* at their Backs
A fearful Ambuſh riſes. Farewel Valours,
Excellent Valours : O *Rome*, where's thy Wiſdom ?
Dru. They're gone indeed, Sir.
Pen. Look out toward the Army,
I'm heavy with theſe Slaughters. *Dru.* 'Tis the ſame ſtill,
Cover'd with Duſt and Fury.

Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius, *and Soldiers.*

2 *Daugh.* Bring 'em in,
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em. 1 *Daugh.* Valiant *Romans*,
Ye are welcome to your Loves. 2 *Daugh.* Your Deaths, Fools.
Dec. We deſerve 'em, and Women do your worſt.
1 *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.
2 *Daugh.* Which is kind *Junius ? Ser.* This.
2 *Daugh.* Are you my Sweet-heart ?
It looks ill on't ; how long is't, pretty Soul,
Since you and I firſt lov'd ? Had we not reaſon
To doat extreamly upon one another ?
How does my Love ? This is not he ; my Chicken
Could prate finely, ſing a Love-ſong. *Jun.* Monſter-----
2 *Daugh.* Oh, now it Courts.
Jun. Arm'd with more Malice
Than he that got thee has, the Devil. 2 *Daugh.* Good.
Proceed, ſweet Chick. *Jun.* I hate thee, that's my laſt.
2 *Daugh.* Nay, and ye love me, forward: No ? Come Siſter,
Let's prick our Anſwers on our Arrows Points,
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd Leachers,
Ye proud improvident Fools, have we now caught ye ?
Are ye i'th' Nooſe ? Since ye're ſuch loving Creatures,
We'll be your *Cupids :* Do ye ſee theſe Arrows ?
We'll ſend them to your wanton Livers, Goats.

1 *Daugh.*

1 *Daugh.* O how I'll trample on your Hearts, ye Villains,
Ambitious ſalt-itch Slaves: *Rome*'s maſter Sins,
The mountain Rams topt your hot Mothers.

2 *Daugh.* Dogs,
To whoſe brave Founders a ſalt Whore gave ſuck;
Thieves, Honour's Hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my (35) fell-anger, [*Enter* Caratach.
I do not out-do all Example.

Car. Where,
Where are theſe Ladies? Ye keep noble Quarter,
Your Mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her Battel. Sure theſe Faces
I have beheld and known, they're *Roman* Leaders,
How came they here?

2 *Daugh.* A trick, Sir, that we us'd,
A certain Policy conducted 'em
Unto our Snare: We've done ye no ſmall ſervice;
Theſe us'd as we intend, we are for th' Battel.

Car. As you intend? Taken by Treachery?

1 *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?

Car. Thoſe that ſhould gild our Conqueſt,
Make up a Battel worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by Craft?

2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

Car. A Woman's Wiſdom in our Triumphs? Out,
Out ye Sluts, ye Follies; from our Swords
Filch our Revenges baſely? Arm again, Gentlemen:
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2 *Daugh.* By ——— Uncle,
We will have Vengeance for our Rapes.

Car. By——— [there.
You ſhould have kept your Legs cloſe then: Diſpatch

1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus.

Car. He that ſtirs to Execute,

(35) ——— *my* ſelf-*anger*,] *Fell*, as I have corrected the Text, and as Mr. *Seward* likewiſe reads, is undoubtedly the genuine Lection: 'Tis, as he farther obſerves, an Epithet the Poets uſe a little lower, in the fine Deſcription of Deſtruction.

——— *fell Deſtruction*
Laſhes his fiery Horſe.

Or

Or ſhe, though't be yourſelves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine Anger; one great Day given us,
Not to be ſnatch'd out of our Hands but baſely;
And we muſt ſhame the Gods from whence we have it,
With ſetting Snares for Soldiers? I'll run away firſt,
Be hooted at, and Children call me Coward,
Before I ſet up (36) Stales for Victories: [the Women
Give 'em their Swords. 2 *Daugh.* O Gods. *Car.* Bear off
Unto their Mother. 2 *Daugh.* One Shot, gentle Uncle.
Car. One cut her Fiddle-ſtring: Bear 'em off, I ſay.
1 *Daugh.* The——— take this Fortune.
Car. Learn to Spin,
And curſe your knotted Hemp: Go Gentlemen,
[*Exeunt Daughters.*
Safely go off, up to your Troops; be wiſer,
There thank me like tall Soldiers: I ſhall ſeek ye.
[*Exit* Caratach.
Cur. A noble worth. *Dec.* Well *Junius.*
Jun. Pray ye no more.
Cur. He bluſhes, do not load him.
Dec. Where's your Love now? [*Drums loud again.*
Jun. Puff, there it flies: Come, let's redeem our Follies.
[*Exeunt* Junius, Curius *and* Decius.
Dru. Awake, Sir; yet the *Roman* Body's whole,
I ſee 'em clear again. *Pen.* Whole? 'tis not poſſible;
Druſus, they muſt be loſt. *Dru.* By——they're whole, Sir,
And in brave doing; ſee they wheel about
To gain more Ground.
Pen. But ſee there, *Druſus*, ſee,
See that huge Battel moving from the Mountains,
Their gilt Coats ſhine like Dragons Scales, their March
Like a rough tumbling Storm; ſee them, and view 'em,

(36) ——*ſet up* Scales *for Victories*:] This Reading has neither Senſe nor Meaning, as muſt be obvious to every careful Reader. *Stales* as I have alter'd the Text, bids faireſt for the Authors Reading: And in Confirmation of this Correction I muſt add, that the ſame Expreſſion occurs in *Wild-goose Chace*, Act 3.

Lil. Biancha ſays to *Pinac.*
I will not ſay, I owe y'a Quarrel, Monſieur,
For making me your Stale.

Mr. *Seward* too ſent me this very Correction.

And

And then ſee *Rome* no more; ſay they fail, look,
Look where the armed Carts ſtand; a new Army.
Look how they hang like falling Rocks, as murdering
Death rides in Triumph, *Druſus:* Fell Deſtruction
Laſhes his fiery Horſe, and round about him
His many thouſand ways to let out Souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the Mountain
Melts under their hot Wheels, and from their Ax'trees
Huge Claps of Thunder plough the Ground before 'em,
'Till then I'll dream what *Rome* was.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, *and* Macer.

Suet. O bravely fought; Honour 'till now (37) ne'er ſhow'd
Her golden Face i'th' Field. Like Lions, Gentlemen,
You've held your Heads up this Day. Where's young *Junius*,
Curius and *Decius? Pet.* Gone to Heav'n, I think, Sir.

Suet. Their Worths go with 'em: Breath awhile: How do ye?

Pet. Well, (38) ſome few ſcurvy Wounds, my Heart's whole yet.

Dem. Would they would give us more Ground.

Suet. Give? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it? and hold it too, deſpight o'th' Devil.

Enter Junius, Decius *and* Curius.

Jun. (39) Lead up to th' Head, and Line ſure; the Queen's Battel

(37) ——— *ne'er ſhow'd*
Her golden Fate *i'th' Field.*] Mr. *Seward* join'd with me in the preſent Reading, the bare Mention of which carries its own Conviction with it, and requires no farther Elucidation or Confirmation.

(38) — *ſome few ſcurvy Wounds,*] I can't help thinking, but ſomething is wanting to compleat the Senſe: I would propoſe inſerting the Word *except* after *Wounds*, thus,
Well, ſome few ſcurvy Wounds except, my Heart's whole yet.

(39) *Lead up to th' Head and Line; ſure the Queen's,* &c.] Mr. *Seward* propos'd once to read thus,
Lead up to th' Head and Line, Sirs; the Queen's, &c.
which is ingenious; but not acquieſcing in this Variation, he only alters with me the Punctuation, as in the preſent Text, which gives compleat Senſe, without any Correction at all.

Begins

Begins to charge like Wild-fire. Where's the General?
Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come my brave Soldiers,
Come, let me pour *Rome*'s Bleſſing on ye; live,
Live, and lead Armies all: Ye bleed hard. *Jun.* Beſt:
We ſhall appear the ſterner to the Foe.
Dec. More Wounds, more Honour.
Pet. Loſe no time. *Suet.* Away then,
And ſtand this Shock, and ye have ſtood the World.
Pet. We'll grow to't. Is not this better than lowſie loving?
Jun. I am myſelf, *Petillius.*
Pet. (40) 'Tis now I love thee. [*Exeunt* Romans.

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, *Daughters and* Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i'th' Flanks: O ye have plaid the Fool,
The Fool extremely, the mad Fool. *Bon.* Why Couſin?
Car. The Woman Fool. Why did you give the Word
Unto the Carts to charge down, and our People
In groſs before the Enemy? We pay for't,
Our own Swords cut our Throats: Why? —— on't;
Why do you offer to command? The Devil,
The Devil, and his Dam too; who bid you
Meddle in Mens Affairs?
Bon. I'll help all. *Car.* Home, [*Exeunt Queen, &c.*
Home and ſpin, Woman, ſpin, go ſpin, ye trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruin'd. How, [*Shouts within.*
Now comes the Tempeſt on ourſelves, by——
[*Victoria within.*
O Woman, ſcurvy Woman, beaſtly Woman. [*Exeunt.*
Dru. Victoria, Victoria. Pen. How's that, *Druſus?*
Dru. They win, they win, they win; oh look, look, look, Sir,
For Heav'n's ſake look, the *Britains* fly, the *Britains* fly.
Victoria.

Enter Suetonius, *Soldiers and Captains.*

Suet. Soft, ſoft, purſue it ſoft; excellent Soldiers,

(40) *'Tis I love thee.*] So the former Copies. Mr. *Seward* and myſelf agreed in filling up the Deficiency of the Senſe by the Inſertion of *now* into the preſent Text.

Cloſe

Close, my brave Fellows, honourable *Romans*:
Oh cool thy Mettle, *Junius*, they are ours,
The World cannot redeem 'em; stern *Petillius*,
Govern the Conquest nobly. Soft, good Soldiers.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bonduca, *Daughters and* Britains.

Bon. Shame, whither flie ye, ye unlucky *Britains?*
Will ye creep into your Mothers Wombs again? Back Cowards.
Hares, fearful Hares, Doves in your Angers; leave me?
Leave your Queen desolate? her hapless Children,

Enter Caratach *and* Hengo.

To *Roman* Rape again, and Fury?
Car. Fly, ye Buzzards,
Ye've Wings enough, ye fear; get thee gone Woman,
[*Loud Shout within.*
Shame tread upon thy Heels; all's lost, all's lost; hark,
Hark how the *Romans* ring our Knells. [*Exit* Bond. *&c.*
Hen. Good Uncle,
Let me go too. *Car.* No Boy, (40) thy Fortune's mine,
I must not leave thee; get behind me; shake not,

Enter Petillius, Junius, *and* Decius.

I'll breech ye, if ye do, Boy: Come, brave *Romans*,
All is not lost yet.
Jun. Now I'll thank thee, *Caratach.* [*Fight. Drums.*
Car. Thou art a Soldier; strike home, home, have at ye.
Pen. His Blows fall like huge Sledges on an Anvil.
Dec. I'm weary. *Pet.* So am I.
Car. Send more Swords to me.
Jun. Let's sit and rest. [*Sit down.*
Dru. What think ye now? *Pen.* O *Drusus*,
I've lost mine Honour, lost my Name, lost all
That was my Light: These are true *Romans*, and I
A *Britain* Coward, a base Coward; guide me

(41) —— *the Fortune's mine,*] So the other Copies. Mr. *Seward* agreed with me in correcting the Place, as I have done, in this present Edition.

Where

Where nothing is but Desolation,
That I may never more behold the Face
Of Man, or Mankind know me: O blind Fortune,
Hast thou abus'd me thus?

Dru. Good Sir, be comforted;
It was your Wisdom rul'd ye; pray ye go home,
Your Day is yet to come, when this great Fortune
Shall be but Foil unto it. [*Retreat.*

Pen. Fool, Fool, Coward. [*Exe.* Penius *and* Drusus.

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, *Soldiers, Drum and Colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in: Well have you fought, and worthy
Rome's noble Recompence. Look to your Wounds,
The Ground is cold and hurtful: The proud Queen
Has got a Fort, and there she and her Daughters
Defie us once again. To-morrow Morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know, our Fortunes
Stop not at stubborn Walls: Come, Sons of Honour,
True Virtue's Heirs; thus hatch'd with *Britain* Blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in Gules like Suns,
Beat a soft March, and each one ease his Neighbours.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius *singing.*

Pet. *SMOOTH was his Cheek,*
Dec. *And his Chin it was sleek,*
Jun. *With whoop, he has done wooing.*
Dem. Junius *was this Captain's Name,*
A Lad for a Lasses viewing.
Pet. *Full black his Eye, and plump his Thigh,*
Dec. *Made up for Love's pursuing:*
Dem. *Smooth was his Cheek,*
Pet. *And his Chin it was sleek.*
Jun. *With whoop, he has done wooing.*

Pet. O my vex'd Thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy Brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as Bells.
Pet. Thy Back-Worm
Quiet, and cast his Sting, Boy?
Jun. Dead, *Petillius*,
Dead to all Folly, and now my Anger only.
Pet. Why, that's well said; hang *Cupid* and his Quiver,
A drunken brawling Boy: Thy honour'd Saint
Be thy ten Shillings, *Junius*; there's the Mony,
And there's the Ware: Square dealing: This but sweats thee
(42) Like a Nesh Nag, and makes thee look pin-buttock'd;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a Pig in a Storm, fills thy Brains full of Madness,
And shews thee like a long *Lent*, thy brave Body
Turn'd to a Tail of green Fish without Butter.
Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good Cup of Wine,
A Mistress for a King, she leaps to kiss thee,
Her Red and White's her own; she makes good Blood,
Takes none away: What she heats Sleep can help,
Without a groping Surgeon.
Jun. I am counsel'd,
And henceforth, when I doat again, — *Dem.* Take heed,
Y'had almost paid for't.
Pet. Love no more great Ladies,
Thou can'st not step amiss then; there's no delight in 'em:
All's in the whistling of their snatcht up Silks,
They're only made for handsome View, not handling,
Their Bodies of so weak and wash a Temper,
A rough-pac'd Bed will shake 'em all to pieces:
A tough Hen pulls their Teeth out, tires their Souls;
Plenæ rimarum sunt, they're full of Rennet,
And take the Skin off where they're tasted: Shun 'em,
They live in Culisses like rotten Cocks
Stew'd to a Tenderness, that holds no tack:
Give me a thing I may crush.

(42) *Like a Nesh Nag,*] *Nesh*, i. e. *tender, delicate*, from the *A. S.* Nesc, *mollis, delicatus.*

Jun.

Jun. Thou ſpeak'ſt truly:
The Wars ſhall be my Miſtreſs now.
Pet. Well choſen,
For ſhe's a bouncing Laſs, ſhe'll kiſs thee at Night, Boy,
And break thy Pate i'th' Morning. *Jun.* Yeſterday
I found thoſe Favours infinite. *Dem.* Wench good enough,
But that ſhe talks too loud. *Pet.* She talks to th' Purpoſe,
Which never Woman did yet: She'll hold grapling,
And he that lays on beſt, is her beſt Servant:
All other Loves are meer catching of Dotrels,
Stretching of Legs out only, and trim Lazineſs.
Here comes the General.

Enter Suetonius, Curius, *and* Macer.

Suet. I'm glad I've found ye:
Are thoſe come in yet that purſu'd bold *Caratach?*
Pet. Not yet, Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haſte *Petillius*, haſte to *Penius*,
I fear the ſtrong Conceit of what Diſgrace
H'as pull'd upon himſelf, will be his Ruin:
I fear his Soldiers Fury too; haſte preſently,
I would not loſe him for all *Britain.* Give him, *Petillius*—
Pet. That that ſhall choak him. [*Aſide.*
Suet. All the noble Counſel,
His Fault forgiven too, his Place, his Honour.
Pet. (43) For me, I think, as handſome.
Suet. All the Comfort,
And tell the Soldier, 'twas on our Command
He drew not to the Battel. *Pet.* I conceive, Sir,
And will do that ſhall cure all. *Suet.* Bring him with ye
Before the Queen's Fort, and his Forces with him,
There you ſhall find us following of our Conqueſt:
Make haſte. *Pet.* The beſt I may. [*Exit.*

(43) *For me, I think*, &c.] This ſeems very obſcure, but I believe *Petillius* means that *Penius*'s Place and Honour would be as handſome for him as *Penius*, who by his Diſobedience deſerv'd to forfeit them. This ſeems to be the Key to *Petillius*'s whole Behaviour afterwards. *T. Seward.*

Suet. And noble Gentlemen,
Up to your Companies; we'll presently
Upon the Queen's Pursuit; there's nothing done
'Till she be seiz'd; without her nothing won.
[*Exeunt. Short Flourish.*

SCENE II.

Enter Caratach *and* Hengo.

Car. How does my Boy?
Hen. I would do well, my Heart's well;
I do not fear. *Car.* My good Boy.
Hen. I know, Uncle,
We must all die; my little Brother dy'd,
I saw him die, and he dy'd smiling; sure
There's no great pain in't, Uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we're dead?
Car. Strange questions:
Why, to the blessed'st place, Boy; ever Sweetness
And Happiness dwells there. *Hen.* Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet Boy.
Hen. Mine Aunt too, and my Cousins?
Car. All, my good Child.
Hen. No *Romans*, Uncle. *Car.* No, Boy.
Hen. I should be loath to meet them there.
Car. No ill Men,
That live by Violence, and strong Oppression,
Come thither: 'tis for those the Gods love, good Men.
Hen. Why then I care not when I go, for surely
I am perswaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, Uncle, (44) nor transgress'd my Parents;
I always said my Prayers. *Car.* Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt. *Hen.* When they please. *Car.* That's
my good Boy.

(44) —— *transgress'd my Parents*;] The Sense here is clear, tho' the Phrase be unusual: However we find it occur again in *Women pleas'd*, Act 3. Sc. 1. *Belvidere* says to her Mother the Duchess of *Florence*,

——— *You are too Royal to me,*
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you.

Art

Art thou not weary, *Hengo?* *Hen.* Weary, Uncle?
I've heard you ſay you've march'd all day in Armour.
Car. I have, Boy.
Hen. Am not I your Kinſman? *Car.* Yes.
Hen. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In thoſe brave things, as Blood?
Car. Thou art too tender. [me.
Hen. To go upon my Legs? they were made to bear
I can play twenty Mile a Day, I ſee no reaſon,
But to preſerve my Country and myſelf,
I ſhould march forty. *Car.* What wouldſt thou be living
To wear a Man's ſtrength? *Hen.* Why a *Caratach*,
A *Roman*-hater, a Scourge ſent from Heav'n [*Drum.*
To whip theſe proud Thieves from our Kingdom. Hark,
Hark, Uncle, hark, I hear a Drum.

Enter Judas *and his People to the Door.*

Jud. Beat ſoftly,
Softly, I ſay; they're here: who dare charge?
1 *Sold.* He
That dares be knock'd o'th'Head: I'll not come near him.
Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he ſtares!
H'as Eyes would kill a Dragon: Mark the Boy well;
If we could take or kill him. A——— on ye,
How fierce ye look? See how he broods the Boy;
The Devil dwells in's Scabbard. Back, I ſay,
Apace, apace, h'as found us. [*They retire.*
Car. Do ye hunt us?
Hen. Uncle, good Uncle ſee, the thin ſtarv'd Raſcal,
The eating *Roman*, ſee where he thrids the Thickets:
Kill him, dear Uncle, kill him; one good blow
To knock his Brains into his Breech: ſtrike's Head off,
That I may piſs in's Face. *Car.* Do ye make us Foxes?
Here, hold my Charging-ſtaff, and keep the place, Boy.
I am at Bay, and like a Bull I'll bear me. [pays 'em;
Stand, ſtand, ye Rogues, ye Squirrels. *Hen.* Now he
O that I had a Man's ſtrength. [*Exit.*

Enter Judas, *&c.*
Jud. Here's the Boy;

Mine own, I thank my Fortune. *Hen.* Uncle, Uncle,
Famine is faln upon me, Uncle. *Jud.* Come, Sir,
Yield willingly, your Uncle's out of hearing,
I'll tickle your young Tail elſe. *Hen.* I defie thee,
Thou mock-made Man of Mat; charge home Sirrah:
Hang thee, baſe Slave, thou ſhak'ſt.
Jud. Upon my Conſcience
The Boy will beat me; how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the Worm is, a ſcab'd Boy
To handle me thus? yield, or I cut thy Head off.
Hen. Thou dar'ſt not cut my Finger, here 'tis, touch it.
Jud. The Boy ſpeaks Sword and Buckler; prithee yield, Boy;
Come, here's an Apple, yield.
Hen. By—— he fears me.
I'll give you ſharper Language: When, ye Coward,
When come ye up? *Jud.* If he ſhould beat me——
Hen. When, Sir?
I long to kill thee; come, thou canſt not ſcape me:
I've twenty ways to charge thee; twenty deaths
Attend my bloody Staff.
Jud. Sure 'tis the Devil, a Dwarf Devil in a Doublet.
Hen. I've kill'd a Captain, Sirrah, a brave Captain,
And when I've done, I've kick'd him thus. Look here,
See how I charge this Staff. *Jud.* moſt certain this Boy
Will cut my Throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee, he kills us.
2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes.
Jud. The Devil take the hindmoſt. [Rogues.
Hen. Run, run, ye Rogues, ye precious Rogues, ye rank
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes: that's he, Boys.
What a brave cry they make?

Enter Caratach *with a Head.*

Car. How does my Chicken?
Hen. 'Faith, Uncle, grown a Soldier, a great Soldier;
For by the virtue of your Charging-ſtaff,
And a ſtrange fighting Face I put upon't,
I've out-brav'd Hunger. *Car.*

Car. That's my Boy, my ſweet Boy,
Here, here's a *Roman*'s Head for thee.
Hen. Good Proviſion.
Before I ſtarve, my ſweet-fac'd Gentleman,
I'll try your favour.
Car. A right compleat Soldier.
Come, Chicken, let's go ſeek ſome place of Strength
(The Country's full of Scouts) to reſt a while in,
Thou wilt not elſe be able to endure
The Journey to my Country; Fruits and Water,
Muſt be your Food a while, Boy. *Hen.* Any thing;
I can eat Moſs, (45) nay, I can live on Anger,
To vex theſe *Romans*. Let's be wary, Uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come chearfully.
Hen. And boldly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Penius, Druſus, *and* Regulus.

Reg. The Soldier ſhall not grieve ye.
Pen. Pray ye forſake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your Honours:
I am ſo cold a Coward, my infection [tain.
Will choak your Virtues like a damp elſe. *Dru.* Dear Cap-
Reg. Moſt honour'd Sir. *Pen.* Moſt hated, moſt abhor'd;
Say ſo, and then ye know me, nay, ye pleaſe me.
O my dear Credit, my dear Credit. *Reg.* Sure
His Mind is dangerous. *Dru.* The good Gods cure it.
Pen. My Honour got through fire, through ſtubborn breaches,
Through Battels that have been as hard to win as Heav'n,
Through Death himſelf, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, Gentlemen,
And now I'm left to ſcornful Tales and Laughters,

(45) —— *I can live on Anger,*] I had ſupply'd the Meaſure before I ſaw the Folio of 1647, which exhibits the Text as I have given it.

To hootings at, pointing with Fingers, That's he,
That's the brave Gentleman forſook the Battel,
The moſt wiſe *Penius*, the diſputing Coward.
O my good Sword, break from my ſide, and kill me;
Cut out the Coward from my Heart. *Reg.* Ye are none.
Pen. He lies that ſays ſo: by—— he lies, lies baſely,
Baſer than I have done. Come, Soldiers, ſeek me.
I've rob'd ye of your Virtues: Juſtice ſeek me,
I've broke my fair Obedience, loſt; Shame take me,
Take me, and ſwallow me, make Ballads of me;
Shame, endleſs Shame; and pray do you forſake me.
Dru. What ſhall we do?
Pen. Good Gentlemen forſake me:
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for as I am a Coward
I will not hurt my ſelf: (when that Mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help.) I dare not.
[*Throws himſelf upon the Ground.*

Enter Petillius.

Pet. Good morrow, Gentlemen; where's the Tribune?
Reg. There.
Dru. Whence come ye, good *Petillius?* *Pet.* From the General.
Dru. With what, for Heav'ns ſake? *Pet.* With good Counſel, *Druſus*,
And love, to comfort him. *Dru.* Good *Regulus*,
Step to the Soldier and allay his Anger;
For he is wild as Winter.
[*Exeunt* Druſus *and* Regulus.
Pet. O, are ye there? have at ye. Sure he's dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this Fortune:
He muſt die, 'tis moſt neceſſary; Men expect it,
And thought of life in him, goes beyond Coward.
Forſake the Field ſo baſely? fie upon't:
So poorly to betray his Worth, ſo coldly
To cut all credit from the Soldier? ſure
If this Man mean to live, (as I ſhould think it
Beyond belief) he muſt retire where never
The Name of *Rome*, the Voice of Arms, or Honour
Was

Was known or heard of yet: he's certain dead,
Or ſtrongly means it; he's no Soldier elſe,
No *Roman* in him; all h'as done, but outſide,
Fought either drunk or deſp'rate. Now he riſes.
How does Lord *Penius? Pen.* As ye ſee. *Pet.* I'm glad on't,
Continue ſo ſtill. The Lord General,
The valiant General, great *Suetonius*———

Pen. No more of me is ſpoken, my Name's periſh'd.

Pet. He that commanded Fortune and the Day
By his own Valour and Diſcretion,
(When, as ſome ſay, *Penius* refuſed to come,
But I believe 'em not,) ſent me to ſee ye.

Pen. Y'are welcome; and pray ſee me, ſee me well;
Ye ſhall not ſee me long. *Pet.* I hope ſo, *Penius*;
The Gods defend, Sir.

Pen. See me, and underſtand me: This is he
Left to fill up your Triumph; he that baſely
Whiſtled his Honour off to th' Wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his Politick Head, when *Rome* like Reapers
Sweat Blood, and Spirit, for a glorious Harveſt,
And bound it up, and brought it off: that Fool,
That having Gold and Copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the Wealth, and took the Waſte; that Soldier
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one Hand, that propounds us Gods,
And in the other, Glory that creates us,
Yet durſt doubt and be damned.

Pet. It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one. *Pet.* Yet the blackeſt
May be waſht white again. *Pen.* Never. *Pet.* Your leave, Sir,
And I beſeech ye note me, for I love ye,
(46) And bring along all comfort: Are we Gods,
Allied to no Infirmities? are our Natures
More than Mens Natures? When we ſlip a little
Out of the way of Virtue, are we loſt?
Is there no Medicine called ſweet Mercy?

Pen. None, *Petillius*;

(46) *And bring all Comfort:*] So the other Copies. The Text is from the Edition of 1647.

There

There is no Mercy in Mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it ſhould; I've ſin'd beyond it,
Pet. Forgiveneſs meets with all faults.
Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All ſins I can commit, to be forgiven:
'Tis loſs of whole Man in me, my Diſcretion,
To be ſo ſtupid, to arrive at Pardon.
Pet. O but the General——
Pen. He's a brave Gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare ſay
He would, as far as Honour durſt direct him,
Make even with my Fault, but 'tis not honeſt,
Nor in his power: Examples that may nouriſh
Neglect and Diſobedience in whole Bodies,
And totter the Eſtates and Faiths of Armies,
Muſt not be plaid withal; nor out of pity
(47) Make a General forget his Duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would ye do? *Pen.* Die.
Pet. So would ſullen Children,
Women that want their Wills, Slaves, Diſobedient,
That fear the Law, die. Fie, great Captain; you
A Man to rule Men, to have thouſand lives
Under your Regiment, and let your Paſſion
Betray your Reaſon? I bring y' all forgiveneſs,
The nobleſt kind commends, your Place, your Honour.
Pen. Prithee no more; 'tis fooliſh. Didſt not thou,
By——thou didſt, I over-heard thee, there.
There where thou ſtand'ſt now, deliver me for Raſcal,
Poor, dead, cold Coward, miſerable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruin? *Pet.* I?
Pen. And thou did'ſt it nobly,
Like a true Man, a Soldier, and I thank thee.
I thank thee, good *Petillius*, thus I thank thee.
Pet. Since ye're ſo juſtly made up, let me tell ye,
'Tis fit ye die indeed. *Pen.* O how thou lov'ſt me!
Pet. For ſay he had forgiven ye, ſay the Peoples whiſpers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,

(47) *Make a General*] Perhaps we ſhould read,
Muſt make a General, or, *Make any General.*

What

What muſt your own Command think, from whoſe Swords
Y've taken off the Edges, from whoſe Valours
The Due and Recompence of Arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew Obedience? muſt not theſe kill ye?
Say they are won to pardon ye, by meer Miracle
Brought to forgive ye; what old valiant Soldier,
What Man that loves to fight, and fight for *Rome*,
Will ever follow you more? Dare ye know theſe ventures?
If ſo, I bring ye Comfort; dare ye take it?

Pen. No, no, *Petillius*, no.

Pet. If your Mind ſerve ye,
Ye may live ſtill, but how? yet pardon me,
You may out-wear all too, but when? and certain
There is a Mercy for each Fault, if tamely
A Man will take't upon Conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I'm only thinking now, Sir,
(For I'm reſolved to go) of a moſt baſe Death,
Fitting the Baſeneſs of my Fault. I'll hang.

Pet. Ye ſhall not; y'are a Gentleman I honour,
I would elſe flatter ye, and force ye live,
Which is far baſer. Hanging? 'tis a Dog's Death,
An end for Slaves.

Pen. The fitter for my Baſeneſs.

Pet. Beſides, the Man that's hang'd, preaches his end,
(48) And ſits a Sign for all the World to gape at.

Pen. That's true: I'll take a fitter; Poiſon.

Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the Death of Rats and Women,
Lovers, and lazy Boys, that fear Correction;
Die like a Man.

Pen. Why my Sword then.

Pet. Ay, if your Sword be ſharp, Sir.
There's nothing under Heav'n that's like your Sword;
Your Sword's a Death indeed.

Pen. It ſhall be ſharp, Sir.

(48) *And ſits a Sign*] This Reading is certainly againſt all the Notions any one can have of a Man's being hang'd. *To ſet a Sign* bids faireſt for the true Lection, tho' I have not dared to diſturb the Text.

Pet. Why (49) *Mithridates* was an arrant Ass
To die by Poison, if all *Bosphorus*
Could lend him Swords: your Sword must do the Deed:
'Tis shame to die choak'd, fame to die and bleed.
Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my good *Petillius*,
Tell me no more I may live.
Pet. 'Twas my Commission;
But now I see ye in a nobler way,
A way to make all even. *Pen.* Farewel, Captain:
Be a good Man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy Men. Why shakest thou?
Pet. I do not, Sir.
Pen. I would thou hadst, *Petillius:*
I would find something to forsake the World with
Worthy the Man that dies: A kind of Earth-quake
Through all stern Valours but mine own.
Pet. I feel now
A kind of Trembling in me. *Pen.* Keep it still,
As thou lov'st Virtue keep it.
Pet. And brave Captain,
The great and honoured *Penius*. *Pen.* That again:
O how it heightens me! again *Petillius*.
Pet. Most excellent Commander.
Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine. *Pet.* They are still.
Pen. Then to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye; Heavens,
Ye everlasting Powers, I'm yours: The Work's done.
[*Kills himself.*
That neither Fire, nor Age, nor (50) melting Envy

(49) — Mithridates *was an arrant Ass*
To die by Poison, if all Bosphorus
Could lend him Swords:] The Assertion in this Passage is a manifest Contradiction to the Truth of History. For *Mithridates* did not end his Days by Poison, but by the Sword. Another Instance this of Inattention in our Authors, or trusting too much to an uninfallible Memory.

(50) — *melting Envy*] This Epithet seems a little stiff and obscure. It was a Custom of the *Romans* to deface the Marble, and melt down the brazen Statues of those who were become detestable to them; and to the melting of these brazen ones this Epithet must refer. *T. Seward.*

Shall

Shall ever conquer. Carry my laſt Words
To the great Gen'ral: kiſs his Hands, and ſay,
My Soul I give to Heav'n, my Fault to Juſtice
Which I have done upon myſelf; my Virtue,
If ever there was any in poor *Penius*,
Made more, and happier, light on him. I faint,
And where there is a Foe, I wiſh him Fortune.
I die: lie lightly on my Aſhes, gentle Earth.

Pet. And on my Sin. Farewel, great *Penius*.
[*Noiſe within.*

The Soldier is in fury; now I'm glad
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil; for thee, the way of Honour. [*Exit.*

Enter Druſus *and* Regulus *with Soldiers.*

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. What will ye do?

Reg. Good Soldiers, honeſt Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. Kill us firſt, we command too.

Reg. Valiant Soldiers,
Conſider but whoſe life ye ſeek. O *Druſus*,
Bid him be gone, he dies elſe. Shall *Rome* ſay,
Ye moſt approved Soldiers, her dear Children
Devoured the Fathers of the Fights? ſhall Rage
And ſtubborn Fury guide thoſe Swords to ſlaughter,
To ſlaughter of their own, to Civil Ruin?

Dru. O let 'em in; all's done, all's ended, *Regulus*,
Penius has found his laſt Eclipſe. Come, Soldiers,
Come, and behold your Miſeries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody Angers,
And here beſtow your Darts. O only *Roman*,
O Father of the Wars.

Reg. Why ſtand ye ſtupid?
Where be your killing Furies? whoſe Sword now
Shall firſt be ſheath'd in *Penius?* Do ye weep?
Howl out, ye Wretches, ye have cauſe; howl ever.
Who ſhall now lead ye fortunate? whoſe Valour
Preſerve ye to the Glory of your Country?
Who ſhall march out before ye, coy'd and courted

By

By all the Miſtreſſes of War, Care, Counſel,
Quick-ey'd Experience, and Victory twin'd to him?
Who ſhall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To ſpeak your Names, and keep your Honours living,
When Children fail, and Time that takes all with him,
Build Houſes for ye to Oblivion?

Dru. O ye poor deſp'rate Fools: no more now, Soldiers;
Go home, and hang your Arms up; let Ruſt rot 'em;
And humble your ſtern Valours to ſoft Prayers;
For ye have ſunk the Frame of all your Virtues;
The Sun that warm'd your Bloods is ſet for ever;
I'll kiſs thy honour'd Cheek. Farewel, great *Penius*,
Thou Thunder-bolt, farewel. Take up the Body:
(51) To Morrow Morning to the Camp convey it,
There to receive due Ceremonies. That Eye
That blinds himſelf with weeping, gets moſt glory.
[*Exeunt with a dead March.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, *and Soldiers:* Bonduca, *two Daughters, and* Nennius *above. Drum and Colours.*

Suet. Bring up the Catapults and ſhake the Wall,
We will not be out-brav'd thus.

Nen. Shake the Earth,
Ye cannot ſhake our Souls. Bring up your Rams,
And with their armed Heads, make the Fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into Death. [*Exit* Nen.

Jun. See, Sir,

(51) —— *Morrow Morning*] This Place, though Senſe, is yet capable of being much heighten'd and improv'd, as both Mr. *Seward* and myſelf conjecture. And though I have not alter'd the Text, yet the reading *Mourning* for *Morning* takes away a Flatneſs which *Morrow Morning* carries in it. The Variation is ſo ſmall, and the Improvement ſo great by this propos'd Lection, that the Reader may perhaps wiſh our Authors had ſo expreſs'd themſelves. Add to this what Mr. *Seward* ſays farther, that ſomething like this ſeems neceſſary to precede.

—— *the Eye*
That blinds itſelf with weeping gets moſt Glory.

See

See the *Icenian* Queen in all her Glory
From the ſtrong Battlements proudly appearing,
As if ſhe meant to give us laſhes. *Dec.* Yield, Queen.
Bond. I'm unacquainted with that Language, *Roman.*
Suet. Yield, honour'd Lady, and expect our Mercy,
[*Exit* Decius.
We love thy nobleneſs.
Bond. I thank ye, ye ſay well;
But Mercy and Love are ſins in *Rome* and Hell.
Suet. Ye cannot ſcape our ſtrength, ye muſt yield, Lady,
Ye muſt adore and fear the Power of *Rome.*
Bond. If *Rome* be earthly, why ſhould any Knee
With bending Adoration worſhip her?
She's vitious; and your partial ſelves confeſs,
Aſpires the height of all Impiety,
Therefore 'tis fitter I ſhould reverence
The thatched Houſes where the *Britains* dwell
In careleſs Mirth; where the bleſt Houſhold Gods
See nought but chaſte and ſimple Purity.
(52) 'Tis not high Power that makes a Place Divine,
Nor that the Men from Gods derive their Line;
But ſacred Thoughts in holy Boſoms ſtor'd,
Make People noble, and the Place ador'd.
Suet. Beat the Wall deeper. *Bon.* Beat it to the Center,
We will not ſink one Thought. *Suet.* I'll make ye. *Bon.*
No. [gently
2 *Daugh.* O Mother, theſe are fearful Hours; Speak

Enter Petillius, *who whiſpers* Suetonius.

To theſe fierce Men, they will afford ye Pity.
Bon. Pity? Thou fearful Girl; 'tis for thoſe Wretches

(52) *'Tis not high Power*, &c.] Whether *Milton* had theſe four Lines in his View when he wrote the following Paſſage in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book xi. 836, *&c.* I don't undertake to affirm, let the learned Reader judge.—— *Michael* ſpeaking of the Deſtruction to be cauſed by the Flood, ſays Paradiſe ſhall be made an Haunt for

—— Orcs and Sea-Mews *clang*;
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No Sanctity, if none be thither brought
By Men, who there frequent, or therein dwell.

That

That Misery makes tame. Would'st thou live less?
Wast not thou born a Princess? Can my Blood,
And thy brave Father's Spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself,
As mercy from these Tyrants? Thou lov'st Lust sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy Youth and Beauty
To common Slaves for Bread. Say they had mercy;
The Devil a relenting Conscience:
The lives of Kings rest in their Diadems,
Which to their Bodies lively Souls do give,
And ceasing to be Kings, they cease to live.
Show such another fear, and———
I'll fling thee to their Fury. *Suet.* He is dead then?
Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, Sir,
Even to the hazard of my Life—— *Suet.* No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a Breach made,
Is it your will we charge, Sir? *Suet.* Once more Mercy,
Mercy to all that yield. *Bon.* I scorn to answer;
Speak to him Girl, and hear thy Sister.
1 *Daugh.* General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me
Directly in my Face, my Woman's Face,
Whose only Beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest Eyes, thy sharpest Wishes,
Into my Soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one Fear, one shadow of a Terror,
One Paleness dare appear but from my Anger,
To lay hold on your Mercies. No, ye Fools,
Poor Fortune's Fools, we were not born for Triumphs,
To follow your gay Sports, and fill your Slaves
With Hoots and Acclamations. *Pet.* Brave behaviour.
1 *Daugh.* The Children of as great as *Rome*, as Noble,
Our Names before her, and our Deeds her Envy;
Must we gild o'er your Conquest, make your State,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye *Romans*, we have ways to scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our Prisoners,
And stick our Triumphs full. *Pet.*

Pet. 'Sdeath, I ſhall love her.

1 *Daugh.* To torture ye with ſuffering, like our Slaves;
To make ye curſe our Patience, wiſh the World
Were loſt again, to win us only, and eſteem
The end of all Ambitions.

Bon. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our Monuments in ſpite of Fortune,
In ſpite of all your Eagles wings: We'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll ſtoop
As fearleſs of your bloody Soars, and Fortunate,
As if we pray'd on heartleſs Doves.

Suet. Strange ſtiffneſs.
Decius, go charge the Breach. [*Exit* Decius.

Bon. Charge it home, *Roman*,
We ſhall deceive thee elſe. Where's *Nennius?*

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They've made a mighty Breach.

Bon. Stick in thy Body,
And make it good but half an Hour. *Nen.* I'll do it.

1 *Daugh.* And then be ſure to die. *Nen.* It ſhall go hard elſe.

Bon. Farewel with all my Heart, we ſhall meet yonder,
Where few of theſe muſt come.

Nen. Gods take thee, Lady. [*Exit* Nennius.

Bon. Bring up the Swords, and Poiſon.

Enter one with Swords, and a great Cup.

2 *Daugh.* O my Fortune!

Bon. How, how, ye Whore?

2 *Daugh.* Good Mother, nothing to offend ye. *Bon.* Here, Wench:
Behold us, *Romans*. *Suet.* Mercy yet. *Bon.* No talking:
Puff, there goes all your Pity. Come, ſhort Prayers,
And let's diſpatch the Buſineſs; you begin,
Shrink not, I'll ſee ye do't.

2 *Daugh.* O gentle Mother, [Woman.
O *Romans*, O my Heart; I dare not. *Suet.* Woman,
Unnat'ral Woman. 2 *Daugh.* O perſwade her, *Romans:*
Alas, I'm young, and would live. Noble Mother,

Can ye kill that ye gave Life? Are my Years
Fit for Deſtruction?
Suet. Yield, and be a Queen ſtill,
A Mother and a Friend. *Bon.* Ye talk; come, hold it,
And put it home.
1 *Daugh.* Fie, Siſter, fie, what would you live to be?
Bon. A Whore ſtill. 2 *Daugh.* Mercy.
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched Woman.
2 *Daugh.* Mercy, Mother.
O whither will you ſend me? I was once
Your Darling, your Delight.
Bon. O Gods,
Fear in my Family? Do it, and nobly.
2 *Daugh.* O do not frown then.
1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy Siſter;
'Tis nothing, 'tis a Pleaſure; we'll go with ye.
2 *Daugh.* Oh if I knew but whither. 1 *Daugh.* To the bleſſed, [Talk not.
Where we ſhall meet our Father. *Suet.* Woman. *Bon.*
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true Joy is. *Bon.* That's a good Wench,
Mine own ſweet Girl; put it cloſe to thee. 2 *Daugh.* Oh
Comfort me ſtill for Heav'n's ſake. 1 *Daugh.* Where eternal
Our Youths are, and our Beauties; where no Wars come,
Nor luſtful Slaves to raviſh us. 2 *Daugh.* That ſteels me;
A long farewel to this World.
Bon. Good, I'll help thee.
1 *Daugh.* The next is mine.
Shew me a *Roman* Lady in all your Stories,
Dare do this for her Honour; they are Cowards,
Eat Coals (53) like compell'd Cats: Your great Saint, *Lucrece*,

(53) ——— *like compell'd Cats:*] This is a Paſſage I don't underſtand, though it runs through all the Editions of our Authors Plays. I would propoſe a *Correction* to the Reader, which yet I'm far from thinking the Original Reading, *viz.*

——— *like* compell'd Cates.

If we alter the Paſſage thus, then the Poets might poſſibly have in their View the Ἀναγκοφαγία of the ancient *Athletæ*, or *eating of*

Dy'd

Dy'd not for Honour; *Tarquin* topt her well,
And mad ſhe could not hold him, bled.
Pet. By———
I am in Love, I'd give an hundred Pound now
But to lie with this Woman's Behaviour. Oh the Devil.
1 *Daugh.* Ye ſhall ſee me Example: All your *Rome*,
If I were proud and lov'd Ambition;
If I were luſtful, all your ways of Pleaſure;
If I were greedy, all the Wealth ye Conquer——
Bond. Make haſte.
1 *Daugh.* I will.——— Could not intice to live
But two ſhort hours, this Frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, *Romans*, to fling off
This caſe of Fleſh, loſe all your cares for ever?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the Gods,
Hunt Honour, and not Nations with your Swords,
Keep your Minds humble, your Devotions high;
So ſhall ye learn the nobleſt part, to die. [*Dies.*
Bon. I come, Wench; to ye all Fate's Hangmen, you
That eaſe the aged Deſtinies, and cut
The threads of Kingdoms, as they draw 'em; here,
Here is the draught would ask no leſs than *Cæſar*
To pledge it for the glories ſake. *Cur.* Great Lady.
Suet. Make up your own Conditions. *Bon.* So we will.
Suet. Stay. *Dem.* Stay.
Suet. Be any thing. *Bon.* A Saint, *Suetonius*,
When thou ſhalt fear, and die like a Slave. Ye Fools,
Ye ſhould have tied up Death firſt, when ye conquer'd,
Ye ſweat for us in vain elſe: See him here,
He's ours ſtill, and our Friend; laughs at your Pities;
And we command him with as eaſy Reins
As do our Enemies. I feel the Poiſon.
Poor vanquiſh'd *Romans*, with what matchleſs Tortures
Could I now Rack ye? But I pity ye,
Deſiring to die quiet: Nay, ſo much

Neceſſity. What ſeems to ſtrengthen this Conjecture is the Alluſion to *Cato*'s Daughter, who eat live Coals *out of Neceſſity*, having no other way to diſpatch herſelf, every murderous weapon being carefully kept at a Diſtance from her.

I hate to profecute my Victory,
That I will give ye Counfel e'er I die.
If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole,
Place in your (54) *Roman* Flefh a *Britain* Soul. [*Dies.*

Enter Decius.

Suet. Defperate and ftrange. *Dec.* 'Tis won, Sir, and the *Britains*
All put to th' Sword. *Suet.* Give her fair Funeral;
She was truly noble, and a Queen.
Pet. —— Take it,
A Love-mange grown upon me? What, a Spirit?
Jun. I'm glad of this, I've found ye.
Pet. In my Belly,
O how it tumbles?
Jun. Ye good Gods, I thank ye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Caratach *upon a Rock, and* Hengo *by him Sleeping.*

Car. THus we afflicted *Britains* climb for fafeties,
And to avoid our Dangers, feek Deftructions;
Thus we awake to Sorrows. O thou Woman,
Thou Agent for Adverfities, what Curfes
This day belong to thy Improvidence?
(55) To *Britanie* by thy means, what fad Millions
Of Widows weeping Eyes? The ftrong Man's Valour
Thou haft betray'd to Fury, the Child's Fortune
To fear, and want of Friends; whofe Pieties
Might wipe his Mournings off, and build his Sorrows
A Houfe of reft by his bleft Anceftors:
The Virgins thou haft rob'd of all their Wifhes,
Blafted their blowing Hopes, turned their Songs,
Their mirthful Marriage-fongs to Funerals;

(54) —— Romans *Flefh*] The Text is from the Folio of 1647.
(55) So the Copy of the firft Edition. The others have *To Britain*, which makes the Meafure run ill.

The

The Land thou'ſt left a Wilderneſs of Wretches.
The Boy begins to ſtir; thy ſafety made,
Would my Soul were in Heav'n.
Hen. O noble Uncle,
Look out, I Dream'd we were betray'd.
[*A ſoft dead March within.*
Car. No harm, Boy;
'Tis but thy emptineſs that breeds theſe Fancies:
Thou ſhalt have Meat anon.
Hen. A little, Uncle,
And I ſhall hold out bravely. What are thoſe?
Look, Uncle, look, thoſe multitudes that march there?
They come upon us ſtealing by. *Car.* I ſee 'em;
And prithee be not fearful. *Hen.* Now ye hate me,
Would I were Dead.
Car. Thou know'ſt I love thee dearly.
Hen. Did I e'er ſhrink yet, Uncle? Were I a Man now,
I ſhould be angry with ye.

Enter Druſus, Regulus, *and Soldiers, with* Penius's *Herſe, Drums and Colours.*

Car. My ſweet Chicken,
See, they have reach'd us, and as't ſeems they bear
Some Soldier's Body, by their ſolemn Geſtures,
And ſad Solemnities; it well appears too
To be of Eminence. Moſt worthy Soldiers,
Let me intreat your Knowledge to inform me
What noble Body that is which you bear
With ſuch a ſad and ceremonious Grief,
As if ye meant to woo the World and Nature
To be in love with Death? Moſt honourable
Excellent *Romans*, by your ancient Valours,
As ye love Fame, reſolve me.
Sold. 'Tis the Body
Of the great Captain *Penius*, by himſelf
Made cold and ſpiritleſs.
Car. O ſtay, ye *Romans*,
By the Religion which you owe thoſe Gods
That lead ye on to Victories, by thoſe Glories
Which made even Pride a Virtue in ye. *Dru.* Stay:

What's thy Will, *Caratach?* *Car.* Set down the Body,
The Body of the nobleſt of all *Romans*,
As ye expect an Offering at your Graves
From your friends Sorrows, ſet it down a while;
That with your Griefs an Enemy may mingle,
(A noble Enemy that loves a Soldier,)
And lend a tear to Virtue; ev'n your Foes,
Your wild Foes, as you call'd us, are yet ſtor'd
With fair Affections, our Hearts freſh, our Spirits,
Though ſometime ſtubborn, yet when Virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a Virgin's Prayers,
Oh ſet it down. *Dru.* Set down the Body, Soldiers.
Car. Thou hallowed Relick, thou rich Diamond
Cut with thine own Duſt; thou for whoſe wide Fame
The World appears too narrow, Mans all Thoughts,
Had they all Tongues, too ſilent; thus I bow
To thy moſt honour'd Aſhes: Though an Enemy,
Yet Friend to all thy Worth, Sleep peaceably;
Happineſs crown thy Soul, and in thy Earth
Some Laurel fix his ſeat, there grow and flouriſh,
And make thy Grave an everlaſting Triumph.
Farewel all glorious Wars, now thou art gone,
And honeſt Arms adieu: All noble Battels,
Maintain'd in thirſt of Honour, not of Blood,
Farewel for ever. *Hen.* Was this *Roman*, Uncle,
So good a Man? *Car.* Thou never knew'ſt thy Father.
Hen. He dy'd 'fore I was born.
Car. This worthy *Roman*
Was ſuch another piece of endleſs Honour,
Such a brave Soul dwelt in him; their Proportions
And Faces were not much unlike, Boy. Excellent Nature,
See how it works into his Eyes, mine own Boy.
Hen. The multitudes of theſe Men, and their Fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one Man's Goodneſs——
Car. O now thou pleaſeſt me, weep ſtill, my Child,
As if thou ſaw'ſt me Dead; with ſuch a flux
Or flood of Sorrow; ſtill thou pleaſeſt me.
And worthy Soldiers, pray receive theſe Pledges,
Theſe hatchments of our Griefs, and grace us ſo much
To place 'em on his Hearſe. Now if ye pleaſe,

Bear

Bear off the noble Burden ; raiſe his Pile
High as *Olympus*, (56) making Heav'n to wonder
To ſee a Star on Earth out-ſhining theirs.
And ever loved, ever living be
Thy honoured and moſt ſacred Memory.
Dru. Thou haſt done honeſtly, good *Caratach*,
And when thou dieſt, a thouſand virtuous *Romans*
Shall ſing thy Soul to Heav'n. Now march on, Soldiers.
[*Exeunt. A dead March*

Car. Now dry thine Eyes, my Boy.
Hen. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.
Car. Come, take cheer,
And raiſe thy Spirit, Child ; if but this day
Thou canſt bear out thy faintneſs, the Night coming
I'll faſhion our eſcape. *Hen.* Pray fear not me;
Indeed I'm very hearty.
Car. Be ſo ſtill;
His Miſchiefs leſſen, that controuls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. What do I ail, i'th' name of Heav'n? I did but ſee her,
And ſee her Die, ſhe ſtinks by this time ſtrongly,
Abominably ſtinks: She was a Woman,
A thing I never car'd for, but to die ſo,
So confidently, bravely, ſtrongly; Oh the Devil,
I have the Bots; by—— ſhe ſcorn'd us ſtrangely,
All we could do, or durſt do ; threatned us
With ſuch a noble Anger, and ſo governed
With ſuch a fiery Spirit——— ; the plain bots;
A— upon the bots, the Love-bots ; hang me,
Hang me ev'n out o'th' way, directly hang me.
Oh penny Pipers, and moſt painful Penners
Of bountiful new Ballads, what a ſubject,

(56) So the oldeſt Folio. The reſt read *make*.

What a ſweet ſubject for your ſilver ſounds,
Is crept (57) upon me?

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here is he, have at him. [*Sings.*
She ſet the Sword unto her Breaſt,
Great pity it was to ſee,
That three drops of her Life-warm Blood,
Run trickling down her Knee.
Art thou there, bonny Boy? And i'faith how doſt thou?
Pet. Well, gramercy, how doſt thou? H'as found me,
Scented me out; the Shame the Devil ow'd me,
H'as kept his Day with. And what News, *Junius?*
Jun. *It was an old Tale ten thouſand times told,*
Of a young Lady was turn'd into Mould,
Her Life it was lovely, her Death it was bold. [me,
Pet. A cruel Rogue, now (58) he has drawn purſuit on
He hunts me like a Devil. No more ſinging
Thou'ſt got a Cold: Come, let's go drink ſome Sack, Boy.
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Pet. Why doſt thou laugh?
What Mares Neſt haſt thou found?
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
I cannot laugh alone: *Decius*, *Demetrius*,
Curius, oh my Sides, ha, ha, ha, ha,
The ſtrangeſt Jeſt. *Pet.* Prithee no more.
Jun. The admirableſt fooling. [*Junius*,
Pet. Thou art the prettieſt Fellow. *Jun.* Sirs. *Pet.* Why
Prithee away, ſweet *Junius*. *Jun.* Let me ſing then.
Pet. Whoa, here's a ſtir now: Sing a Song o'ſix Pence
By—— (if) prithee; —— on't, *Junius*.
Jun. I muſt either ſing, or laugh.
Pet. And what's your Reaſon?

(57) —— *upon ye?*] To ſave our Authors from the Imputation of uniting Nonſenſe here, we muſt, I think, read as I have corrected the Text: For Love, which was to be the Fund of Banter for the Poets, was not crept upon them but himſelf.

(58) —— *h'as drawn purſue it on me,*] What ſtrange Stuff is this? By a ſmall Change of Letters and a Comma, I hope I have reſtor'd this Place to its ancient Purity. *T. Seward.*

Jun.

Jun. What's that to you? *Pet.* And I muſt whiſtle. *Jun.* Do ſo.
Oh, I hear 'em coming.
Pet. I've a little Buſineſs.
Jun. Thou ſhalt not go, believe it; what a Gentleman
Of thy ſweet Converſation?
Pet. Captain *Junius*,
Sweet Captain, let me go with all Celerity;
Things are not always one, and do not queſtion,
Nor jeer, nor gybe: None of your doleful Ditties,
Nor your ſweet Converſation; you will find then
I may be anger'd.
Jun. By no means, *Petillius*;
Anger a Man that never knew Paſſion?
'Tis moſt impoſſible: A noble Captain,
A wiſe and generous Gentleman?
Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuſe me: I have found ye,
But for your Mother's ſake I will forgive ye.
Your ſubtile Underſtanding may diſcover,
As you think, ſome trim toy to make you merry;
Some Straw to tickle ye, but do not truſt to't;
Y'are a young Man, and may do well; be ſober,
Carry yourſelf diſcreetly.

Enter Decius, Demetrius, *and* Curius.

Jun. Yes forſooth. [merry;
Dem. How does the brave *Petillius?* *Jun.* Monſtrous
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in Love; what a ſtrange Monſter
For little Boys and Girls to wonder at;
How like a Fool I lookt.
Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull ſlavering Fools. *Jun. Petillius* ſaw too.
Pet. No more of this, 'tis ſcurvy; Peace.
Jun. How naſtily,
Indeed, how beaſtly all I did became me?
How I forgot to blow my Noſe? there he ſtands,
An honeſt and a wiſe Man; if himſelf
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)

Should

Should find himſelf in Love—— *Pet.* I am angry.
Jun. Surely his wiſe-ſelf would hang his beaſtly-ſelf,
His underſtanding-ſelf, ſo mawl his Aſs-ſelf——
Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the Follies,
The Poverties, and Baſeneſs that belongs to't,
H'as read upon the Reformations long.
Pet. He has ſo. *Jun.* It is true, and he muſt do't:
Nor is fit indeed any ſuch Coward——
Pet. You'll leave prating.
Jun. Should dare come near the Regiments, eſpecially
Thoſe curious Puppies (for believe there are ſuch)
That only love Behaviours: Thoſe are Dog-Whelps,
Dwindle away, becauſe a Woman dies well;
Commit with Paſſions only; fornicate
With the free Spirit meerly. You, *Petillius*,
For you have long obſerv'd the World.
Pet. Doſt thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within theſe three Hours:
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee; farewel Jack-Daws. [*Exit.*
Dec. What a ſtrange thing he's grown?
Jun. I'm glad he is ſo,
And ſtranger he ſhall be before I leave him. [him,
Cur. Is't poſſible her meer Death—— *Jun.* I obſerv'd
And found him taken, infinitely taken
With her Bravery; I have follow'd him,
And ſeen him kiſs his Sword ſince, court his Scabbard,
Call dying, dainty Dear; her brave Mind, Miſtreſs;
Caſting a thouſand ways, to give thoſe Forms,
That he might lye with 'em, and get old Armours:
He had got me o'th' Hip once: It ſhall go hard, Friends,
But he ſhall find his own Coin.

Enter Macer.

Dec. How now, *Macer?*
Is *Judas* yet come in?

Enter Judas.

Mac. Yes, and has loſt
Moſt of his Men too. Here he is.
Cur. What News?
Jud. I've lodg'd him; rouze him he that dares.
Dem. Where, *Judas?* *Jud.*

Jud. On a ſteep Rock i'th' Woods, the Boy too with him,
And there he ſwears he'll keep his *Chriſtmaſs*, Gentlemen,
But he will come away with full Conditions,
Bravely, and like a *Britain:* He paid part of us.
Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four ſeveral times at half Sword with him,
Twice ſtood his Partizan; but the plain Truth is,
He's a meer Devil, and no Man; i'th' end he ſwing'd us,
And ſwing'd us ſoundly too; he fights by Witchcraft,
Yet for all that I ſaw him lodg'd.

Jun. Take more Men,
And ſcout him round. *Macer*, march you along.
What Victuals has he?

Jud. Not a Piece of Biſket,
Not ſo much as will ſtop a Tooth, nor Water
More than they make themſelves: They lye
Juſt like a Brace of Bear-Whelps, cloſe, and crafty,
Sucking their Fingers for their Food.

Dec. Cut off then
All Hope of that way; take ſufficient Forces.

Jun. But uſe no foul Play, on your Lives: that Man
That does him Miſchief by Deceit, I'll kill him.

Mac. He ſhall have fair play, he deſerves it.

Jud. Hark ye,
What ſhould I do there then? You are brave Captains,
Moſt valiant Men; go up yourſelves; uſe Virtue,
See what will come on't; pray the Gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye've felt him too: There ye ſhall find him,
His Sword by's ſide, Plums of a Pound Weight by him,
Will make your Chops ake: You'll find it a more Labour
To win him living, than climbing of a Crows-Neſt.

Dec. Away, and compaſs him; we ſhall come up
I'm ſure within theſe two Hours. Watch him cloſe.

Mac. He ſhall flee through the Air, if he eſcape us.
[*A ſad Noiſe within.*

Jun. What's this loud Lamentation?

Mac. The dead Body
Of the great *Penius* is new come to th' Camp, Sir.

Dem.

Dem. Dead! *Mac.* By himſelf, they ſay.
Jun. I fear'd that Fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to Heav'n.
Jun. Away good *Macer*. [*Exeunt* Macer *and* Judas.

Enter Suetonius, Druſus, Regulus, *and* Petillius.

Suet. If thou be'ſt guilty,
Some ſullen Plague, thou hat'ſt moſt, light upon thee:
The Regiment return on *Junius*,
He well deſerves it. *Pet.* So.
Suet. Draw out three Companies,
Yours *Decius*, *Junius*, and thou *Petillius*,
And make up inſtantly to *Caratach*,
He's in the Wood before ye; we ſhall follow
After due Ceremony done to th' dead,
The noble dead: Come let's go burn the Body.
[*Exeunt all but* Petillius.
Pet. The Regiment giv'n from me; diſgrac'd openly,
In love too with a Triſle to abuſe me?
A merry World, a fine World; ſerv'd ſeven Years
To be an Aſs o' both ſides, ſweet *Petillius*, [Sir,
You've brought your Hogs to a fine Market: You're wiſe,
Your honourable Brain-Pan full of Crotchets,
An Underſtanding Gentleman; your Projects
Caſt with aſſurance ever: Wouldſt not thou now
Be bang'd about the Pate, *Petillius?*
Anſwer to that, ſweet Soldier; ſurely, ſurely,
I think ye would; pull'd by the Noſe, kick'd; hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'ſt Raſcal: Truſt thy Wiſdom
With any thing of Weight; the Wind with Feathers.
Out ye blind Puppy; you command? You govern?
Dig for a Groat a Day, or ſerve a Swine-herd;
Too noble for thy Nature too. I muſt up;
But what I ſhall do there, let time diſcover. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Macer *and* Judas, *with Meat and a Bottle.*

Mac. Hang it o'th' ſide o'th' Rock, as tho' the *Britains*
Stole hither to relieve him; who firſt ventures

To

To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.
Jud. He lies close in a Hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his Anger: Ha? no 'tis not he.
Mac. 'Tis but the shaking of the Boughs.
Jud. —— Shake 'em,
I'm sure they shake me soundly. There.
Mac. 'Tis nothing.
Jud. Make no Noise; if he stir, a deadly Tempest
Of huge Stones falls upon's: 'tis done: away, close.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly Child, 'tis all thou feed'st on
No gentle *Britain* near; no valiant Charity [sick,
To bring thee Food? Poor Knave, thou'rt sick, extream
Almost grown wild for Meat; and yet thy Goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the Woods
Are double lin'd with Soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape: I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wak'st, either get Meat to save thee,
Or lose my Life i'th' Purchase, good Gods comfort thee.

Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, *and Guide.*

Guide. Ye are not far off now, Sir.
Jun. Draw the Companies [way.
The closest way through the Woods; we'll keep on this
Guide. I will, Sir: half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o'th' Rock; keep on the left side,
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your Companies
In the wild Vines beyond ye. *Dec.* Do ye mark him?
Jun. Yes, and am very sorry for him. *Pet. Junius,*
Pray let me speak two Words with you. *Jun.* Walk afore.
I'll overtake ye straight. *Dec.* I will. *Jun.* Now, Captain. [*Exit* Decius.
Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, *Junius.*
Jun. Most sure I told you Truth then.
Pet. And that Love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not. *Pet.* Dare ye swear it?

I

I have forgot all Paſſages between us
That have been ill, (59) forgiven too, forget you.
Jun. What would this Man have? By —— I do, Sir,
So it be fit to grant ye. *Pet.* 'Tis moſt honeſt.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it. *Pet.* Kill me. *Jun.* How?
Pet. Pray kill me.
Jun. Kill ye? *Pet.* Ay, kill me quickly, ſuddenly,
Now kill me. *Jun.* On what Reaſon? ye amaze me.
Pet. If you do love me, kill me, ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you. *Jun.* Mercy on me,
What ails this Man? *Petillius!* *Pet.* Pray ye diſpatch me,
Ye are not ſafe whilſt I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extreamly, ev'n to Miſchief, *Junius*,
An Enemy to all good Men: Fear not, 'tis Juſtice;
I ſhall kill you elſe. *Jun.* Tell me but the Cauſe,
And I will do it. *Pet.* I'm diſgrac'd, my Service
Slighted, and unrewarded by the General;
My Hopes left wild and naked; beſides theſe,
I'm grown ridiculous, an Aſs, a Folly
I dare not truſt myſelf with; prithee kill me.
Jun. All theſe may be redeem'd as eaſily
As you would heal your Finger. *Pet.* Nay ——
Jun. Stay, I'll do it,
You ſhall not need your Anger: But firſt, *Petillius*,
You ſhall unarm yourſelf; I dare not truſt
A Man ſo bent to Miſchief. *Pet.* There's my Sword,
And do it handſomly. *Jun.* Yes, I will kill ye,
Believe that certain; but firſt I'll lay before ye
The moſt extreme Fool ye have plaid in this,
The Honour purpos'd for ye, the great Honour
The General intended ye. *Pet.* How?
Jun. And then I'll kill ye,
Becauſe ye ſhall die miſerable. Know, Sir,
The Regiment was given me, but 'till time

(59) —*forgiven too, forgot you.*] It is an odd Proof of his Eſteem, and an odd Reaſon for asking of a Favour, to ſay that he has *forgot him* as well *as his Affronts*. I hope I have reſtor'd the true Reading. *I have forgotten and forgiven all Taunts and Affronts from you, do you in your Turn forget all mine to you:* So far Mr. *Seward*, and I add with pleaſure, that I concurr'd too in this very Alteration.

Call'd

Call'd ye to do ſome worthy deed, might ſtop
The Peoples ill thoughts of ye, for Lord *Penius*,
I mean his Death. How ſoon this time's come to ye,
And haſted by *Suetonius?* Go, ſays he,
Junius and *Decius*, and go thou *Petillius*,
Diſtinctly, thou *Petillius*, and draw up,
To take ſtout *Caratach*; there's the deed purpos'd,
A deed to take off all faults, of all Natures:
And thou *Petillius*; mark it, there's the Honour,
And that done, all made even. *Pet.* Stay.
Jun. No, I'll kill ye.
He knew thee abſolute, and full in Soldier,
Daring beyond all Dangers, found thee out
According to the boldneſs of thy Spirit,
A Subject, ſuch a Subject—— *Pet.* Hark ye, *Junius*,
I will live now.
Jun. By no means. Woo'd thy Worth,
Held thee by the Chin up, as thou ſunk'ſt, and ſhew'd thee
How Honour held her Arms out: Come, make ready,
Since ye will die an Aſs. *Pet.* Thou wilt not kill me?
Jun. By —— but I will, Sir. I'll have no Man dangerous
Live to deſtroy me afterward. Beſides, you have gotten
Honour enough, let young Men riſe now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the General, (which is
One main cauſe ye ſhall die, howe'er he carry it,)
Such a ſtrong doting on ye, that I fear
You ſhall command in chief: how are we paid then?
Come, if you'll pray, diſpatch it. *Pet.* Is there no way?
Jun. Not any way to live. *Pet.* I will do any thing,
Redeem myſelf at any Price: good *Junius*,
Let me but die upon the Rock, but offer
My Life up like a Soldier. *Jun.* You will ſeek then
To out-do every Man. *Pet.* Believe it, *Junius*,
You ſhall go ſtroke by ſtroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a Soldier,
For ever theſe mad fancies. *Pet.* Dare ye truſt me?
By all that's good and honeſt. *Jun.* There's your Sword then,
And now come on a new Man: Virtue guide thee. [*Exe.*

Enter

Enter Caratach *and* Hengo, *on the Rock.*

Car. Courage my Boy, I have found Meat: look, *Hengo*,
Look where ſome bleſſed *Britain*, to preſerve thee,
Has hung a little Food and Drink: cheer up, Boy,
Do not forſake me now.
Hen. Oh Uncle, Uncle,
I feel I cannot ſtay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble Life: Uncle, I'm Heart-whole,
And would live. *Car.* Thou ſhalt, long I hope.
Hen. But my Head, Uncle:
Methinks the Rock goes round.

Enter Macer *and* Judas.

Mac. Mark 'em well, *Judas*.
Jud. Peace, as you love your life. *Hen.* Do not you hear
The noiſe of Bells? *Car.* Of Bells, Boy? 'tis thy fancy,
Alas, thy Body's full of Wind.
Hen. Methinks, Sir,
They ring a ſtrange ſad knell, a preparation
To ſome near Funeral of State; nay, weep not,
Mine own ſweet Uncle, you will kill me ſooner.
Car. Oh my poor Chicken.
Hen. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle:
Come, tye me in your Belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myſelf, Boy.
Hen. No, as ye love me, Uncle;
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I deſire; pray tye me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee: come, Child,
My valiant Child.
Hen. Let me down apace, Uncle,
And ye ſhall ſee how like a Daw I'll whip it
From all their Policies: for 'tis moſt certain
A *Roman* train; and ye muſt hold me ſure too,
You'll ſpoil all elſe. When I have brought it, Uncle,
We'll be as merry—— *Car.* Go i'th' name of Heav'n, Boy.

Hen.

Hen. Quick, quick, Uncle, I have it. Oh!
[Judas *ſhoots* Hengo.
Car. What ail'ſt thou?
Hen. O my beſt Uncle, I am ſlain. *Car.* I ſee ye,
And Heav'n direct my Hand: Deſtruction
[Caratach *kills* Judas *with a Stone from the Rock.*
Go with thy Coward Soul. How doſt thou, Boy?
Oh Villain, pocky Villain.
Hen. Oh Uncle, Uncle,
Oh how it pricks me; am I preſerv'd for this?
Extremely pricks me.
Car. Coward, raſcal Coward, Dogs eat thy fleſh.
Hen. Oh I bleed hard; I faint too, out upon't,
How ſick I am? the lean Rogue, Uncle. *Car.* Look Boy,
I've laid him ſure enough. *Hen.* Have ye knock'd his Brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for ſtirring more: Cheer up, Child.
Hen. Hold my ſides hard, ſtop, ſtop, oh wretched Fortune,
Muſt we part thus? Still I grow ſicker, Uncle.
Car. Heav'n look upon this noble Child.
Hen. I once hop'd
I ſhould have liv'd t' have met theſe bloody *Romans*
At my Sword's point, to have reveng'd my Father,
T' have beaten 'em; oh hold me hard. But Uncle——
Car. Thou ſhalt live ſtill I hope, Boy. Shall I draw it?
Hen. Ye draw away my Soul then, I would live
A little longer; ſpare me Heav'ns, but only
To thank you for your tender love. Good Uncle,
Good noble Uncle weep not. *Car.* Oh my Chicken,
My dear Boy what ſhall I loſe? *Hen.* Why, a Child,
That muſt have died however; had this 'ſcap'd me,
Fever or Famine——— I was born to die, Sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my Boy?
Hen. I go the ſtraighter
My journey to the Gods: Sure I ſhall know ye
When ye come, Uncle. *Car.* Yes, Boy.
Hen. And I hope
We ſhall enjoy together that great Bleſſedneſs [cold,
You told me of. *Car.* Moſt certain, Child. *Hen.* I grow

Mine Eyes are going. *Car.* Lift 'em up. *Hen.* Pray for me;
And noble Uncle, when my Bones are Aſhes,
Think of your little Nephew. Mercy. *Car.* Mercy.
You bleſſed Angels take him. *Hen.* Kiſs me: ſo.
Farewel, farewel. [*Dies.*

Car. Farewel the hopes of *Britain*,
Thou Royal Graft, farewel for ever. Time and Death,
Ye've done your worſt. Fortune now ſee, now proudly
Pluck off thy Vail, and view thy Triumph: Look,
Look what thou'ſt brought this Land to. Oh fair Flower,
How lovely yet thy Ruins ſhow, how ſweetly
Ev'n Death embraces thee! The peace of Heav'n,
The fellowſhip of all great Souls be with thee.

Enter Petillius *and* Junius *on the Rock.*

Hah? Dare ye *Romans?* Ye ſhall win me bravely.
Thour't mine. *Jun.* Not yet, Sir. [*Fight.*

Car. Breath ye, ye poor *Romans*,
And come up all, with all your antient Valours,
Like a rough Wind I'll ſhake your Souls, and ſend 'em----

Enter Suetonius, *and all the* Roman *Captains.*

Suet. Yield thee, bold *Caratach*; by all———
As I am Soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll uſe thee like thyſelf, the valiant *Britain.*

Pet. Brave Soldier yield, thou ſtock of Arms and Honour,
Thou filler of the World with Fame and Glory. [ners.

Jun. Moſt worthy Man, we'll woo thee, be thy Priſo-

Suet. Excellent *Britain*, do me but that Honour,
That more to me than Conqueſts, that true Happineſs,
To be my Friend. *Car.* Oh, *Romans*, ſee what here is:
Had this Boy liv'd——— *Suet.* For Fame's ſake, for thy Sword's ſake,
As thou deſireſt to build thy Virtues greater:
By all that's excellent in Man, and honeſt———

Car. I do believe; ye've had me a brave Foe;
Make me a noble Friend, and from your Goodneſs,
Give this Boy honourable Earth to lie in.

Suet. He ſhall have fitting Funeral.

Car.

Car. I yield then;
Not to your Blows, but your brave Courteſies.
Pet. Thus we conduct then to the Arms of Peace
The wonder of the World.
Suet. Thus I embrace thee, [*Flouriſh.*
And let it be no Flatt'ry that I tell thee,
Thou art the only Soldier.
Car. How to thank ye,
I muſt hereafter find upon your Uſage.
I am for *Rome.*
Suet. Ye muſt.
Car. Then *Rome* ſhall know
The Man that makes her ſpring of Glory grow.
Suet. Petillius, you have ſhown much worth this day,
redeem'd much Error,
Ye have my Love again, preſerve it; *Junius*,
With you I make him equal in the Regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, Sir.
Suet. Ye ſhew a Friend's Soul.
March on, and through the Camp in every Tongue,
The Virtues of great *Caratach* be ſung.
[*Exeunt.*

THE KNIGHT OF THE *BURNING PESTLE.*

PROLOGUE.

WHERE the Bee can ſuck no Honey, ſhe leaves her Sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find Origanum *to heal his Grief, he blaſteth all other Leaves, with his Breath. We fear, it is like to fare ſo with us; that ſeeing you cannot draw from our Labours ſweet Content, you leave behind you a ſour Miſlike, and with open Reproach blame our good Meaning, becauſe you cannot reap the wonted Mirth. Our Intent was at this time to move inward Delight, not outward Lightneſs; and to breed (if it might be) ſoft ſmiling, not loud laughing; knowing it (to the wiſe) to be a great Pleaſure, to hear Counſel mixed with Wit, as to the fooliſh to have Sport mingled with Rudeneſs. They were baniſhed the Theatre of* Athens, *and from* Rome *hiſſed, that brought Paraſites on the Stage with apiſh Actions, or Fools with uncivil Habits, or Courtezans with immodeſt Words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unſeemly Speeches, to make your Ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind Reports, or miſtaking the Author's Intention (who never aimed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our Cheeks bluſh. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own Cenſure, to like or diſlike.* Vale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE Prologue.

Then a Citizen.

The Citizen's Wife, and Ralph *her Man, ſitting below amidſt the Spectators.*

A rich Merchant.

Jaſper *his Apprentice.*

Maſter Humphrey, *a Friend to the Merchant.*

Luce, *the Merchant's Daughter.*

Miſtreſs Merry-thought, Jaſper's *Mother.*

Michael, *a ſecond Son of Miſtreſs* Merry-thought.

Old Mr. Merry-thought.

A Squire.

A Dwarfe.

A Tapſter.

A Boy that danceth and ſingeth.

An Hoſt.

A Barber.

Two Knights.

A Captain.

A Sergeant.

Soldiers.

THE

(1) THE KNIGHT OF THE *BURNING PESTLE.*

Enter Prologue.

FROM all that's near the Court, from all that's great
Within the compaſs of the City Walls,
We now have brought our Scene.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace, good-man Boy.

Pro. What do you mean, Sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: Theſe ſeven years there hath been Plays at this Houſe, I have obſerv'd it,

(1) *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle.*] The privy Mark of Irony, which runs thro' this Play, not being underſtood, was the Reaſon, ſays *Walter Burre*, [*In his Dedication of the Quarto of* 1613, *to his many waies endeered Friend Maiſter* Robert Keyſar] that it was ready to give up the Ghoſt, and ran the danger of being ſmother'd in perpetual Oblivion, had not Mr. *Keyſar* been mov'd to relieve and cheriſh it. And that the Reader may not think the Hint of ridiculing Romance Writers was taken from *Don Quixote*, the ſame *Burre* aſſures us, in very ſtrong Terms, that our *Knight* came out into the World above a full Year before the *Spaniard*. If this be ſo, then the preſent Play was wrote at leaſt in the Year 1604, for *Cervantes* did not publiſh his firſt Part before *A. D.* 1605.

However,

it, you have ſtill girds at Citizens; and now you call your Play, *The London Merchant*. Down with your Title, Boy, down with your Title.

Pro. Are you a Member of the noble City?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your ſweet favour, we intend no abuſe to the City.

Cit. No, Sir, yes, Sir, if you were not reſolv'd to play the Jacks, what need you ſtudy for new Subjects, purpoſely to abuſe your Betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the Legend of *Whittington*, or the Life and Death of Sir *Thomas Greſham?* With the building of the *Royal Exchange?* Or the Story of Queen *Elenor*, with the rearing of *London-Bridge* upon Wool-ſacks?

Pro. You ſeem to be an underſtanding Man; what would you have us do, Sir?

Cit. Why, preſent ſomething notably in honour of the Commons of the City.

Pro. Why, what do you ſay to the Life and Death of fat *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet Privies?

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a Citizen, and he ſhall be of my own Trade.

Pro. Oh, you ſhould have told us your mind a Month ſince, our Play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that, I will have a Grocer, and he ſhall do admirable Things.

Pro. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry I will have him——

Wife. Husband, Husband. [*Wife below.*

Ralph. Peace, Miſtreſs. [Ralph *below.*

However, this eight Days Performance has more Gall in it than I could wiſh; and the Poet, againſt whom the keeneſt Part of this Satire is ſeemingly levell'd, deſerv'd better Treatment than we find he has met with: And it might be owing perhaps to Mr. *Spencer*'s Friends that this Piece was ſuppreſs'd for at leaſt the Term of nine Years, *i. e.* from 1604, in which it might be wrote, to *A. D.* 1613, when the firſt Quarto Copy came out into the World.

Wife.

Wife. Hold thy Peace, *Ralph*, I know what I do, I warrant ye. Husband, Husband.

Cit. What say'ſt thou, Cony?

Wife. Let him kill a Lion with a Peſtle, Husband, let him kill a Lion with a Peſtle.

Cit. So he ſhall, I'll have him kill a Lion with a Peſtle.

Wife. Husband, ſhall I come up, Husband?

Cit. Ay, Cony. *Ralph*, help your Miſtreſs up this way: Pray Gentlemen make her a little room, I pray you, Sir, lend me your Hand to help up my Wife; I thank you, Sir, ſo.

Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all, I'm ſomething troubleſome, I'm a Stranger here, I was ne'er at one of theſe Plays, as they ſay, before; but I ſhould have ſeen *Jane Shore* once; and my Husband hath promiſed me any time this Twelvemonth, to carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*, but in truth he did not; I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my Wife and I have a couple of Stools, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare Things.

Pro. But, Sir, we have never a Boy to play him, every one hath a Part already.

Wife. Husband, Husband, for God's ſake let *Ralph* play him, beſhrew me if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembred Wife, come up *Ralph*; I'll tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a Suit of Reparrel, and Neceſſaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow Wind in the Tail on him, I'll be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you Youth, let him have a Suit of Reparrel: I'll be ſworn, Gentlemen, my Husband tells you true, he will act you ſometimes at our Houſe, that all the Neighbours cry out on him: He will fetch you up a couraging Part ſo in the Garret, that we are all as fear'd I warrant you, that we quake again: (2) We fear our Children with him, if they be never ſo unruly, do but cry, *Ralph comes*, *Ralph comes* to them, and they'll be as quiet as Lambs. Hold up thy Head *Ralph*, ſhew the

(2) We'll *fear*—] I wou'd propoſe reading *we*, the change of the Tenſe here ſeems very requiſite to improve the Senſe.

Gentle-

Gentlemen what thou canſt do, ſpeak a huffing Part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do *Ralph*, do.

Ralph. By Heav'n (methinks) it were an eaſie leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the Sea,
Where never fathome Line toucht any Ground,
And pluck up drown'd Honour from the lake of Hell.

Cit. How ſay you, Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, Gentlemen, he hath plaid before, (3) my Husband ſays, *Muſidorus*, before the Wardens of our Company.

Cit. Ay, and he ſhould have plaid (4) *Jeronimo* with a Shoo-maker for a Wager.

Pro. He ſhall have a ſuit of Apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In *Ralph*, in *Ralph*, and ſet out the Grocers in their kind, if thou lov'ſt me.

Wife. I warrant our *Ralph* will look finely when he's dreſt.

Pro. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. *The* (5) *Grocers Honour.*

Pro. Methinks *The Knight of the burning Peſtle* were better.

Wife. I'll be ſworn Husband, that's as good a Name as can be.

Cit. Let it be ſo, begin, begin; my Wife and I will ſit down.

Pro. I pray you do.

Cit. What ſtately Muſick have you? (6) Have you Shawns?

Pro. Shawns? No. *Cit.*

(3) *My Husband ſays*, Muſidorus,] This Play was printed in 1598. Mr. *Theobald.*

(4) *Jeronimo*] A Performance, which was a fund of Ridicule to the Wits, eſpecially the Play-Wrights, of our Authors Days.

(5) —*Grocers Honour.*
Pro. *Methinks,*
Methinks, &c.] I have dropt one of the *Methinks* upon the Authority of the eldeſt Quarto, and it was my Deſign to have ſet a mark of Infamy upon it before ever I ſaw that Edition.

(6) *You have* Shawns.] Mr. *Theobald*, from the oldeſt Quarto of 1613, reads *Shaums*, and 'tis certain that this ought to have been the Word;

Cit. No? I'm a Thief if my Mind did not give me ſo. *Ralph* plays a ſtately Part, and he muſt needs have Shawns: I'll be at the Charge of them myſelf, rather than we'll be without them.

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why and ſo I will be, there's two Shillings, let's have the Waits of *Southwark*, they are as rare Fellows as any are in *England*; and that will fetch them all o'er the Water, with a Vengeance, as if they were mad.

Pro. You ſhall have them: Will you ſit down then?

Cit. Ay, come Wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen, I'm bold to ſit amongſt you for my eaſe.

Pro. From all that's near the Court, from all that's great
Within the Compaſs of the City Walls,
We now have brought our Scene: Fly far from hence
(7) All private Taxes, all immodeſt Phraſes,
Whatever may but ſhew like vicious,
For wicked Mirth never true Pleaſure brings,
But honeſt Minds are pleas'd with honeſt Things.
Thus much for that we do. But (8) for *Ralph*'s part you muſt anſwer for't yourſelf.

Cit. Take you no Care for *Ralph*, he'll diſcharge himſelf, I warrant you.

Wife. I'faith, Gentlemen, I'll give my Word for *Ralph*.

Word; but I imagine the Poets deſign'd to make the Citizen blunder here, as they do thro' the reſt of the Play upon other Occaſions, and ſo I have choſe to let it ſtand. I muſt add too, that the *Quarto* of 1635, agrees entirely with the preſent Reading.

(7) *All private Taxes, immodeſt Phraſes,*
Whate'er may but ſhew—] As the Meaſure is deficient in both theſe Lines, I have endeavour'd to ſupply it, by reading *all* in the firſt, and *whatever* in the ſecond. And this, with ſome other Lections upon our *Knight of the Peſtle* and *Maid in the Mill*, was ſent me by an ingenious Gentleman in ſeveral Letters, to which his great Modeſty would not let him put his Name. The want of ſuch an Aſſiſtant through the whole of my part, may equally be regretted by the Reader and myſelf.

(8) —*for* Ralph's *part you muſt anſwer* for *yourſelf.*] I once thought that this latter *for* was to be ſtruck out as redundant; but upon Examination we ſhall find it not a Redundancy, but a Deficiency, and ſhou'd read thus, — *anſwer* for't *yourſelf.* My anonymous Correſpondent, mention'd above, reads as I have given the Text in this and the next Note.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Jaſper *his Man.*

Merch. SIrrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable Love redeem'd
Even from the Fall of Fortune, gave thee Heat
And Growth, to be what now thou art, new caſt thee,
Adding the truſt of all I have at home,
In foreign Staples, or upon the Sea,
To th' Direction, ty'd the good Opinions
(9) Both of myſelf and Friends to thy Endeavours,
So fair were thy Beginnings: But with theſe,
As I remember, you had never Charge
To love your Maſter's Daughter, and even then,
When I had found a wealthy Husband for her,
I take it, Sir, you had not; but however,
I'll break the Neck of that Commiſſion,
And make you know you're but a Merchant's Factor.

Jaſp. Sir, I do lib'rally confeſs I'm yours,
Bound both by Love and Duty to your Service:
In which my Labour hath been all my Profit,
I have not loſt in Bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honeſt Gains upon my Back,
Nor have I giv'n a Penſion to my Blood,
Or laviſhly in play conſum'd your Stock.
Theſe, and the Miſeries that do attend them,
I dare with Innocence proclaim are Strangers
To all my temperate Actions; for your Daughter,
If there be any Love to my Deſervings,
Born by her virtuous Self, I cannot ſtop it:
Nor am I able to refrain her Wiſhes.
She's private to herſelf, and beſt of Knowledge
Whom ſhe will make ſo happy as to ſigh for.
Beſides, I cannot think you mean to match her

(9) *Both of ſelf and Friends*—] The *Quarto* of 1613 and 1635, give the Reading in the Text.

Unto

Unto a Fellow of ſo lame a Preſence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.
Merch. 'Tis very well, Sir, I can tell your Wiſdom
How all this ſhall be cur'd.
Jaſp. Your care becomes you.
Merch. And thus it ſhall be, Sir; I here diſcharge you
My Houſe, and Service, take your Liberty,
And when I want a Son I'll ſend for you. [*Exit.*
Jaſp. Theſe be the fair Rewards of them that Love,
Oh you that live in Freedom never prove
The travel of a Mind led by Deſire.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why how now Friend, ſtruck with my Father's Thunder?
Jaſp. Struck, and ſtruck dead, unleſs the Remedy
Be full of ſpeed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your Father's.
Luce. But mine.
Jaſp. But yours, and only yours I am,
That's all I have to keep me from the Statute;
You dare be conſtant ſtill?
Luce. O fear me not.
In this I dare be better than a Woman.
Nor ſhall his Anger nor his Offers move me,
Were they both equal to a Prince's Power.
Jaſp. You know my Rival?
Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
E'en as I love an Ague, or foul Weather;
I prithee *Jaſper* fear him not.
Jaſp. Oh no,
I do not mean to do him ſo much kindneſs:
But to our own Deſires you know the Plot
We both agreed on.
Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.
Jaſp. I deſire no more,
Farewel, and keep my Heart, 'tis yours.
Luce. I take it,
He muſt do Miracles, makes me forſake it. [*Exeunt.*

Cit.

Cit. Fie upon 'em little Infidels, what a matter's here now? Well, I'll be hang'd for a half-penny, if there be not some abomination Knavery in this Play, well, let 'em look to't, *Ralph* must come, and if there be any Tricks a brewing——

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too Husband, a God's name, *Ralph* will find all out I warrant you, and they were older than they are. I pray my pretty Youth, is *Ralph* ready?

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my Commendations unto him, and withal, carry him this stick of Licoras, tell him his Mistress sent it him, and bid him bite a piece, 'twill open his Pipes the better, say.

Enter Merchant and Master Humphrey.

Merch. Come, Sir, she's yours, upon my Faith she's yours,
You have my Hand; for other idle letts,
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They're scattered, and no more: My wanton Prentice,
That like a Bladder blew himself with Love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New Masters yet unknown.

Hum. I thank you Sir,
Indeed I thank you, Sir; and e'er I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle Blood, and gentle seem.

Merch. Oh, Sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my Friend,
Altho' as Writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a Pudding, hath his two,
Oh let it not seem strange, I pray to you,
If in this bloody simile, I put
My Love, more endless, than frail Things or Gut.

Wife. Husband I prithee sweet Lamb tell me one thing, but tell me truly: Stay Youths I beseech you, till I question my Husband.

Cit. What is it, Mouse?

Wife. Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier Child? how it behaves it self, I warrant ye: And speaks and looks,

looks, and pertsup the Head? I pray you Brother with your favour, were you never one of Mr. *Moncaſter*'s Scholars?

Cit. Chicken, I prithee heartily contain thyſelf, the childer are pretty childer, but when *Ralph* comes, Lamb.

Wife. Ay when *Ralph* comes, Conie, well, my Youth, you may proceed.

Merch. Well, Sir, you know my Love, and reſt, I hope
Aſſur'd of my conſent; get but my Daughter's,
And wed her when you pleaſe; you muſt be bold,
And clap in cloſe unto her, come, I know
You've Language good enough to win a Wench.

Wife. A whoreſone Tyrant, hath been an old ſtringer in his Days, I warrant him.

Hum. I take your gentle Offer, and withal
Yield Love again for Love reciprocal.

Enter Luce.

Mar. What *Luce*, within there?

Luce. Call'd you, Sir?

Merch. I did;
Give entertainment to this Gentleman;
And ſee you (10) be not froward: to her Sir, [*Exit.*
My preſence will but be an Eye-ſore to you.

Hum. Fair Miſtreſs *Luce*, how do you, are you well?
Give me your Hand, and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little Siſter, and your Brother?
And whether you love me or any other?

Luce. Sir, theſe are quickly anſwer'd.

Hum. So they are,
Where Women are not cruel; but how far
Is it now diſtant from the Place we are in,
Unto that bleſſed Place, your Father's Warren.

Luce. What makes you think of that, Sir?

Hum. E'en that Face,
For ſtealing Rabbets whilome in that Place,

(10) —*be not froward to her, Sir:*] By the Alteration of the Pointing which Mr. *Theobald* had from the oldeſt Quarto, we have recovered good Senſe in this Paſſage, which was not over-burden'd with it before. My anonymous Friend concur'd too in the ſelf-ſame thing.

God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my Coſt and Charges brought you thither,
And there began.——

Luce. Your Game, Sir.

Hum. Let no Game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the ſame,
Be evermore remembred, thou fair Killer,
For whom I ſate me down and brake my Tiller.

Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you; when will you do as much for me, *George?*

Luce. Beſhrew me, Sir, I'm ſorry for your Loſſes,
But as the Proverb ſays, *I cannot cry*;
I would you had not ſeen me.

Hum. So would I,
Unleſs you had more Maw to do me good.

Luce. Why, cannot (11) this ſtrange Paſſion be with-[ſtood?
Send for a Conſtable, and raiſe the Town.

Hum. Oh no, my valiant Love will batter down
Millions of Conſtables, and put to flight
E'en that great Watch of Midſummer Day at Night.

Luce. Beſhrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then,
Weak Women cannot hope, where valiant Men
Have no Reſiſtance.

Hum. Yield then, I am full
Of Pity, though I ſay it, and can pull
Out of my Pocket thus a pair of Gloves.
Look *Luce*, look, the Dog's Tooth, nor the Doves
Are not ſo white as theſe; and ſweet they be,
And whipt about with Silk, as you may ſee.
If you deſire the Price, ſhoot from your Eye
A Beam to this Place, and you ſhall eſpie
F. S. which is to ſay, my ſweeteſt Hony,
They coſt me three and two Pence, or no Mony.

(11) ——*this* ſtrange *Paſſion*——] To ſend for a *Conſtable and raiſe a Town*, to withſtand a *ſtrange Paſſion*; borders ſeemingly near upon Nonſenſe. Might I be allow'd to conjecture, I wou'd ſay, the Writers ought to have expreſs'd themſelves thus——this *ſtrong* Paſſion. The Alteration is eaſy, and the Senſe by this means clear and intelligible.

Luce.

Luce. Well Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you;
What would you more?
Hum. Nothing.
Luce. Why then farewel.
Hum. Nor ſo, nor ſo, for Lady I muſt tell,
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me Time, and Patience, and fair Weather.
Luce. Speak and declare your Mind in Terms ſo brief.
Hum. I ſhall; then firſt and foremoſt, for Relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it,
I care not at what Price, for on my Word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it coſt me
More than I'll ſpeak of now, for Love hath toſt me
In furious Blanket like a Tennis-Ball,
And now I riſe aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas (12) good Gentleman, alas the Day.
Hum. I thank you heartily, and as I ſay,
Thus do I ſtill continue without Reſt,
I'th'Morning like a Man, at Night a Beaſt,
Roaring and bellowing mine own Diſquiet,
That much I fear, forſaking of my Diet,
Will bring me preſently to that Quandary,
I ſhall bid all adieu.
Luce. Now by St. *Mary*
That were great pity.
Hum. So it were, beſhrew me,
Then eaſe me, luſty *Luce*, and pity ſhew me.
Luce. Why, Sir, you know my Will is nothing worth
Without my Father's Grant; get his Conſent,
And then (13) you may with full aſſurance try me.
Hum. The Worſhipful your Sire will not deny me,
For I have ask'd him, and he hath reply'd,
Sweet Maſter *Humphrey*, *Luce* ſhall be thy Bride.

(12) —*good Gentlemen*,—] The preſent Reading is from the oldeſt Quarto. Mr. *Theobald.*

(13) ——*you may with aſſurance try me.*] Thus run all the Copies, but ſure the Meaſure, if nothing elſe, reclaims againſt this Reading: I have inſerted a Monoſyllable here, which doubtleſs was wanting, but whether it might be the Author's own or no, the Reader is left at his liberty to judge.

Luce. Sweet Maſter *Humphrey* then I am content.

Hum. And ſo am I in Truth.

Luce. Yet take me with you,
There is another Clauſe muſt be annext,
And this it is I ſwore, and will perform it.
No Man ſhall ever joy me as his Wife,
But he that ſtole me hence: If you dare venture,
I'm yours; you need not fear, my Father loves you,
If not, farewel for ever.

Hum. Stay Nymph, ſtay,
I have a double Gelding colour'd Bay,
Sprung by his Father from *Barbarian* kind,
Another for myſelf, though ſomewhat blind,
Yet true as truſty Tree.

Luce. I'm ſatisfied,
And ſo I give my Hand; our courſe muſt lye
Through *Waltham* Foreſt, where I have a Friend
Will entertain us, ſo farewel, Sir *Humphrey*,
And think upon your Buſineſs. [*Exit* Luce.

Hum. Though I die,
I am reſolv'd to venture Life and Limb,
For one ſo young, ſo fair, ſo kind, ſo trim. [*Ex.* Hum.

Wife. By my faith and troth, *George*, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindeſt young Man that ever trode on Shoe-Leather; well go thy ways, if thou haſt her not, 'tis not thy Fault 'ifaith.

Cit. I prithee Mouſe be patient, a ſhall have her, or I'll make ſome of 'em ſmoak for't.

Wife. That's my good Lamb *George*; fie, (14) this ſtinking Tobacco kills Me, would there were none in *England:* Now I pray Gentlemen, (15) what good does this

(14) *This ſtinking Tobacco kills* Men,] I have alter'd the Text here to *Me*, which is much more natural than *Men*, from the Conjecture of my unknown Friend.

(15) *What good does this ſtinking Tobacco? Do you nothing*;] This is a ſufficient Inſtance what great ſervice Punctuation is of, for we have here excellent Senſe, but mangled at the Preſs: Remove only the Interrogation after *Tobacco*, and put it behind *do you*, and the Alteration carries its own Conviction with it. Thus far I had gone, when

this ſtinking Tobacco do you? nothing; I warrant you make Chimnies a your Faces. Oh Husband, Husband, now, now there's *Ralph*, there's *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph, *like a Grocer in's Shop, with two Prentices, reading* Palmerin *of* England.

Cit. Peace fool, let *Ralph* alone; hark you *Ralph*, do not ſtrain yourſelf too much at the firſt, peace, begin *Ralph*.

Ralph. Then Palmerin *and* Trineus *ſnatching their Lances from their Dwarfs, and claſping their Helmets, gallopt amain after the Giant, and* Palmerin *having gotten a Sight of him, came poſting amain, ſaying, Stay traiterous Thief, for thou may'ſt not ſo carry away her, that is worth the greateſt Lord in the World; and with theſe Words gave him a blow on the Shoulder, that he ſtruck him beſide his Elephant; and* Trineus *coming to the Knight that had* Agricola *behind him, ſet him ſoon beſide his Horſe, with his Neck broken in the fall, ſo that the Princeſs getting out of the throng, between joy and grief ſaid; All happy Knight, the mirror of all ſuch as follow Arms, now may I be well aſſured of the Love thou beareſt me.* I wonder why the Kings do not raiſe an Army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thouſand Men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought againſt *Roſicler*, and deſtroy theſe Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damſels, that go in queſt of their Knights.

Wife. Faith Husband, and *Ralph* ſays true, for they ſay the King of *Portugal* cannot ſit at his Meat, but the Giants and the (16) Ettins will come and ſnatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy Tongue; on *Ralph*.

when my nameleſs Correſpondent told me, he thought we ought to read thus ——

What good does this ſtinking Tobacco do you?
Nothing I warrant; you make Chimnies o' your Faces.

(16) *Ettins*] The good Woman is here a little Tautological, as at other times ſhe is Nonſenſical. (unleſs I miſtake her Meaning in this Place.) Sir, Giants and Ettins, are Giants and Giants, *Eten* in *Saxon* ſignifying ſo.

Ralph. And certainly thoſe Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their Poſſeſſions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarf through the Deſarts, to relieve poor Ladies.

Wife. Ay by my Faith are they *Ralph*, let 'em ſay what they will, they are indeed; our Knights neglect their Poſſeſſions well enough, but they do not the reſt.

Ralph. There are no ſuch courteous, and fair well-ſpoken Knights in this Age; they will call one the Son of a Whore, that *Palmerin* of *England* would have called fair Sir; and one that *Roſicler* would have called Right beautiful Damſel, they will call Damn'd Bitch.

Wife. I'll be ſworn will they *Ralph*, they have called me ſo an hundred times about a ſcurvy Pipe of Tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave Spirit could be content to ſit in his Shop with a flapet of Wood, and a blue Apron before him ſelling *Methridatam* and *Dragons Water* to viſited Houſes, that might purſue feats of Arms, and through his noble Atchievements, procure ſuch a famous Hiſtory to (17) be written of his Heroick Proweſs.

Cit. Well ſaid *Ralph*, ſome more of thoſe Words *Ralph.*

Wife. They go finely, by my Troth.

Ralph. Why ſhould I not then purſue this Courſe, both for the credit of my ſelf and our Company, for amongſt all the worthy Books of Atchievements, I do not call to mind, that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the ſaid Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurniſhed of his Squire and Dwarf? (18) My elder Prentice *Tim* ſhall be my truſty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarf, hence my blue Apron, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my Shield ſhall be pourtraid

(17) *be written of,* in *his Heroick Proweſs.*] If Nonſenſe of above an hundred Years Poſſeſſion may plead Preſcription, this ridiculous Particle may inſiſt upon its Privilege, for it has ſtood here ever ſince the Year 1635, but an higher Authority will ſhew the falſeneſs of its Claim; for that the Poets ne'er eſtabliſh'd it there, is plain from the Copy of 1613, where no ſuch Particle appears at all.

(18) *My elder Prentice* Tom] Mr. *Theobald* from the firſt Quarto ſays, we muſt read *Tim.* 'Tis true; and the careful Reader will ſee that muſt be his Name from two other Places in this very Scene.

a *Burn-*

a *Burning Peſtle*, and I will be called the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle.*

Wife. Nay, I dare ſwear thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meek. *Ralph. Tim.*

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other Name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman or Wench, but fair Lady, if ſhe have her deſires; if not, diſtreſſed Damſel; that you call all Foreſts and Heaths, Deſarts, and all Horſes Palfries.

Wife. This is very fine: Faith do the Gentlemen like *Ralph*, think you Husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the Shoes in their Shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved Squire *Tim*, ſtand out, admit this were a Deſart, and over it a Knight Errant pricking, and I ſhould bid you enquire of his intents, what would you ſay?

Tim. Sir, my Maſter ſent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus; Fair Sir, the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, commanded me to enquire upon what Adventure you are bound, whether to relieve ſome diſtreſſed Damſel or otherwiſe.

Cit. Whoreſon Blockhead cannot remember.

Wife. I'faith, and *Ralph* told him on't before; all the Gentlemen heard him; did he not Gentlemen, did not *Ralph* tell him on't?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle, here is a diſtreſſed Damſel, to have a half penny worth of Pepper.

Wife. That's a good Boy, ſee, the little Boy can hit it, by my Troth it's a fine Child.

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous Language, now ſhut up ſhop, no more my Prentice, but my truſty Squire and Dwarf, I muſt beſpeak my Shield, and arming Peſtle.

Cit. Go thy ways *Ralph*, as I am a true Man, thou art the beſt on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph.

Ralph. What ſay you, Miſtreſs?

Wife. I prithee come again quickly, ſweet *Ralph.*

Ralph. By and by. [*Exit* Ralph.

Enter Jaſper *and his Mother Miſtreſs* Merry-thought.

Miſt. Mer. Give thee my Bleſſing? No, I'll never give thee my Bleſſing, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt; it ſhall ne'er be ſaid I gave thee my Bleſſing: Thou art thy Father's own Son, of the Blood of the *Merry-thoughts*; I may curſe the time that e'er I knew thy Father, he hath ſpent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and ſings, and cries *A merry Heart lives long-a.* And thou art a waſt-thrift, and art run away from thy Maſter, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger Son *Michael*, and thou thinkeſt to bezle that, but thou ſhalt never be able to do it. Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, down on thy Knees, thou ſhalt have my Bleſſing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you Mother pray to God to bleſs me.

Miſt. Mer. God bleſs thee; but *Jaſper* ſhall never have my Bleſſing, he ſhall be hang'd firſt, ſhall he not *Michael?* how ſaiſt thou?

Mich. Yes forſooth Mother, and grace of God.

Miſt. Mer. That's a good Boy.

Wife. I'faith it's a fine ſpoken Child:

Jaſp. Mother, though you forget a Parent's Love,
I muſt preſerve the Duty of a Child.
I ran not from my Maſter, nor return
To have your Stock maintain my Idleneſs.

Wife. Ungracious Child I warrant him, hark how he chops Logick with his Mother; thou hadſt beſt tell her ſhe lies, do, tell her ſhe lies.

Cit. If he were my Son, I would hang him up by the Heels, and flea him, and ſalt him, Whoreſon halter-ſack,

Jaſp.

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your Love,
(19) Which I must ever though I never gain it;
And howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of Blood hid in these Veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I'faith I had sorrow enough for thee: (God knows) but I'll hamper thee well enough, get thee in thou Vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy Brother *Michael.*

Old. Mer. [within.] *Nose, Nose, jolly red Nose,*
And who gave thee this jolly red Nose?

Mist. Mer. Hark my Husband he's singing and hoiting,
And I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.
Husband, *Charles, Charles Merry-thought.*

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old. Mer. *Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinamon and Cloves,*
And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your Estate, you would have little list to sing, I wis's.

Old. Mer. It should never be consider'd, while it were an Estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old Man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty Shillings left, and thou eatest good Meat, and drinkest good Drink, and laugh'st?

Old. Mer. And will do.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, *Charles?*

Old. Mer. How? Why how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my Dining-room, but at eleven and six a Clock, I found excellent Meat and Drink o' th' Table: My Cloaths were never worn out, but next Morning a Tailor brought me a new Suit, and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all

(19) *Which I ever though*——] Mr. *Theobald* had recover'd the true Reading before me from the oldest Quarto. My Correspondents Reading in this Place, *viz. shall* for *must*, would make good Sense, but it would not be the Author's, but his own.

should

ſhould fail, it is but a little ſtraining my ſelf extraordinary, and laugh my ſelf to Death.

Wife. It's a fooliſh old Man this: Is not he, *George?*

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i'th'Purſe while I live, *George.*

Cit. Ay by'r Lady, Cunny hold thee there.

Miſt. Mer. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Jaſper*, and I have laid up for *Michael:* I pray you pay *Jaſper* his Portion, he's come home, and he ſhall not conſume *Michael*'s Stock; he ſays his Maſter turn'd him away, but I promiſe you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No indeed Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, though he be a notable Gallows, yet I'll aſſure you his Maſter did turn him away, even in this place, 'twas i'faith within this half Hour, about his Daughter, my Husband was by.

Cit. Hang him Rogue, he ſerv'd him well enough, Love his Maſter's Daughter! By my troth Cunny, if there were a thouſand Boys, thou wouldſt ſpoil them all, with taking their parts; let his Mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old. Mer. Where is *Jaſper?* He's welcome however, call him in, he ſhall have his Portion, is he merry?

Enter Jaſper *and* Michael.

Miſt. Mer. I foul chive him, he is too merry. *Jaſper. Michael.*

Old. Mer. Welcome *Jaſper*, tho' thou run'ſt away, welcome, God bleſs thee, 'tis thy Mother's Mind thou ſhould'ſt receive thy Portion; thou haſt been abroad, and I hope haſt learnt Experience enough to govern it: Thou art of ſufficient years, hold thy Hand: One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, there is ten Shillings for thee; thruſt thyſelf into the World with that, and take ſome ſettled courſe, if Fortune croſs thee, thou haſt a retiring place; come home to me, I have twenty Shillings left, be a good Husband, that is, wear ordinary Cloaths, eat the beſt Meat, and drink the beſt Drink; be merry, and give to the Poor, and believe me, thou haſt no end of thy Goods.

Jaſp.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still.
But Father?

Old. Mer. No more Words *Jasper*, get thee gone, thou hast my Blessing, thy Father's Spirit upon thee. Farewel *Jasper*;
But yet, or e'er (20) *you part (oh cruel)*
Kiss me, kiss me sweeting,
Mine own dear Jewel:
So, now begone, no Words. [*Exit* Jasper.

Mist. Mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, but I'll have my Father's Blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, tis no matter for his Blessing; thou hast my Blessing, begone; I'll fetch my Mony and Jewels, and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him I warrant thee, truly *Charles* I'll be gone too.

Old. Mer. What? you will not.

Mist. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old. Mer. Hey ho, farewel Nan,
I'll never trust Wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for *Michael.*

Old. Mer. Farewel good Wife, I expect it not, all I have to do in this World, is to be merry; which I shall, if the Ground be not taken from me; and if it be,
When Earth and Seas from me are reft,
The Skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*

[*Boy danceth, Musick.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old Gentleman for all that: Hark, hark Husband, hark, Fiddles, Fiddles; now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present Death for these Fiddlers to tune their Rebecks before the great *Turks* Grace, is't not *George?* But look, look, here's a Youth dances, now good Youth do a turn o'th' Toe; Sweet-heart, I'faith I'll have *Ralph* come and do some of his Gambols; he'll ride the wild Mare Gentlemen, 'twould

(20) *you*—] The Ingenious Letter-Writer would have us read *we* here, I have not however follow'd his Advice, in the Alteration of the Text, though I have as to the Printing this Part of the Speech.

do

do your Hearts good to ſee him: I thank you kind Youth, pray bid *Ralph* come.

Cit. Peace Conie. Sirrah, you ſcurvy Boy, bid the Players ſend *Ralph*, or by Gods——and they do not I'll tear ſome of their Periwigs beſide their Heads; this is all Riff-Raff.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

Merch. AND how faith? how goes it now, Son *Humphrey?*

Hum. Right worſhipful and my beloved Friend
And Father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well, it ſhould be ſo, I'am glad the Girl
Is found ſo tractable.

Hum. Nay, ſhe muſt whirl
From hence, (and you muſt wink: for ſo I ſay,
The Story tells,) to morrow before day.

Wife. George, doſt thou think in thy Conſcience now 'twill be a Match? tell me but what thou think'ſt ſweet Rogue, thou ſeeſt the poor Gentleman (dear Heart) how it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at reſt: I'll go move the Father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prithee ſit ſtill Honey-ſuckle, thou'lt ſpoil all; if he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good Fellows my ſelf, and in the ſhutting of an Evening knock it up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buſs thee for that I'faith, Boy; well, *George*, well, you have been a Wag in your days I warrant you: but God forgive you, and I do with all my Heart.

Merch. How was it, Son? you told me that to Morrow Before Day break, you muſt convey her hence.

Hum. I muſt, I muſt, and thus it is agreed,
Your Daughter rides upon a brown Bay Steed,
I on a Sorrel, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honeſt Hoſt of the red roaring Lion

In

In *Waltham* ſituate: Then if you may,
Conſent in ſeemly ſort, leſt by delay,
The fatal Siſters come, and do the Office,
And then you'll ſing another Song.

Merch. Alas,
Why ſhould you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as your ſelf agree
To any thing, ſo it be good and fair?
Then ſteal her when you will, if ſuch a pleaſure
Content you both, I'll ſleep and never ſee it,
To make your joys more full: but tell me why
You may not here perform your Marriage?

Wife. God's bleſſing o' thy Soul, old Man, i'faith thou art loath to part true Hearts: I ſee a has her, *George*, and I'm glad on't; well, go thy ways *Humphrey* for a fair ſpoken Man, I believe thou haſt not thy fellow within the Walls of *London*, an' I ſhould ſay the Suburbs too, I ſhould not lie: Why doſt not thou rejoice with me, *George?*

Cit. If I could but ſee *Ralph* again, I were as merry as mine Hoſt i'faith.

(21) *Hum.* The cauſe you ſeem to ask, I thus declare;
Help me oh Muſes nine: Your Daughter ſware
A fooliſh Oath, the more it was the pity:
(22) Yet no one but my ſelf within this City
Shall dare to ſay ſo, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble Science.
And yet ſhe ſware, and yet why did ſhe ſwear?
Truly I cannot tell, unleſs it were
For her own eaſe; for ſure ſometimes an Oath,
Being ſworn thereafter, is like Cordial Broth:

(21) Cit. *The cauſe*—] I have, from the Authority of the Edition of 1613, alter'd the Speakers here, ſeeing this Speech cou'd not belong to any one, but poor Mr. *Humphrey*.

(22) *Yet none but*—] Mr. *Theobald* had been beforehand with me in the Correction of this Paſſage, as I found by his Margin: *None*, which is not Quantity, might eaſily by unmuſical Ears be made of *no one*, which as not the Verſe, but Senſe was minded only, eaſily paſs'd down to us thro' ſucceeding Editions: The Gentleman quoted above propoſes reading, thus — *none but* I my ſelf.

And

And this it was ſhe ſwore, never to marry,
But ſuch a one whoſe mighty Arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am ſuch a one)
Her bodily away through Stick and Stone,
'Till both of us arrive, at her requeſt,
Some Ten Miles off in the (23) wide *Waltham* Foreſt.

Merch. If this be all, you ſhall not need to fear
Any denial in your Love, proceed,
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed. [more,

Hum. Good Night, twenty good Nights, and twenty
And twenty more good Nights, that makes threeſcore.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought, *and her Son* Michael.

Miſt. Mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not weary, Boy?

Mich. No forſooth Mother not I.

Miſt. Mer. Where be we now, Child?

Mich. Indeed forſooth Mother I cannot tell, unleſs we be at *Mile-end*, is not all the World *Mile-end*, Mother?

Miſt. Mer. No, *Michael*, not all the World, Boy; but I can aſſure thee, *Michael*, *Mile-end* is a goodly matter, there has been a pitch'd Field my Child, between the naughty *Spaniels* and the *Engliſhmen*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *Engliſhmen* followed: my Neighbour *Coxſtone* was there Boy, and kill'd them all with a Birding-piece.

Mich. Mother forſooth.

Miſt. Mer. What ſays my white Boy?

Mich. Shall not my Father go with us too?

Miſt. Mer. No, *Michael*, let thy Father go ſnick-up, he ſhall never come between a pair of Sheets with me again, while he lives: let him ſtay at home and ſing for his Supper, Boy; come Child ſit down, and I'll ſhew my Boy fine knacks indeed, look here, *Michael*, here's a Ring, and here's a Brooch, and here's a Bracelet, and

(23) —*wide Foreſt.*] Here my unknown Correſpondent propoſes to read *wild* for *wide*; had it been in the romantic Part of the Play, I could eaſily have admitted it into the Text; but as it is circumſtanced, the preſent reading I think need not be diſplac'd. I like the Conjecture, 'tis ingenious but not neceſſary.

here's

here's two Rings more, and here's Money, and Gold by th' Eye my Boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, Mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay *Michael*, thou shalt have all, *Michael.*

Cit. How lik'st thou this, Wench?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would have *Ralph*, *George*; I'll see no more else indeed la: and I pray you let the Youths understand so much by word of Mouth, for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o'my Boy: come, come, *George*, let's be merry and wise, the Child's a Fatherless Child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass, he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, *Squire, and Dwarf.*

Cit. Here's *Ralph*, here's *Ralph.*

Wife. How do you *Ralph?* you are welcome, *Ralph*, as I may say, it's a good Boy, hold up thy Head, and be not afraid, we are thy Friends *Ralph.* The Gentlemen will praise thee, *Ralph*, if thou play'st thy part with audacity, begin *Ralph* a Gods Name.

Ralph. My trusty Squire unlace my Helm, give me my Hat, where are we, or what Desart might this be?

Dwarf. Mirror of Knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous *Waltham* Down; in whose bottom stands the inchanted Valley.

Mist. Mer. Oh *Michael*, we are betray'd, we are betray'd, here be Giants; fly Boy, fly Boy, fly.

[*Exeunt Mother and* Michael.

Ralph. Lace on my Helm again: what noise is this?
A gentle Lady flying the Embrace
Of some uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.
Go Squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle
In Honour of all Ladies, swears Revenge
Upon that recreant Coward that pursues her;
Go comfort her, and that same gentle Squire
That bears her Company.

Squire. I go, brave Knight. [Shield,

Ralph. My trusty Dwarf and Friend, reach me my
And hold it while I swear, first by my Knighthood,

Then

Then by the Soul of *Amadis de Gaule*,
My famous Anceſtor, then by my Sword,
The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,
(24) By this bright burning Peſtle, of mine Honour
The living Trophy, and by all reſpect
Due to diſtreſſed Damſels, here I vow
Never to end the queſt of this fair Lady,
And that forſaken Squire, 'till by my Valour
I gain their liberty.

Dwarf. Heav'n bleſs the Knight
That thus relieves poor errant Gentlewomen. [*Exit.*

Wife. Ay marry *Ralph*, this has ſome ſavour in't, I would ſee the proudeſt of them all offer to carry his Books after him. But *George*, I will not have him go away ſo ſoon, I ſhall be ſick if he go away, that I ſhall; call *Ralph* again, *George*, call *Ralph* again, I prithee Sweet-heart let him come fight before me, and let's ha' ſome Drums, and Trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an' thou lov'ſt me, *George*.

Cit. Peace a little, Bird, he ſhall kill them all, an' they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſper. Now Fortune, (if thou be'ſt not only ill,)
Shew me thy better Face, and bring about
Thy deſperate Wheel, that I may climb at length
And ſtand; this is our place of meeting,
If Love have any conſtancy. Oh age!
Where only wealthy Men are counted happy:
How ſhall I pleaſe thee? how deſerve thy ſmiles?

(24) *By this bright burning Peſtle of mine Honour,*
The living Trophy—] Here we have ſad Pointing again, and conſequently as miſerable Senſe. I once thought to compleat the place we ſhould read,

This living Trophy— which would certainly make the Sentence run more roundly, and take off that flatneſs and poorneſs which *The living Trophy* carries in it; but upon ſecond Thoughts I imagine that the alteration of a ſingle Comma will do the Buſineſs without more ado, as thus—

By this bright burning Peſtle, of my Honour
The living Trophy—

When

When I am only rich in misery?
My Father's Blessing, and this little Coin
Is my Inheritance, a strong Revenue,
From Earth thou art, and unto Earth I give thee.
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher Air
Breeds me a fresher Fortune: How, illusion!
[*Spies the Casket.*
What hath the Devil coin'd himself before me?
'Tis Metal good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now God's dear blessing
Upon his Heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These Pearls, I take it, were not left for Swine. [*Exit.*

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty Youth should embezel away the Money, the poor Gentlewoman his Mother will have a heavy Heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And reason good, Sweet-heart.

Wife. But let him go, I'll tell *Ralph* a Tale in's Ear, shall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides *George*, here be a number of sufficient Gentlemen can witness, and my self, and your self, and the Musicians, if we be call'd in question; but here comes *Ralph*, *George*, thou shalt hear him speak, as he were an Emperal.

Enter Ralph *and Dwarf.*

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?

Dwarf. Right courteous Knight,
(25) Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Lady
Enter Mistress Merry-thought, Michael, *and Squire.*
Fair, and the Squire of Damsels as I take it. *Ralph.*

(25) *Your Squire doth come and with him comes the Lady.*
Enter Mrs. Merry-thought, *&c.*
For *and the Squire of Damsels*——] Thus has this Passage been handed down to us from the first Quarto to the present Time; but could such Nonsense ever flow from such standard Writers as ours were? Let us take the Lines apieces and we shall soon be able to answer this Query in the Negative. *Ralph* says,
Comes not Sir Squire again?
Yes says the Dwarf, *He does and with him comes the Lady.*
So far all is right, but what follows is total Darkness.
For *and the Squire of*, &c. This is surely the most unlucky *for* that e'er was wrote. What business has it here, or to what end does it serve? To no other but to make the Line ridiculous by making the Sense obscure. The only way to retrieve our Authors Credit is, by

Ralph. Madam, if any Service or Devoir
Of a poor Errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am preſt to give you Succour,
For to that holy end I bear my Armour.

Miſt. Mer. Alas, Sir, I am a poor Gentlewoman, and I have loſt my Mony in this Foreſt.

Ralph. Deſart, you would ſay, Lady, and not loſt
Whilſt I have Sword and Launce; dry up your Tears
Which ill befits the Beauty of that Face,
And tell the Story, if I may requeſt it,
Of your diſaſtrous Fortune.

Miſt. Mer. Out alas, I left a thouſand Pound, a thouſand Pound, e'en all the Mony I had laid up for this Youth, upon the ſight of your Maſterſhip, you look'd ſo grim, and as I may ſay it, ſaving your Preſence, more like a Giant than a mortal Man.

Ralph. I am as you are, Lady, ſo are they
All mortal; but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Miſt. Mer. Has he not cauſe to weep do you think, when he has loſt his Inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of Valour, weep not, I am here
That will confound thy Foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward Head, that dare deny
Diſtreſſed Squires and Ladies Equity.
(26) I have but one Horſe, upon which ſhall ride
This Lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, Fortune will give us more
Upon our next Adventure; fairly ſpeed
Beſide us Squire and Dwarf, to do us need. [*Exeunt.*

ſuppoſing that they wrote the Lines, and pointed them thus,

— *with him comes the Lady*
Fair, *and the Squire of Damſels*— So above he forbids his Squire to call any Female by the Name of *Woman* or *Wench*, but *fair Lady*. And again a little lower,

——— *I am here*
An Errant Knight to crave Delivery
Of that fair Lady, *to her own Knight's Arms.*

And juſt after —— *on which ſhall ride*
This Lady fair.

(26) *I have but one Horſe on* —] As the Meaſure here is lame, and has been ſo this Hundred Years, I have endeavour'd to ſet it ſound by inſerting the Word *upon*, which might eaſily have dropt a Syllable; or if the Reader does not approve of that, he may inſert *this* before *one*, and the thing will come to the very ſame. *Cit.*

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nell* what your Man would do? by the faith of my Body Wench, for clean Action and good Delivery, they may all caſt their Caps at him.

Wife. And ſo they may i'faith, for I dare ſpeak it boldly, the twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, Timber for Timber: Well *George*, an' he be not inveigled by ſome of theſe paltry Players, I ha' much marvel; but *George* we ha' done our Parts, if the Boy have any Grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you Duckling.

Enter Humphrey *and* Luce.

Hum. Good Miſtreſs *Luce*, however I in fault am,
For your lame Horſe; your welcome unto *Waltham*,
But which way now to go, or what to ſay
I know not truly, 'till it be broad Day.

Luce. O fear not Maſter *Humphrey*, I am Guide
For this Place good enough.

Hum. Then up and ride,
Or if it pleaſe you, walk for your Repoſe,
Or ſit, or if you will, go pluck a Roſe:
Either of which ſhall be indifferent,
To your good Friend and *Humphrey*, whoſe Conſent
Is ſo intangled ever to your Will,
As the poor harmleſs Horſe is to the Mill.

Luce. Faith and you ſay the Word, we'll e'en ſit down,
And take a Nap.

Hum. 'Tis better in the Town,
Where we may nap together; for believe me,
To ſleep without a ſnatch would mickle grieve me.

Luce. You're merry, Maſter *Humphrey*.

Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

Luce. Your Nurſe had the leſs Labour.

Hum. Faith it may be,
Unleſs it were by Chance I did bewray me.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. *Luce*, dear Friend *Luce*.

Luce. Here *Jaſper*.

Jaſp. You are mine.

Hum. If it be ſo, my Friend, you uſe me fine:
What do you think I am?

Jaſp. An arrant Noddy.

Hum. A Word of Obloquy; now by God's Body,
I'll tell thy Maſter, for I know thee well.

Jaſp. Nay, an' you be ſo forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him, Sir, I gave it: [*Beats him.*
And ſay I paid you well.

Hum. O Sir, I have it,
And do confeſs the Payment, pray be quiet.

Jaſp. Go, get you to your Night-Cap and the Diet,
To cure your beaten Bones.

Luce. Alas, poor *Humphrey*,
Get thee ſome wholeſome Broth with Sage and Cumfry:
A little Oil of Roſes, and a Feather
To 'noint thy Back withal.

Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dory*.

Luce. Farewel my pretty Numps, I'm very ſorry
I cannot bear thee Company.

Hum. Farewel,
The Devil's Dam was ne'er ſo bang'd in Hell. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young *Jaſper* will prove me another Things, a my Conſcience, and he may be ſuffered; *George*, doſt not ſee *George* how a ſwaggers, and flies at the very Heads a fokes as he were a Dragon; well if I do not do his Leſſon for wronging the poor Gentleman, I am no true Woman; his Friends that brought him up, might have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him theſe Fegaries: He's e'en in the Highway to the Gallows, God bleſs him.

Cit. You're too bitter, Conny, the young Man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither Maſter *Humphry*, has he hurt you? now beſhrew his Fingers for't, here Sweet-heart, here's ſome Green Ginger for thee, now beſhrew my Heart, but a has Pepper-nel in's Head, as big as a Pullet's Egg; alas, ſweet Lamb, how thy Temples beat; take the Peace on him ſweet Heart, take the Peace on him.

Enter

Enter a Boy.

Cit. No, no, you talk like a fooliſh Woman, I'll ha' *Ralph* fight with him, and ſwinge him up well-favour'dly: Sirrah Boy, come hither, let *Ralph* come in and fight with *Jaſper*.

Wife. Ay and beat him well, he's an unhappy Boy.

Boy. Sir, you muſt pardon us, the Plot of our Play lyes contrary, and 'twill hazard the ſpoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no Plots, I'll ha' *Ralph* come out, I'll make your Houſe too hot for you elſe.

Boy. Why Sir, he ſhall, but if any thing fall out of Order, the Gentlemen muſt pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways goodman Boy, I'll hold him a Penny he ſhall have his Belly full of fighting now, ho here comes *Ralph*; no more.

Enter Ralph, *Miſt.* Merr. Michael, *Squire and Dwarf.*

Ralph. What Knight is that, Squire, ask him if he keep
The Paſſage bound by love of Lady fair,
Or elſe but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no Knight,
But a poor Gentleman, that this ſame Night,
Had ſtolen from me, upon yonder Green,
My lovely Wife, and ſuffer'd (to be ſeen
Yet extant on my Shoulders) ſuch a greeting,
That whilſt I live, I ſhall think of that Meeting. [thou

Wife. Ay *Ralph*, he beat him unmercifully, *Ralph*, an' Spar'ſt him *Ralph*, I would thou wert hang'd

Cit. No more, Wife, no more.

Ralph. Where is the Caitiff Wretch hath done this Deed,
Lady, your Pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the Queſt of this injurious Knight.
And thou fair Squire repute me not the worſe,
In leaving the great Venture of the Purſe,

Enter Jaſper *and* Luce.

And the rich Casket, 'till ſome better Leiſure. [ſure.

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my Trea-

Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant Knight at Arms, to crave Delivery

Of that fair Lady to her own Knight's Arms.
If he deny, bid (27) him take Choice of Ground,
And ſo defie him.

Squire. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Peſtle, I defie thee Knight,
Unleſs thou make fair Reſtitution
Of that bright Lady.

Jaſp. Tell the Knight that ſent thee
He is an Aſs, and I will keep the Wench,
And knock his Head-Peice.

(28) *Ralph.* Knight thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous Terms.

Wife. Break his Pate *Ralph*, break his Pate *Ralph*, ſoundly.

Jaſp. Come, Knight, I'm ready for you, now your Peſtle
[*Snatches away his Peſtle.*
Shall try what Temper, Sir, your Mortar's of;
With that he ſtood upright in his Stirrops,
And gave the Knight of the Calves-Skin ſuch a knock,
That he forſook his Horſe, and down he fell, [met——
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Hel-

Hum. Nay, an' my noble Knight be down ſo ſoon,
Though I can ſcarcely go, I needs muſt run——
[*Ex.* Humphrey *and* Ralph.

Wife. Run *Ralph*, run *Ralph*, run for thy Life Boy; *Jaſper* comes, *Jaſper* comes.

Jaſp. Come *Luce*, we muſt have other Arms for you, *Humphrey* and *Golden Peſtle* both adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the Devil, God bleſs us, is in this Springald; why *George*, didſt ever ſee ſuch a Fire-Drake? I am afraid my Boy's miſcarry'd; if he be, though he were Maſter *Merry-thought*'s Son a thouſand times, if there be any Law in *England*, I'll make ſome of them ſmart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the Matter, Sweetheart, *Jaſper* is enchanted as ſure as we are here, he is en-

(27) ——*him* take *choice of Ground*,] It is very poſſible that our Authors wrote *make* in this Paſſage.

(28) *Thou art but dead*,] The Text is from the Quarto of 1613, and I dare ſay my Correſpondent will be pleaſed to ſee the beſt Authority confirm his Conjecture here, who adviſed me to fill up this Deficiency as I here have done.

chanted,

chanted, he could no more have ſtood in *Ralph*'s Hands, than I can ſtand in my Lord Mayor's: I'll have a Ring to diſcover all Enchantments, and *Ralph* ſhall beat him yet: Be no more vext, for it ſhall be ſo.

Enter Ralph, *Squire*, *Dwarf*, *Miſtreſs* Merry-thought, *and* Michael.

Wife. Oh Husband, here's *Ralph* again; ſtay *Ralph*, let me ſpeak with thee; how doſt thou *Ralph?* Art thou not ſhrewdly hurt? the foul great Lungies laid unmercifully on thee, there's ſome Sugar-Candy for thee, proceed, thou ſhalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If *Ralph* had him at the Fencing-School, if he did not make a Puppy of him, and drive him up and down the School, he ſhould ne'er come in my Shop more.

Miſt. Mer. Truly Maſter Knight of the *Burning Peſtle*, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed la Mother, and I'm very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and your fair Squire.
For in this Deſart there muſt needs be plac'd
Many ſtrong Caſtles, held by courteous Knights,
And 'till I bring you ſafe to one of thoſe
I ſwear by this my Order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well ſaid *Ralph: George*, *Ralph* was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes Duck.

Wife. I ſhall ne'er forget him: When we had loſt our Child, you know it was ſtray'd almoſt, alone, to *Puddle-Wharf*, and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it ſelf but for a Sculler, *Ralph* was the moſt comfortableſt to me: Peace Miſtreſs, ſays he, let it go, I'll get you another as good; did he not *George?* Did he not ſay ſo?

Cit. Yes indeed did he, Mouſe.

Dwarf. I would we had a meſs of Pottage, and a Pot of Drink, Squire, and were going to Bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Waltham* Town's end, and that's the *Bell* Inn. [Squire,

Dwarf. Take courage valiant Knight, Damſel, and I have diſcovered, not a Stone's caſt off,

An antient Caſtle held by the old Knight
Of the moſt holy Order of the *Bell*,
Who gives to all Knights Errant entertain:
There plenty is of Food, and all prepar'd
By the white Hands of his own Lady dear.
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Gueſts:
(29) The firſt, hight *Chamberlino*, who will ſee
Our Beds prepar'd, and bring us Snowy Sheets,
Where never Footman ſtretch'd his butter'd Hams.
The ſecond hight *Tapſtero*, who will ſee
Our Pots full filled, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle Squire *Oſtlero* hight,
Who will our Palfries ſlick with wiſps of Straw,
And in the Manger put them Oats enough,
And never greaſe their Teeth with Candle-ſnuff.

Wife. That ſame Dwarf's a pretty Boy, but the Squire's a grout-nold.

Ralph. Knock at the Gates my Squire, with ſtately Lance.

Enter Tapſter.

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you ſee a Room?

Dwarf. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the *Burning Peſtle*, this is the Squire *Tapſtero*.

Ralph. Fair Squire *Tapſtero*, I a wandering Knight,
Hight of the *Burning Peſtle*, in the queſt
Of this fair Lady's Casket, and wrought Purſe,
Loſing my ſelf in this vaſt Wilderneſs,
(30) Am to this Caſtle well by fortune brought,

(29) *The firſt* high *Chamberlain*
——*height* Tapſtro
——*Squire* Oſtlero height.] The Correction of *hight* for *high*, is from Mr. *Theobald*'s Conjecture, but he did not go to the bottom of the Grievance, for Chamberlain is not Quantity, and ſo can't ſtand in the Verſe. *Chamberlino* is from the ſaid Quarto of 1613, *Tapſtro*, Octavo. *Taſtero*, Quarto, I have alter'd to *Tapſtero*. *Oſtlero hight* is from the firſt Quarto too.

(30) *And to this Caſtle*——] The Miſtakes in this Page draw on each other like the Links of a Chain; the Reader will ſee that my Correction here, which I afterwards found confirmed by the oldeſt Copy, is without all Diſpute what the Poets not only ſhou'd have wrote, but actually did.

Where

Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,
Gives to all Damſels, and all Errant Knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapſt. An't pleaſe you ſee a Chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. George, I would have ſomething done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, *Nell?*

Wife. Why *George*, ſhall *Ralph* beat no body again? Prithee Sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he ſhall *Nell*, and if I joyn with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter Humphrey *and Merchant.*

Wife. O *George*, here's Maſter *Humphrey* again now, that loſt Miſtreſs *Luce*, and Miſtreſs *Luce*'s Father, Maſter *Humphrey* will do ſome bodies Arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in Arms I ne'er ſhall claſp her,
For ſhe is ſtol'n away by your Man *Jaſper*.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Mer. Unhappy that I am to loſe my Child:
Now I begin to think on *Jaſper*'s Words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy fooliſhneſs;
Why didſt thou let her go, thou lov'ſt her not,
That wouldſt bring home thy Life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgive me, I ſhall tell you true,
Look on my Shoulders, they are black and blue,
Whilſt too and fro fair *Luce* and I were winding,
He came and baſted me with a hedge binding.

Mer. Get Men and Horſes ſtraight, we will be there
Within this hour; you know the Place again?

Hum. I know the Place where he my Loins did ſwaddle,
I'll get ſix Horſes, and to each a Saddle.

Mer. Mean time I will go talk with *Jaſper*'s Father.
[*Exeunt.*

Wife. George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that Maſter *Humphrey* has not Miſtreſs *Luce* yet; ſpeak *George*, what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No *Nell*, I warrant thee, *Jaſper* is at *Puckeridge* with her by this.

Wife.

Wife. Nay *George*, you muſt conſider Miſtreſs *Luce*'s Feet are tender, and beſides, 'tis dark, and I promiſe you truly, I do not ſee how he ſhould get out of *Waltham* Foreſt with her yet.

Cit Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Ralph* has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay againſt *Ralph* Honny, becauſe I have not ſpoken with him: but look *George*, Peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. *When it was grown to dark Midnight,*
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came Margaret*'s grimly Ghoſt,*
And ſtood at William*'s Feet.*

I have Mony, and Meat, and Drink before-hand, till to Morrow at Noon, why ſhould I be ſad? Methinks I have half a dozen Jovial Spirits within me, *I am three merry Men, and three merry Men:* To what end ſhould any Man be ſad in this World? Give me a Man that when he goes to hanging cries *troul the black Boul to me:* And a Woman that will ſing a Catch in her Travel. I have ſeen a Man come by my Door with a ſerious Face, in a black Cloak, without a Hatband, carrying his Head as if he look'd for Pins in the Street. I have look'd out of my Window half a Year after, and have ſpied that Man's Head upon *London Bridge:* 'Tis vile, never truſt a Taylor that does not ſing at his Work, his Mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this *George*, 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Taylor, you know, never Sings, and he had fourteen Yards to make this Gown; and I'll be ſworn, Miſtreſs *Peniſtone* the Draper's Wife had one made with twelve.

Old Mer. *'Tis Mirth that fills the Veins with Blood,*
More than Wine, or Sleep, or Food,
Let each Man keep his Heart at eaſe,
No Man dies of that Diſeaſe;
He that woula his Body keep
From Diſeaſes, muſt not weep,

But

But whoever laughs and ſings,
(31) *Never he his Body brings*
Into Feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,
Or lingringly his Lungs conſumes ;
Or meets with Achés in the Bone,
Or Catarrhs, or griping Stone:
But contented lives by aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look *George*, how ſay'ſt thou by this *George?* Is't not a fine old Man? Now God's Bleſſing a thy ſweet Lips. When wilt thou be ſo merry, *George?* Faith thou art the frowningſt little thing, when thou art angry, in a Country.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, Thou ſhalt ſee him took down too. I warrant thee: Here's *Luce*'s Father come now.

Old Mer. *As you came from* Walſingham,
From the Holy Land,
There met you not with my true Love
By the way as you came?

Merch. Oh Maſter *Merry-thought!* my Daughter's gone, This Mirth becomes you not, my Daughter's gone.

Old Mer. *Why an if ſhe be, what care I?*
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merch. Mock not my Miſery, it is your Son, (Whom I have made my own, when all forſook him,) Has ſtol'n my only Joy, my Child away.

Old Mer. *He ſet her on a milk white Steed,*
And himſelf upon a gray,
He never turn'd his Face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindneſs I have ſhewn To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive Thou art conſenting to my Daughter's loſs. [Daughter?

Old Mer. Your Daughter, what a ſtir's here wi' y'r Let her go, think no more on her, but ſing loud. If both my Sons were on the Gallows, I would ſing

(31) *Never his Body brings*] This additional *he* in the Text is from the firſt Quarto Copy; and thus my Correſpondent bid me read in this Edition.

Down,

Down, down, down: they fall
Down, and ariſe they never ſhall.

Merch. Oh might but I behold her once again,
And ſhe once more embrace her aged Sire.

Old Mer. Fie, how ſcurvily this goes:
And ſhe once more embrace her aged Sire?
You'll make a Dog on her, will ye; (32) ſhe cares much
For her aged Sire, I warrant you.
She cares not for her Daddy, nor
She cares not for her Mammy,
For she is, she is, she is my
Lord of Low-gaves *Laſſie.*

Merch. For this thy ſcorn I will purſue
That Son of thine to Death.

Old Mer. Do, and when you ha' kill'd him,
Give him Flowers i'now Palmer, give him Flowers i'now,
Give him red and white, blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. I'll hear no more o' your Daughter, it ſpoils my Mirth.

Merch. I ſay I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. *Was never Man for Lady's ſake,* down, down,
Tormented as I Sir Guy? de derry down,
For Lucy's *ſake, that Lady bright,* down, down,
As ever Men beheld with Eye? de derry down.

Merch. I'll be reveng'd, by Heav'n. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundus. [*Muſick.*

Wife. How doſt thou like this, *George?*

Cit. Why this is well, Cunny; but if *Ralph* were hot once, thou ſhouldſt ſee more.

Wife. The Fidlers go again, Husband.

Cit. Ay, *Nell,* but this is ſcurvy Muſick; I gave the Whoreſon-Gallows Mony, and I think he has not got me the Waits of *Southwark:* (33) If I hear 'em not anon, I'll

(32) —*ſhe cares much for aged Sire,*] The Text is from the oldeſt Quarto.

(33) —— *If I hear* him *not*—
Your *Muſicians,* &c.] I have chang'd *'em* for *him* upon my own Authority, and *you* for *your* upon that of the oldeſt Quarto Edition.

twing

twing him by the Ears.
You Muſicians play *Baloo.*

Wife. No good *George*, let's ha' *Lachrymæ.*

Cit. Why this is it, Cunny.

Wife. Is't, all the better *George*; now ſweet Lamb, what Story is that painted upon the Cloth? the confutation of Saint *Paul?*

Cit. No Lamb, that's *Ralph* and *Lucrece.*

Wife. Ralph and *Lucrece?* which *Ralph?* our *Ralph?*

Cit. No Mouſe, that was a *Tartarian.*

Wife. A *Tartarian?* well, I wou'd the Fidlers had done, that we might ſee our *Ralph* again.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jaſper *and* Luce.

Jaſp. (34) COme my Dear dear, though we have loſt our way,
We have not loſt ourſelves: Are you not weary
With this Night's wandring, broken from your Reſt?
And frighted with the Terror that attends
The darkneſs of this wild unpeopled Place?

Luce. No my beſt Friend, I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary Thought, whilſt you
(The end of all my full deſires) ſtand by me:
Let them that loſe their hopes, and live to languiſh
Amongſt the Number of forſaken Lovers,
Tell the long weary Steps, and number Time,
Start at a Shadow, and ſhrink up their Blood,
Whilſt I (poſſeſt with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty Love, and thus embrace him.

Jaſp. You've caught me *Luce*, ſo faſt, that whilſt I live
I ſhall become your faithful Priſoner,
And wear theſe chains for ever. Come, ſit down,
And reſt your Body, too too delicate

(34) *Come my Dear* ——] I had once fill'd up the Deficiency of Meaſure here by inſerting *now*, which ſeem'd to bid fair for the real reading, but what I have given in the Text is from the oldeſt Quarto.

For

For theſe diſturbances; ſo, will you ſleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are,
I know you are not skilful in theſe Watches,
For Women are no Soldiers; be not nice,
But take it, ſleep I ſay.

Luce. I cannot ſleep,
Indeed I cannot, Friend.

Jaſp. Why then we'll ſing,
And try how that will work upon our Senſes.

Luce. I'll ſing, or ſay, or any thing but ſleep.

Jaſp. Come little Mermaid, rob me of my Heart
With that inchanting Voice.

Luce. You mock me, *Jaſper.*

SONG.

Jaſp. *Tell me, deareſt, what is Love?*
Luce *'Tis a Lightning from above,*
'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,
'Tis a Boy they call Deſire.
'Tis a Smile
Doth beguile
Jaſp. *The poor Hearts of Men that prove.*
Tell me more, are Women true?
Luce. *Some Love change, and ſo do you.*
Jaſp. *Are they fair, and never kind?*
Luce. *Yes, when Men turn with the Wind.*
Jaſp. *Are they froward?*
Luce. *Ever toward*
Thoſe that love, to love anew.

Jaſp. Diſſemble it no more, I ſee the God
Of heavy Sleep, lays on his heavy Mace
Upon your Eye-lids.

Luce. I am very heavy. [Thoughts:

Jaſp. Sleep, ſleep, and quiet Reſt crown thy ſweet
Keep (35) from her fair Blood all Diſtempers, Startings,
Horrors and fearful Shapes: let all her Dreams
Be Joys, and chaſte Delights, Embraces, Wiſhes,

(35) ——*from her fair Blood Diſtempers, Startings.*] This lame unmuſical Verſe I cou'd not paſs over unnoted, and have fill'd it up in a manner that I hope will be no way diſagreeable to the candid Reader.

And

And such new Pleasures as the ravish'd Soul
Gives to the Senses. So, my Charms have took.
Keep her ye Powers Divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the Wealth and Beauty of her Mind.
She's only fair, and constant, only kind,
And only to thee *Jasper*. O my Joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my Spirits, I am weak;
Some say (however ill) the Sea and Women
Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but Opinions are,
And Heresies to bring on pleasing War
Between our Tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear;
Which are the best of *Cupid* O thou Child!
Bred from Despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a Love without the faults of Women,
And greater in her perfect goods than Men;
Which to make good, and please my self the stronger,
Though certainly I'm certain of her Love,
I'll try her, that the World and Memory
May sing to after-times her Constancy.
Luce, *Luce*, awake. *Luce*. Why do you fright me Friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your Sword
Drawn in your Hand? who hath offended you?
I prithee *Jasper* sleep, thou'rt wild with watching. [World,
Jasp. Come make your way to Heav'n, and bid the
With all the Villanies that stick upon it,
Farewel; you're for another Life. *Luce*. Oh *Jasper*,
How have my tender Years committed evil,
Especially against the Man I love,
Thus to be cropt untimely? *Jasp*. Foolish Girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his Daughter
That flung me from my Fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his Service, shut the Doors
Upon my Poverty, and scorn'd my Prayers,
Sending me, like a Boat without a Mast,
To sink or swim? Come, by this Hand you dye,

I must

I must have Life and Blood, to satisfie
Your Father's wrongs.

Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the Watch at *Ludgate*, and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate Villain. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the King's Peace kept. O my Heart what a Varlet's this, to offer Man-slaughter upon the harmless Gentlewoman?

Cit. I warrant thee, Sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.

Luce. Oh *Jasper!* be not cruel,
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many Deaths appear before me.
I am a Woman made of Fear and Love,
A weak, weak Woman, kill not with thy Eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike, I am ready,
And dying still I love thee.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, *and his Men.*

Merch. Where abouts?

Jasp. No more of this, now to my self again.

Hum. There, there he stands with Sword, like martial Knight,
Drawn in his Hand, therefore beware the Fight
You that are wise; for were I good Sir *Bevis*,
I would not stay his coming, (36) by your Leaves.

Merch. Sirrah, restore my Daughter. *Jasp.* Sirrah, no.

Merch. Upon him then.

Wife. So, down with him, down with him, down with him, cut him i'the Leg, Boys, cut him i'the Leg.

Merch. Come your ways Minion, I'll provide a Cage for you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away.

Hum. Truly I am glad your Forces have the Day. [*Exe.*

Manet Jasper.

Jasp. They're gone, and I am hurt; my Love is lost,
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy!

(36) —*by your Leaves*] This must be pronounced as two Syllables; 'tis in the Taste of *Chaucer* and our old *English* Poets: 'Tis a License however our Poets seldom take, and I don't remember above three or four Instances of it throughout the Edition.

Bleed,

Bleed, bleed and die—— I cannot; Oh my Folly!
Thou haſt betray'd me; Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou be'ſt any where remaining.
Shall I but ſee my Love again? Oh no!
She will not deign to look upon her Butcher,
Nor is it fit ſhe ſhould; yet I muſt venture.
Oh Chance, or Fortune, or what-e'er thou art
That Men adore for powerful, hear my Cry,
And let me (37) loving live, or loſing die. [*Exit.*

Wife. Is he gone, *George?*

Cit. Ay, Conny.

Wife. Marry and let him go, Sweet-heart, by the Faith a my Body a has put me into ſuch a Fright, that I tremble (as they ſay) as 'twere an Aſpin Leaf: Look a my little Finger *George*, how it ſhakes: Now in Truth every Member of my Body is the worſe for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine Arms ſweet Mouſe, he ſhall not fright thee any more; alas mine own dear Heart, how it quivers.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought, Ralph, Michael, *Squire, Dwarf, Hoſt, and a Tapſter.*

Wife. O *Ralph*, how doſt thou *Ralph?* How haſt thou ſlept to Night? has the Knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, *Nell*, let *Ralph* alone.

Tap. Maſter, the Reckoning is not paid. [ſake

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who for the Orders
Which thou haſt ta'en, hang'ſt out the holy *Bell*,
As I this flaming Peſtle bear about,
We render thanks to your puiſſant ſelf,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,

(37) —*loving live, or loſing die.*] How ſtrangely wo begone is poor *Jaſper* (if the Text is to ſtand as all the Copies have it:) I may ſay ſo far, as to talk like a Man that has loſt his five Senſes: What the Author intended *Jaſper* ſhou'd ſay, I take to be this;

And let me having *live*, *or* loſing *die*. That is, let me either live with the Enjoyment of my Love, or let me, if I muſt loſe her, die in the great Attempt of endeavouring her Reſcue. The jingle of the *Ls* in the former Editions is indeed loſt by this Change; but that Loſs is repair'd by a much greater advantage, the acquiſition of good Senſe, and the reſtoration of the Antitheſis between *having* and *loſing*.

For thus refreshing of our wearied Limbs,
Stifned with hard Atchievements in wild Desart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve Shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our Souls with double Jug,
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial Squire, to follow feats of Arms,
Take heed thou tender every Lady's Cause,
Ev'ry true Knight, and ev'ry Damsel fair,
But spill the Blood of treacherous *Sarazens*,
And false Inchanters, that with Magick Spells
Have done to Death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, give ear to me, there is twelve Shillings to pay, and as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a Penny.

Wife. George, I prithee tell me, must *Ralph* pay twelve Shillings now?

Cit. No, *Nel*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry with *Ralph*.

Wife. O is't nothing else? *Ralph* will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this Mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberal Courtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,
He shall receive from my Heroick Hand
A Knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble Offer,
Therefore gentle Knight
Twelve Shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife. Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight of the *Bell* is in earnest, *Ralph* shall not be beholding to him, give him his Mony *George*, and let him go snick-up.

Cit. Cap *Ralph?* No, hold your Hand sir Knight of the *Bell*, there's your Mony, have you any thing to say to *Ralph* now? Cap *Ralph?*

Wife. I would you should know it, *Ralph* has Friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that, now take thy course *Ralph*.

Mist.

Miſt. Mer. Come *Michael*, thou and I will go home to thy Father, he hath enough left to keep us a Day or two, and we'll ſet Fellows abroad to cry our Purſe and Casket: Shall we, *Michael?*

Mich. Ay, I pray Mother, in truth my Feet are full of Chilblains with Travelling.

Wife. Faith and thoſe Chilblains are a foul trouble: Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, when your Youth comes home, let him rub all the ſoles of his Feet, and his Heels, and his Ankles, with a Mouſe-skin; or if none of you can catch a Mouſe, when he goes to Bed, let him rowl his Feet in the warm Embers, and I warrant you he ſhall be well, and you may make him put his Fingers between his Toes, and ſmell to them, it's very ſovereign for his Head, if he be Coſtive.

Miſt. Mer. Maſter Knight of the Burning Peſtle, my Son *Michael* and I bid you farewel, I thank your Worſhip heartily for your kindneſs.

Ralph. Farewel fair Lady, and (38) your tender Squire.
If pricking through theſe Deſarts, I do hear
Of any trait'rous Knight, who, through his guile
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purſe,
I will deſpoil him of them and reſtore them.

Miſt. Mer. I thank your Worſhip. [*Exit with* Michael.

Ralph. Dwarf bear my Shield, Squire elevate my Lance,
And now farewel you Knight of holy *Bell*,

Cit. Ay, ay, *Ralph*, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet before I go, ſpeak worthy Knight,
If (39) aught you do of ſad Adventures know,
Where Errant Knight may through his Proweſs win
Eternal Fame, and free ſome gentle Souls.
From (40) endleſs bonds of Steel and lingring Pain.

(38) —*your tender Squire.*] If all the Copies did not run againſt me, I ſhou'd not have ſcrupled to have made the Text run thus,
—— *and you tender Squire.*

(39) —*oft you do*—] The true reading is from the old Quarto. Mr. *Theobald* too, I find, had corrected it thus in his Margin.

(40) —*endleſs bounds*—] The preſent Correction which is plain and ſelf-evident, I had made before I ſaw the old Copies, in which I happily found it confirmed.

Hoſt. Sirrah, go to *Nick* the Barber, and bid him prepare himſelf, as I told you before quickly.

Tap. I am gone, Sir. [*Exit Tapſter.*

Hoſt. Sir Knight, this Wilderneſs affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a Knight
Hath tried his Proweſs, and come off with Shame,
And where I would not have you loſe your Life,
Againſt no Man, but furious Fiend of Hell.

Ralph. Speak on Sir Knight, tell what he is, and where:
For here I vow upon my blazing Badge,
Never to blaze a Day in quietneſs;
But Bread and Water will I only eat,
And the green Herb and Rock ſhall be my Couch,
Till I have quell'd that Man, or Beaſt, or Fiend,
That works ſuch damage to all Errant Knights.

Hoſt. Not far from hence, (41) near to a craggy Cliff
At the North end of this diſtreſſed Town,
(42) There doth ſtand a lowly Houſe
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave
In which an ugly Giant now doth (43) won,
Ycleped *Barbaroſo:* In his Hand
He ſhakes a naked Lance of pureſt Steel,
With Sleeves turn'd up, and him before he wears
A motly Garment, to preſerve his Clothes
From Blood of thoſe Knights which he maſſacres,
And Ladies (44) gent: without his Door doth hang

(41) ——*near to a craggy Cliff*] Thus the Quarto of 1613. The reſt —*near a craggy Cliff.*

(42) *There doth ſtand a lowly Houſe*] My anonymous Friend ſays, we muſt read hear to compleat the Meaſure as well as Senſe thus;

A Manſion there doth ſtand a lonely Houſe.

and obſerves that a Page or two lower 'tis called a Manſion. As I have no authority from the old Books to make ſuch an Addition and Alteration, and as the Quantity of the Verſes are not always compleat, I have not dar'd to follow his Inſtructions.

(43) Old Word for *dwell.*

(44) *And Ladies gentle:*—] As our Authors had too good Ears to let ſuch a nobling Line eſcape their Pen where the Metre was capable of being made perfect, and as they knew too much of the Stile of Romance Writers eſpecially in Verſe, to be ignorant of what was the uſual Phraſe on theſe Occaſions, I concluded at firſt ſight they read as I have given the Text. And I found upon examination that the Quarto of 1613 exhibited likewiſe this ſelf ſame Lection.

A copper Baſon, on a prickant Spear;
At which, no ſooner gentle Knights can knock,
But the ſhrill ſound fierce *Barbaroſo* hears,
And ruſhing forth, brings in the Errant Knight,
And ſets him down in an inchanted Chair:
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd
With forty Teeth, he claws his courtly Crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his Chin,
He plants (45) a brazen piece of mighty Bore,
And knocks his Bullets round about his Cheeks,
Whilſt with his Fingers, and an Inſtrument
With which he ſnaps his Hair off, he doth fill
The Wretch's Ears with a moſt hideous Noiſe.
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,
And now no Creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's Name, I will fight with him, kind Sir,
Go but before me to this diſmal Cave
Where this huge Giant *Barbaroſo* dwells,
And by that virtue that brave *Roſiclere*,
That damned brood of ugly Giants ſlew,
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew:
I doubt not but to curb this Traytor foul,
And to the Devil ſend his guilty Soul.

Hoſt. Brave ſprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your requeſt, I'll bring you within ſight
Of this moſt loathſome Place, inhabited
By a more loathſome Man: But dare not ſtay,
For his main force ſwoops all he ſees away.

Ralph. Saint *George!* ſet on, before march Squire and Page. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. George, doſt think *Ralph* will confound the Giant?

(45) ——*a brazen piece of mighty Board,*] So the Octavo, the firſt Quarto ——*of mighty Bord.* Both of which are foreign to the Places they occupy. I conjecture the Poets intended to ſay *Bore*; ſo the Cavity of a Gun, Cannon, *&c.* is commonly call'd: And tho' the Anachroniſm of making Ordnance, Contemporary with Knight-Errantry may be allow'd, yet Nonſenſe has, or can have no Claim to the like Privilege.

Cit. I hold my Cap to a farthing he does: Why *Nell*, I ſaw him Wreſtle with the great *Dutchman*, and hurl him.

Wife. Faith and that *Dutchman* was a goodly Man, if all things were anſwerable to his Bigneſs: And yet they ſay there was a *Scottiſhman* higher than he, and (46) that they two on a Night met, and ſaw one another for nothing: but of all the Sights that ever were in *London*, ſince I was Married, methinks the little Child that was ſo fair grown about the Members was the prettieſt, that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

Cit. Nay, by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivie* was better.

Wife. Ninivie, O that was the (47) Story of *Joan* and the Wall, was it not *George?*

Cit. Yes Lamb.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought.

Wife. Look *George*, here comes Miſtreſs *Merry-thought* again, and I would have *Ralph* come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true I long to ſee't.

Cit. Good Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, be gone, I pray you for my ſake, I pray you forbear a little, you ſhall have Audience preſently, I have a little Buſineſs.

Wife. Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, if it pleaſe you to refrain your Paſſion a little, till *Ralph* have diſpatcht the Giant out of the way, we ſhall think our ſelves much bound to thank you; I thank you, good Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*.

[*Exit Miſtreſs* Merry-thought.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, ſend away *Ralph* and this Whoreſon Giant quickly.

(46) —*that they two and a Knight met,*] The Correction in the preſent Edition I hope will be allow'd by every candid and judicious Reader: *Night* being the time when theſe *Men-Monſters* remove from Place to Place, thereby to prevent ſpoiling their Market, by expoſing to common View, what they wou'd have the World pay dearly for the Sight of.

(47) — *Story of* Joan *and the Wall,*] Affected Blunder for *Jonah* and the Whale. Mr. *Theobald*, and my unknown Correſpondent.

Boy.

Boy. In good faith, Sir, we cannot; you'll utterly ſpoil our Play, and make it to be hiſt, and it coſt Mony, you will not ſuffer us to go on with our Plots; I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and diſpatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your Hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy Hand *George*, do, and I'll kiſs him, I warrant thee the Youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll ſend him to you preſently. [*Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thank you little Youth; ſeth the Child hath a ſweet Breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mare's Milk were the only thing in the World for't. O *Ralph*'s here, *George*; God ſend thee good luck, *Ralph.*

Enter Ralph, *Hoſt*, *Squire and Dwarf.*

Hoſt. Puiſſant Knight, yonder his Manſion is,
Lo, where the Spear and Copper Baſon are,
Behold the String on which hangs many a Tooth,
Drawn from the gentle Jaw of wandring Knights;
I dare not ſtay to ſound, he will appear. [*Exit Hoſt.*

Ralph. O faint not Heart: *Suſan* my Lady dear,
The Cobler's Maid in *Milk-Street*, for whoſe ſake
I take theſe Arms, O let the Thought of thee
Carry thy Knight through all adventurous Deed,
And in the Honour of thy beauteous ſelf,
May I deſtroy this Monſter *Barbaroſo*;
Knock Squire upon the Baſon 'till it break
With the ſhrill Strokes, or till the Giant ſpeak.

Enter Barbaroſo.

Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Ralph* for thy Life.

Bar. What fond unknowing Wight is this, that dares,
So rudely knock at *Barbaroſſa*'s Cell,
Where no Man comes, but leaves his Fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traiterous Caitiff, who am ſent by Fate
To puniſh all the ſad Enormities

Thou haſt committed (48) againſt Ladies gent,
And Errant Knights, Traitor to God and Men:
Prepare thy ſelf, this is the diſmal Hour
Appointed for thee to give ſtrict Account
Of all thy beaſtly treacherous Villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy Knight, full ſoon thou ſhalt aby
This fond Reproach, thy Body will I bang,
[*He takes down his Pole.*
And loe upon that String thy Teeth ſhall hang;
Prepare thy ſelf, for dead ſoon ſhalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint *George* for me. [*They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him *Ralph*, to him, hold up the Giant, ſet out thy Leg before, *Ralph.*

Cit. Falſifie a Blow *Ralph*, falſifie a Blow, the Giant lyes open on the left ſide.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off ſtill; there Boy; O *Ralph*'s almoſt down, *Ralph*'s almoſt down.

Ralph. Suſan inſpire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, ſo *Ralph*, down with him, down with him *Ralph.*

Cit. Fetch him over the Hip, Boy.

Wife. There Boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Ralph.*

Cit. No *Ralph*, get all out of him firſt.

Ralph. Preſumptuous Man, ſee to what deſperate End
Thy Treachery hath brought thee; the juſt Gods,
Who never proſper thoſe that do deſpiſe them,
For all the Villanies which thou haſt done
To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my ſtiff Arm, a Knight adventurous.
But ſay, vile Wretch, before I ſend thy Soul
To ſad *Avernus*, whither it muſt go,
What Captives hold'ſt thou in thy ſable Cave?

Bar. Go in and free them all, thou haſt the Day.

Ralph. Go Squire and Dwarf, ſearch in this dreadful Cave,
And free the wretched Priſoners from their Bonds.
[*Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*

(48) —*againſt Ladies gentle,*] The reformation in the Text is from the oldeſt Quarto. See Note 44.

Bar.

Bar. I crave for Mercy as thou art a Knight,
And ſcorn'ſt to ſpill the Blood of thoſe that beg.
Ralph. Thou ſheweſt no mercy, nor ſhalt thou have any,
Prepare thy ſelf, for thou ſhalt ſurely dye.

Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Baſon under his Chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one Priſoner,
(49) Whom this wild Man hath uſed as you ſee.
Wife. This is the wiſeſt word I hear the Squire ſpeak.
Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou haſt been us'd,
That I may give him condign Puniſhment.
1 *Knight.* I am a Knight that took my Journey Poſt
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wiſe,
This Gyant train'd me (50) to his loathſome Den,
Under pretence of killing of the Itch,
And all my Body with a Powder ſtrew'd,
That ſmarts and ſtings, and cut away my Beard,
And my curl'd Locks wherein were Ribands ty'd,
And with a water waſht my tender Eyes,
(Whilſt up and down about me ſtill he skipt,)
Whoſe virtue is, that 'till my Eyes be wip'd
With a dry Cloth, for this my foul diſgrace,
I ſhall not dare to look a Dog i'th' Face.
Wife. Alas poor Knight, relieve him *Ralph*, relieve poor Knights whilſt you live.
Ralph. My truſty Squire convey him to the Town,
Where he may find relief; adieu fair Knight. [*Ex. Knight.*

(49) *Whom this wild Man*——] Tho' all the Copies agree in this reading, 'tis yet highly probable that a Corruption has taken place here. Inhumanity and Barbarity are the Characteriſtics this Giant is diſtinguiſh'd by, and as ſuch I would have what I take to be the right Lection reſtor'd, and make the Line run thus,

Whom this vilde *Man*, &c.

Vilde for *vile* is the common Lection both in *Shakeſpear* and *Spencer*, and I am ſurprized that the great *Oxford* Editor of *Shakeſpear* ſhould ſo frequently (I believe univerſally) alter this reading in his fine Edition of that Poet, into the modern *vile*.

(50) *—to his loathſome Den,*] So the firſt Quarto. The other Editions thus, ——*to his Den.*

Enter

Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o'er his Nose.

Dwarf. Puissant Knight of the (51) *Burning Pestle* hight,
See here another Wretch, whom this foul Beast
Hath (52) scotch'd and scor'd in this inhuman wise.

Ralph. Speak me thy Name, and eke thy place of Birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this Cave.

2 *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my Name,
And by my Birth I am a *Londoner*,
Free by my Copy, but my Ancestors
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting Horse, my Bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary Limbs,
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious Fiend,
With sharpest Instrument of purest Steel,
Did cut the Gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this Velvet Plaster stands
Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his Hands.

Wife. Good *Ralph* relieve Sir *Pockhole*, and send him away, for in truth his Breath stinks.

Ralph. Convey him straight after the other Knight: Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

3 *Knight.* Kind Sir, good Night. [*Exit.*

[*Cries within.*

Man. Deliver us. *Wom.* Deliver us.

Wife. Harke *George*, what a woful cry there is, I think some Woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliver us.

Wom. Deliver us.

Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? speak *Barbaroso*,
Or by this blazing Steel thy Head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, whom I in Diet keep,
Send lower down into the Cave,
And in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.

(51) —*Burning Pestle height,*] So the latter Editions. The Quarto has it well, ——— *Pestle hight.*

(52) —*scorch'd and scor'd*—] The Account that the Knight, here pointed out by the Dwarf, gives of himself a little after, makes much against the reading of *scorch'd*, but naturally agrees with the Alteration Mr. *Theobald* and myself have advanced.

Ralph

Ralph. Run Squire and Dwarf, deliver them with ſpeed.
[*Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*

Wife. But will not *Ralph* kill this Giant, ſurely I am afraid if he let him go he will do as much hurt as ever he did.

Cit. Not ſo Mouſe neither, if he could convert him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, if he could convert him; but a Giant is not ſo ſoon converted as one of us ordinary People. There's a pretty Tale of a Witch, that had the Devil's mark about her, God bleſs us, that had a Giant to her Son, that was call'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didſt never hear it *George?*

Enter Squire leading a Man with a glaſs of Lotion in his Hand, and the Dwarf leading a Woman, with Dyet-bread and Drink.

Cit. Peace, *Nell*, here comes the Priſoners.

Dwarf. Here be theſe pined Wretches, manful Knight,
That for theſe ſix Weeks have not ſeen a Wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this ſad Cave, and what your Uſage was?

Man. I am an Errant Knight that followed Arms,
With Spear and Shield, and in my tender Years
I ſtrucken was with *Cupid*'s fiery Shaft,
And fell in Love with this my Lady dear,
And ſtole her from her Friends in *Turnball-ſtreet*,
And bore her up and down from Town to Town,
Where we did Eat and Drink (53) and Muſick hear;
'Till at the length at this unhappy Town
We did arrive, and coming to this Cave,
This Beaſt us caught, and put us in a Tub,
Where we this two Months ſweat, and ſhould have done
Another Month if you had not relieved us.

Wom. This Bread and Water hath our Diet been,
Together with a Rib cut from a Neck
Of burned Mutton; hard hath been our fare,
Releaſe us from this ugly Giant's ſnare.

(53) —*and Muſick here*;] Mr. *Theobald* with the Quarto of 1613, reads as I have given it in the preſent Edition.

Man.

Man. This hath been (54) all the Food we have receiv'd,
But only twice a day for novelty,
He gave a Spoonful of this hearty Broth [*Pulls out a Siringe.*
To each of us, through this fame ſlender Quill.

Ralph. From this infernal Monſter you ſhall go,
That uſeth Knights and gentle Ladies ſo.
Convey them hence. [*Exeunt Man and Woman.*

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Ralph.*

Wife. Ay *George*, I ſee it well enough. Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for gracing my Man *Ralph*, and I promiſe you, you ſhall ſee him oftner.

Bar. Mercy, great Knight, I do recant my Ill,
And henceforth never gentle Blood will ſpill.

Ralph. I give thee Mercy, but yet thou ſhalt ſwear
Upon my Burning Peſtle to perform
Thy promiſe utter'd.

Bar. I ſwear and kiſs.

Ralph. Depart then and amend.
Come Squire and Dwarf, the Sun grows towards his ſet,
And we have many more Adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Now *Ralph* is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the Boys in the Houſe, if they had been ſet on him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, but it is well as it is: I warrant you the Gentlemen do conſider what it is to overthrow a Gyant: but look, *George*, here comes Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, and her Son *Michael*; now you are welcome Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, now *Ralph* has done you may go on.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought *and* Michael.

Miſt. Mer. Micke, my Boy?

Micke. Ay forſooth Mother.

Miſt. Mer. Be merry *Micke*, we are at home now, where I warrant you, you ſhall find the Houſe flung out of the Windows: Hark; hey Dogs, hey, this is the old

(54) ——half *the Food*——
——*of* his *hearty Broth*
To each of us, through this fame tender *Quill.*] Here again we are beholden, and greatly too, to the firſt old Quarto.

World

World i'faith with my Husband: I'll get in among them, I'll play them ſuch leſſon, that they ſhall have little liſt to come ſcraping hither again. Why Maſter *Merry-thought*, Husband, *Charles Merry-thought.*

Old Mer. within.] *If you will Sing, and Dance, and Laugh,*
And Hollow, and Laugh again;
And then cry there Boys, there: why then,
One, two, three, and four,
We ſhall be merry within this hour.

Miſt. Mer. Why *Charles*, do you not know your own natural Wife? I ſay open the Door, and turn me out thoſe mangy Companions; 'tis more than time that they were Fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old Man, and Father of two Children; and I my ſelf, (though I ſay it) by my Mother's ſide, Niece to a Worſhipful Gentleman, and a Conductor, he has been three times in his Majeſty's Service at *Cheſter*, and is now the fourth time, God bleſs him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. *Go from my Window, Love go:*
Go from my Window, my Dear,
The Wind and the Rain will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, you that walk upon Adventures, and forſake your Husband, becauſe he ſings with never a Penny in his Purſe; what, ſhall I think my ſelf the worſe? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but Lads of mettle, lives of a hundred Years, and upwards, care never drunk their Bloods, nor want made them warble,

Hey-ho, my Heart is heavy.

Miſt. Mer. Why Maſter *Merry-thought*, what am I that you ſhould laugh me to ſcorn thus abruptly? am I not your Fellow-feeler, as we may ſay, in all our miſeries? your comforter in health and ſickneſs? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you, *Charles?* look upon thine own Image, hard-hearted Man; and yet for all this———

Old

Old Mer. within.] *Begon, begon my Juggy, my Puggy,*
Begon my Love, my Dear:
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm,
Thou canſt not be lodged here.
Be merry Boys, ſome light Muſick, and more Wine.

Wife. He's not in earneſt, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, Sweetheart?

Wife. Marry if he be, *George*, I'll make bold to tell him (55) he's an ingrant old Man, to uſe his Bed-fellow ſo ſcurvily.

Cit. What, how does he uſe her Honey?

Wife. Marry come up ſir Sauce-box, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine Man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you ſweetly.

Cit. Nay, prithee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honeſt Man, and a true Chriſtian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. D'ye hear Maſter *Merry-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

Old Mer. within.] Strike up lively Lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Maſter *Merry-thought*, that a Man of your Age and Diſcretion, as I may ſay, being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have uſed ſo little reſpect to the weakneſs of his Wife: for your Wife is your own Fleſh, the ſtaff of your Age, your Yoke-fellow, with whoſe help you draw through the mire of this tranſitory World: Nay, ſhe's your own Rib. And again———

Old Mer. *I come not hither for thee to teach,*
I have no Pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadſt kiſs'd me under the Breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

(55) —*he's an ignorant old Man,*—] I have replac'd *ingrant* in its former and antique Poſſeſſion from the Quarto of 1613: *Ignorant*, as the Octavo reads, is not the real Word as I ſuppoſe, but its *Interpretation*, and 'tis as much affected here by our Authors, as *Joan* and the *Wall* were a little above.

Wife.

Wife. Marry with a vengeance,
I am heartily ſorry for the poor Gentlewoman: but if I were thy Wife, i'faith gray Beard, i'faith——

Cit. I prithee ſweet Hony-ſuckle, be content.

Wife. Give me ſuch Words that am a Gentlewoman Born, hang him hoary Raſcal. Get me ſome drink *George*, I am almoſt molten with fretting: Now beſhrew his Knaves Heart for it.

Old Mer. Play me a light *Lavalto:* Come, be frolick, fill the good Fellows Wine.

Miſt. Mer. Why Maſter *Merry-thought*, are you diſpoſed to make me wait here: You'll open I hope, I'll fetch them that ſhall open elſe.

Old Mer. Good Woman, if you will Sing, I'll give you ſomething, if not——

SONG.

You are no Love for me Marget,
I am no Love for you.
Come aloft Boys, aloft.

Miſt. Mer. Now a Churles fart in your Teeth Sir: Come *Mick*, we'll not trouble him, a ſhall not ding us i'th' Teeth with his Bread and his Broth, that he ſhall not: Come Boy, I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: We'll go to Maſter *Venterwels* the Merchant, I'll get his Letter to mine Hoſt of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'll place thee with the Tapſter, will not that do well for thee *Mick?* And let me alone for that old Cuckoldy Knave your Father, I'll uſe him in his kind, I warrant ye.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the Beer?

Cit. Here Love.

Wife. This old fornicating Fellow will not out of my Mind yet; Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, I deſire more of your Acquaintance, with all my Heart. Fill the Gentlemen ſome Beer, *George.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Boy Danceth.

Wife. LOOK *George*, the little Boy's come again, methinks he looks ſomething like the Prince of *Orange* in his long Stocking, if he had a little harneſs about his Neck. *George*, I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Jig, I'll aſſure you Gentlemen: Begin Brother, now a Capers ſweet Heart, now a turn a th'toe, and then tumble: Cannot you tumble, Youth?

Boy. No indeed forſooth.

Wife. Nor eat Fire? *Boy.* Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two Pence to buy you Points withal.

Enter Jaſper *and Boy.*

Jaſp. There Boy, deliver this: But do it well.
Haſt thou provided me four Luſty Fellows,
Able to carry me? And art thou perfect
In all thy Buſineſs? *Boy.* Sir you need not fear,
I have my Leſſon here, and cannot miſs it:
The Men are ready for you, and what elſe
Pertains to this Imployment. *Jaſp.* There my Boy,
Take it, but buy no Land. *Boy.* Faith Sir 'twere rare
To ſee ſo young a Purchaſer: I flie,
And on my Wings carry your Deſtiny. [*Exit.*

Jaſp. Go, and be happy: Now my lateſt hope
Forſake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: (56) Stand, fixt thou rolling Stone,
Till I enjoy my deareſt: Hear me all
You Powers, that rule in Men, Celeſtial. [*Exit.*

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a Sprig as ever grew in *London*, I warrant him he'll come to ſome naughty

(56) *Stand, fix thou rolling Stone,*] So the Octavo. The Quarto, *fixt*. Right.

end

end or other; for his Looks ſay no leſs: Beſides, his Father (you know, *George*) is none of the beſt, you heard him take me up like a Gill flirt, and ſing bawdy Songs upon me: But I'faith if I live *George*——

Cit. Let me alone Sweet-heart, I have a trick in my Head ſhall lodge him in the Arches for one Year, and make him ſing *Peccavi*, e'er I leave him, and yet he ſhall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good *George*, do.

Cit. What ſhall we have *Ralph* do now, Boy?

Boy. You ſhall have what you will, Sir.

Cit. Why ſo Sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Perſia* come and Chriſten him a Child.

Boy. Believe me Sir, that will not do ſo well, 'tis ſtale, it has been had before at the *Red Bull.*

Wife. George, let *Ralph* Travel over great Hills, and let him be weary, and come to the King of (57) *Cracovia*'s Houſe, covered with black Velvet, and there let the King's Daughter ſtand in her Window all in beaten Gold, combing her Golden Locks with a Comb of Ivory, and let her ſpy *Ralph*, and fall in Love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her Father's Houſe, and then let *Ralph* talk with her.

Cit. Well ſaid *Nell*, it ſhall be ſo: Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you ſhall hear them talk together: But we cannot preſent a Houſe covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten Gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Beſides, it will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a *Grocer*'s Prentice to court a King's Daughter.

Cit. Will it ſo Sir? You are well read in Hiſtories: I pray you what was Sir *Dagonet?* Was not he Prentice

(57) ——Cracovia's *Houſe covered with Velvet,*——] I have inſerted the *colour* of the *Velvet*, which was here wanting, from what the Boy ſays the ſecond Speech below, as to the Impoſſibility of their complying with this Requeſt of the Citizen's Wife,

But we can't preſent an Houſe covered with black Velvet.

to a Grocer in *London?* Read the Play of the (58) *Four Prentices of London*, where they toſs their Pikes ſo: I pray you fetch him in Sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It ſhall be done, it is not our fault, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Wife. Now we ſhall ſee fine doings I warrant thee *George.* O here they come; how prettily the King of *Cracovia*'s Daughter is dreſt.

Enter Ralph *and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.*

Cit. Ay, *Nell*, it is the faſhion of that Country, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome Sir Knight unto my Father's Court,
King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*
His Daughter dear: But ſure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will ſtay with us
No longer but a Night. *Ralph.* Damſel right fair,
I am on many ſad Adventures bound,
That call me forth into the Wilderneſs:
Beſides, my Horſe's Back is ſomething gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a ſober pace.
But many thanks, fair Lady, be to you,
For uſing errant Knight with courteſie.

Lady. But ſay, brave Knight, what is your Name and Birth?

Ralph. My Name is *Ralph*, I am an *Engliſhman*,
As true as Steel, a hearty *Engliſhman*,
And Prentice to a Grocer in the *Strand*,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But fortune calling me to follow Arms,
On me this holy Order I did take,
Of *Burning Peſtle*, which in all Mens Eyes,
I bear, confounding Ladies Enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen,
And fertile Soil, and ſtore of wholeſome Food;
My Father oft will tell me of a drink
In *England* found, and *Nipitato* call'd,
Which driveth all the ſorrow from your Hearts.

(58) By *Thomas Heywood.* Vide *Langbaine*'s *Dramatic Poets.*

Ralph.

Ralph. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your Lips
To better *Nipitato* than there is.
Lady. And of a Wild-fowl he will often ſpeak,
Which Powdered Beef and Muſtard called is:
For there have been great Wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly *Ralph*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Ralph*, could you contented be,
To wear a Lady's Favor in your Shield?
Ralph. I am a Knight of a Religious Order,
And will not wear a Favor of a Lady
That truſts in *Antichriſt*, and falſe traditions.
Cit. Well ſaid *Ralph*, convert her if thou canſt.
Ralph. Beſides, I have a Lady of my own
In merry *England*; for whoſe virtuous ſake
I took theſe Arms, and *Suſan* is her Name,
A Coblers Maid in *Milkſtreet*, whom I vow
Ne'er to forſake, whilſt Life and Peſtle laſt.
Lady. Happy that Cobling Dame, who e'er ſhe be,
That for her own (dear *Ralph*) hath gotten thee.
Unhappy I, that ne'er ſhall ſee the Day
To ſee thee more, that bear'ſt my Heart away.
Ralph. Lady farewel, I muſt needs take my leave.
Lady. Hard-hearted *Ralph*, that Ladies doſt deceive.
Cit. Hark thee *Ralph*, there's Mony for thee; give ſomething in the King of *Cracovia*'s Houſe, be not beholding to him.
Ralph. Lady before I go, I muſt remember
Your Father's Officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy ſnowy Hand thou princely Maid,
There's twelve Pence for your Father's Chamberlain.
And there's another Shilling for his Cook,
For by my troth the Gooſe was roaſted well.
And twelve Pence for your Father's Horſe-keeper,
For 'nointing my Horſe Back; and for his Butter,
There is another Shilling; to the Maid
That waſh'd my Boot-hoſe, there's an *Engliſh* Groat,
And two Pence to the Boy that wip'd my Boots.
And laſt, fair Lady, there is for your ſelf
Three pence to buy you Pins at *Bumbo* Fair.

Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keep them ſafe
Till all the Heads be off, for thy ſake *Ralph.*

Ralph. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot ſtay.

Lady. Thou kill'ſt my heart in parting thus away.
[*Exeunt.*

Wife. I commend *Ralph* yet, that he will not ſtoop to a *Cracovian*, there's properer Women in *London* than any are there, I wiſs. But here comes Maſter *Humphrey*, and his Love again, now *George.*

Cit. Ay Cunny, Peace.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, *and Boy.*

Mer. Go get you up, I will not be intreated.
And Goſſip mine I'll keep you ſure hereafter
From gadding out again, with Boys and Unthrifts;
Come they are Womens tears, I know your Faſhion.
Go Sirrah, lock her in, and keep the Key
[*Exeunt* Luce *and Boy.*
(59) Safe as your Life. Now my Son *Humphrey*,
You may both reſt aſſured of my Love
In this, and reap your own Deſire. [Daughter,

Humph. I ſee this Love you ſpeak of, through your
Although the hole be little, and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Chriſtian, and a Gentleman.

Merch. I do believe you (my good Son) and thank you.
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.

Humph. It were indeed, but ſhall I tell you why,
I have been beaten twice about the lye. [ter

Merch. Well Son, no more of Complement, my Daugh-
Is yours again, appoint the time and take her.
We'll have no ſtealing for it, I my ſelf
And ſome few of our Friends will ſee you married.

Humph. I would you would i'faith, for be it known
I ever was afraid to lye alone.

Merch. Some three Days hence then.

(59) *Safe as your Life.*—] We ought to read here, ſays the Gentleman quoted ſo often above, thus,

Safe as you love your Life.

Humph.

Humph. Three Days, let me ſee,
'Tis ſomewhat of the moſt, yet I agree,
Becauſe I mean againſt the 'pointed Day,
To viſit all my Friends in new Array.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would ſpeak with your Worſhip. *Merch.* What is ſhe?

Serv. Sir, I askt her not.

Merch. Bid her come in.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought, *and* Michael.

Miſt. Mer. Peace be to your Worſhip, I come as a poor Suitor to you Sir, in the behalf of this Child.

Merch. Are you not Wife to *Merry-thought?*

Miſt. Mer. Yes truly, would I had ne'er ſeen his Eyes, he has undone me and himſelf, and his Children, and there he lives at home and ſings and hoits, and revels among his drunken Companions, but I warrant you, where to get a penny to put Bread in his Mouth, he knows not: And therefore if it like your Worſhip, I would intreat your Letter to the honeſt Hoſt of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, that I may place my Child under the protection of his Tapſter, in ſome ſettled courſe of Life.

Merch. I'm glad the Heav'ns have heard my Prayers:
Thy Husband,
When I was ripe in Sorrows, laught at me,
Thy Son, like an unthankful Wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To ſhew his love again, firſt ſtole my Daughter:
Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and laſt of all
Gave me that Grief, had almoſt brought me down
Unto my Grave, had not a ſtronger Hand
Reliev'd my Sorrows; go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied, for here I profeſs
An everlaſting hate to all thy Name.

Miſt. Mer. Will you ſo Sir, how ſay you by that? Come *Micke*, let him keep his Wind to cool his Pottage, we'll go to thy Nurſes, *Micke*, ſhe knits ſilk Stockings Boy,

and we'll knit too Boy, and be beholding to none of them all. [*Exeunt* Michael *and Mother.*

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Maſter of this Houſe.
Merch How then Boy?
Boy. Then to your ſelf, Sir, comes this Letter.
Merch. From whom, my pretty Boy?
Boy. From him that was your Servant, but no more
Shall that Name ever be, for he is Dead,
Grief of your purchas'd Anger broke his Heart;
I ſaw him die, and from his Hand receiv'd
This Paper, with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and ſatisfie your ſelf in all.

LETTER.

Merch. *SIR, that I have wronged your Love I muſt confeſs, in which I have purchas'd to my ſelf, beſides mine own undoing, the ill Opinion of my Friends; let not your Anger, good Sir, outlive me, but ſuffer me to reſt in Peace with your forgiveneſs; let my Body (if a dying Man may ſo much prevail with you) be brought to your Daughter, that ſhe may know my hot Flames are now buried, and withal receive a teſtimony of the Zeal I bore her Virtue: Farewel for ever, and be ever happy.* Jaſper.

God's hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet am I glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again: Boy bring the body,
And let him have his Will, if that be all.
Boy. 'Tis here without Sir. *Merch.* So Sir, if you pleaſe
You may conduct it in, I do not fear it.
Humph. I'll be your Uſher Boy, for though I ſay it,
He ow'd me ſomething once, and well did pay it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Luce *alone.*

Luce. If there be any Puniſhment inflicted
Upon the miſerable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together ſeize me, and at once
Preſs down my Soul; I cannot bear the Pain
Of theſe delaying Tortures: Thou that art

The

The end of all, and the ſweet reſt of all,
Come, come, oh Death, and bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nouriſh
(60) Both of my Father and my cruel Friend;
O wretched Maid ſtill living to be wretched,
To be a ſay to Fortune in her Changes,
And grow to number Times and Woes together.
How happy had I been, if being Born
My Grave had been my Cradle?

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave
Young Miſtreſs, here's a Boy hath brought a Coffin,
What a would ſay I know not: But your Father
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jaſper *in it.*

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis moſt welcome.
Boy. Fair Miſtreſs, let me not add greater Grief
To that great ſtore you have already; *Jaſper,*
(That whilſt he liv'd was yours, now's dead,
And here inclos'd,) commanded me to bring
His Body hither, and to crave a Tear
From thoſe fair Eyes, though he deſerv'd not Pity,
To deck his Funeral, for ſo he bid me
Tell her for whom he dy'd. *Luce.* He ſhall have many.
[*Exeunt Coffin-carrier and Boy.*
Good Friends depart a little, whilſt I take
My leave of this dead Man, that once I lov'd:
Hold, yet a little, Life, and then I give thee
To thy firſt Heav'nly Being; O my Friend!

(60) *Both of Father*——] The oldeſt Quarto (with which agrees the anonymous Gentleman) fills up the deficiency of the Metre as I have given it in the Text. There are in his Letters ſome few Directions about printing old *Memnother*'s Speeches in Verſe, that have hitherto for the moſt part been publiſhed as Proſe, which as I have no Notes upon, nor ever deſign'd any, he will be ſo good as to excuſe me from particulariſing. Some of thoſe Alterations I had made which he has hit of, and ſome he will find I have made which he had miſs'd. I take my Leave of this ingenious Gentleman, by returning him my Thanks for the Favours already received, and am only ſorry that I can't let the World know to whom it and I have been ſo much oblig'd.

Haſt thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I ſhall not long be after, but believe me,
Thou wert too cruel *Jaſper* 'gainſt thy ſelf,
In puniſhing the fault I could have pardon'd,
With ſo untimely Death; thou didſt not wrong me,
But ever wer't moſt kind, moſt true, moſt loving;
And I the moſt unkind, moſt falſe, moſt cruel.
Didſt thou but ask a Tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my Eyes can pour down, (61) all my Sighs,
And all my ſelf, before thou goeſt from me,
Theſe are but ſparing Rites; but if thy Soul
Be yet about this Place, and can behold
And ſee what I prepare to deck thee with,
It ſhall go up, born on the Wings of Peace,
And ſatisfy'd: Firſt will I ſing thy Dirge,
Then kiſs thy pale Lips, and then die my ſelf,
And fill one Coffin, and one Grave together.

SONG.

Come you whoſe Loves are dead,
And whilſt I ſing,
Weep and wring
Every Hand, and every Head
Bind with Cypreſs and ſad Ewe;
Ribbands black and Candles blue,
For him that was of Men moſt true.

Come (62) *with heavy Moaning,*
And on his Grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of Sighs and Groaning,
Let him have fair Flowers enow,
White and Purple, Green and Yellow,
For him that was of Men moſt true.

(61) —*all my Sighs,*
All my ſelf,——] The reſtoring of the Metre by the addition of *and*, is owing to the Quarto of the oldeſt Date.

(62) ——*with heavy Mourning,*] The Word which ought to be here, was with little difficulty corrupted into that, which for a long time has poſſeſs'd its right; the Ear alone is the Judge what is the true Rhyme to *Groaning*, and when that is conſulted, Mr. *Theobald*'s and my reading will eaſily find admittance into the preſent Text.

Thou

Thou sable Cloth, sad Cover of my Joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with Death. [Heav'n!
Jasp. And thus you meet the Living. *Luce.* Save me
Jasp. Nay, do not flye me, Fair, I am no Spirit;
Look better on me, do you know me yet?
Luce. O thou dear Shadow of my Friend.
Jasp. Dear Substance,
I swear I am no Shadow; feel my Hand,
It is the same it was, I am your *Jasper*,
Your *Jasper* that's yet living, and yet loving;
Pardon my rash Attempt, my foolish Proof
I put in practice of your Constancy.
For sooner should my Sword have drunk my Blood,
And set my Soul at Liberty, than drawn
The least Drop from that Body, for which Boldness
Doom me to any thing; if Death, I take it
And willingly. *Luce.* This Death I'll give you for it:
So, now I'm satisfy'd; you are no Spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest Friend,
Why do you come thus to me?
Jasp. First, to see you,
Then to convey you hence.
Luce. It cannot be,
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all Hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.
Jasp. Nothing more possible, within this Coffin
Do you convey your self; let me alone,
I have the Wits of twenty Men about me,
Only I crave the Shelter of your Closet
A little, and then fear me not; creep in
That they may presently convey you hence:
Fear nothing dearest Love, I'll be your second,
Lye close, so, all goes well yet; Boy.
Boy. At hand, Sir.
Jasp. Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.
Boy. 'Tis done already.
Jasp. Now must I go conjure. [*Exit.*

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, Boy.

Boy.

Boy. Your Servant, Sir.

Merch. Do me this Kindneſs, Boy; hold here's a Crown: before thou bury the Body of this Fellow, carry it to his old merry Father, and ſalute him from me, and bid him ſing, he hath Cauſe.

Boy. I will, Sir.

Merch. And then bring me Word what Tune he is in, And have another Crown; but do it truly.
I've fitted him a Bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God bleſs your Worſhip's Health, Sir.

Merch. Farewel, Boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maſter Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there again? Let's hear ſome of thy Songs.

Old Mer. *Who can ſing a merrier Note*
Than he that cannot change a Groat?

(63) Not a Denier left, and yet my Heart leaps; I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any Man will follow a Trade, or ſerve, that may ſing and laugh, and walk the Streets: My Wife and both my Sons are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by Meat to Supper, yet am I merry ſtill; for I know I ſhall find it upon the Table at ſix a Clock; therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Servingman
To carry the Cloak-Bag ſtill,
Nor would I be a Faulconer
The greedy Hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good Houſe,
And have a good Maſter too;
But I would eat and drink of the beſt,
And no Work would I do.

This is it that keeps Life and Soul together, Mirth: This is the Philoſophers Stone that they write ſo much on, that keeps a Man ever young.

(63) *Not a Dinner left,*—] The Word *Denier* appear'd plainly to be the original reading here, and I was confirm'd in my Conjecture by the Edition of 1613.

Enter

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they ſay they know all your Mony is gone, and they will truſt you for no more Drink.

Old Mer. Will they not? Let 'em chuſe: The beſt is I have Mirth at home, and need not ſend abroad for that; let them keep their Drink to themſelves.

For Jillian *of* Berry, *ſhe dwells on a Hill,*
And ſhe hath good Beer and Ale to ſell,
And of good Fellows ſhe thinks no Ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now, and thither
Will we go now.
And when you have made a little ſtay,
You need not know what is to pay,
But kiſs your Hoſteſs, and go your way. And thither, &c.

Enter another Boy.

2 *Boy.* Sir, I can get no Bread for Supper.

Old Mer. Hang Bread and Supper, let's preſerve our Mirth, and we ſhall never feel Hunger, I'll warrant you; let's have a Catch, Boy follow me, come ſing this Catch,

Ho, ho, no Body at home,
Meat, nor Drink, nor Mony ha we none;
Fill the Pot Eedy,
Never more need I.

Old Mer. So Boys, enough, follow me, let's change our Place, and we ſhall laugh afreſh. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Let him go, *George*, a ſhall not have any Countenance from us, not a good Word from any i'th' Company, if I may ſtrike Stroak in't.

Cit. No more a ſhannot, Love; but *Nell*, I will have *Ralph* do a very notable Matter now, to the eternal Honour and Glory of all Grocers; Sirrah, you there, Boy, can none of you hear?

Boy. Sir, your Pleaſure.

Cit. Let *Ralph* come out on *May* Day in the Morning, and ſpeak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

Boy. Why, Sir, you do not think of our Plot, what will become of that then?

Cit.

Cit. Why, Sir, I care not what become on't. I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out my ſelf, I'll have ſomething done in Honour of the City; beſides he hath been long enough upon Adventures; bring him out quickly, for I come amongſt you ——

Boy. Well, Sir, he ſhall come out, but if our Play miſcarry, Sir, you are like to pay for't. [*Exit.*

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave i'faith: *George*, ſhall not he dance the Morrice too for the Credit of the *Strand?*

Cit. No, Sweet-heart, it will be too much for the Boy. O there he is, *Nell*, he's reaſonable well in Reparel, but he has not Rings enough.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. London, *to thee I do preſent the merry Month of* May,
Let each true Subject be content to hear me what I ſay:
For from the Top of Conduit Head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my Name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My Name is Ralph, *by due deſcent, though not ignoble I,*
Yet far inferior to the Flock of gracious Grocery.
And by the Common-counſel of my Fellows in the Strand,
With gilded Staff, and croſſed Scarf, the May-*Lord here I ſtand.*
Rejoyce O Engliſh *Hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce O Lovers dear;*
Rejoyce O City, Town, and Country, rejoyce eke every Shire;
For now the flagrant Flowers do ſpring and ſprout in ſemely ſort,
The little Birds do ſit and Sing, the Lambs do make fine ſport, [*Boy cry,*
And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the School
The Morrice rings while Hobby Horſe doth foot it featuouſly:
The Lords and Ladies now abroad, for their Diſport and Play,
Do Kiſs ſometimes upon the Graſs, and ſometimes in the Hay.
Now Butter with a leaf of Sage is good to purge the Blood,
Fly Venus *and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.*

Now

Now little Fish on tender Stone begin to cast their Bellies,
And sluggish Snail, (64) *that erst were mew'd, do creep out of their Shellies.*
The rumbling Rivers now do warm, for little Boys to paddle,
The sturdy Steed now goes to Grass, and up they hang his Saddle.
The heavy Hart, (65) *the blowing Buck, the Rascal and the Pricket,* [*Thicket.*
Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leave the fearful
And be like them, O you, I say, of this same noble Town,
And lift aloft your velvet Heads, and slipping of your Gown,
With Bells on Legs, and Napkins clean unto your Shoulders ty'd, [*cry'd:*
With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town
March out and shew your willing Minds, by twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon, *or to* Newington, *where Ale and Cakes are plenty.*
And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the Youths of London,
Lay thruming of our Caps at home, and left our Custom undone.
Up then I say, both Young and Old, both Man and Maid a Maying,
With Drums and Guns that bounce aloud, and merry Tabor playing.
Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Country Peace,
And root out Treason from the Land; and so, my Friends, I cease.

(64) —*that erst were mute,*—] But are Snails ever the more noisy out of, than in their Shells? If they are not, then *mute* is a reading very impertinent and ridiculous. I have ventured to alter *mute* into the old Word *mew'd*, i. e. *shut up, confin'd to*, &c. and I hope the learned Reader will allow of my Correction.

(65) —*the blowing Buck,*----] The Quarto reads *bellowing*. The Judicious are left to their Choice.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant ſolus.

Merch. I Will have no great ſtore of Company at the Wedding, a couple of Neighbours and their Wives, and we will have a Capon in ſtewed Broth, with Marrow, and a good piece of Beef, ſtuck with Roſemary.

Enter Jaſper *with his Face mealed.*

Jaſp. Forbear thy pains, fond Man, it is too late.
Merch. Heav'n bleſs me: *Jaſper?*
Jaſp. Ay, I am his Ghoſt,
Whom thou haſt injur'd for his conſtant Love:
Fond worldly Wretch, who doſt not underſtand
In Death that true Hearts cannot parted be.
Firſt know, thy Daughter is quite born away,
On Wings of Angels, through the liquid Air
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her Face: But ſhe and I
Will in another World enjoy our Loves,
Where neither Father's Anger, Poverty,
Nor any Croſs that troubles earthly Men,
Shall make us ſever our united Hearts.
And never ſhalt thou ſit, or be alone
In any place, but I will viſit thee
With gaſtly Looks, and put into thy Mind
The great Offences which thou didſt to me.
When thou art at thy Table with thy Friends,
Merry in Heart, and fill'd with ſwelling Wine,
I'll come in midſt of all thy Pride and Mirth,
Inviſible to all Men but thy ſelf,
And whiſper ſuch a ſad Tale in thine Ear,
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy Hand,
And ſtand as mute and pale as Death it ſelf.

Merch.

Merch. Forgive me, *Jaſper*; Oh! What might I do,
Tell me, to ſatisfie thy troubled Ghoſt?

Jaſp. There is no means, too late thou think'ſt on this.

Merch. But tell me what were beſt for me to do?

Jaſp. Repent thy Deed, and ſatisfie my Father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy Doors. [*Exit* Jaſper.

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look *George*, his very Ghoſt would have folks beaten.

Humph. Father, my Bride is gone, fair Miſtreſs *Luce*.
My Soul's the font of Vengeance, miſchief's Sluce. [ſion,

Merch. Hence Fool out of my ſight, with thy fond Paſ-
Thou haſt undone me.

Humph. Hold my Father dear.
For *Luce* thy Daughter's ſake, that had no Peer.

Merch. Thy Father, Fool? There's ſome blows more, be gone. [*Beats him.*

Jaſper, I hope thy Ghoſt be well appeaſed
To ſee thy Will perform'd; now will I go
To ſatisfie thy Father for thy Wrongs. [*Exit.*

Humph. What ſhall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And Miſtreſs *Luce* is gone? Help me Device:
Since my True-love is gone, I never more,
Whilſt I do live, upon the Sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my Shoo-ſoles
In paſſion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Paul*'s. [*Exit.*

Wife. George call *Ralph* hither, if you love me call *Ralph* hither, I have the braveſt thing for him to do *George*, prithee call him quickly.

Cit. Ralph, why *Ralph*, Boy.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here, Sir.

Cit. Come hither *Ralph*, come to thy Miſtreſs, Boy.

Wife. Ralph I would have thee call all the Youths together in Battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and Flags, and march to *Mile-end* in pompous Faſhion, and there exhort your Soldiers to be merry and wiſe, and to keep their Beards from burning, *Ralph*; and then skirmiſh,

and

and let your Flags fly, and cry, kill, kill, kill: My Husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Ralph*, and there's a Scarfe; for the rest, the House shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't: do it bravely *Ralph*, and think before whom you perform, and what Person you represent.

Ralph. I warrant you Mistress, if I do it not, for the honour of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me never hope for freedom.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken i'faith: go thy ways, thou art a Spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, double your Files bravely *Ralph.*

Ralph. I warrant you, Sir. [*Exit* Ralph.

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his Service, I shall take him else; I was there my self a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the Day, Wench, had my Feather shot shear away, the fringe of my Pike burnt off with Powder, my Pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet I thank God I am here. [*Drum within.*

Wife. Hark, *George*, the Drums.

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran tan: Oh Wench an thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of *Aldgate*, drum-*Ned*, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a Tyrant, and then struck softly till the Ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go: Sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the Guns; courage my Hearts, quoth the Captains: Saint *George*, quoth the Pike-men; and withal here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am here Wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph *and his Company with Drums and Colours.*

Ralph. March fair my Hearts; Lieutenant, beat the Rear up: Ancient, let your Colous fly; but have a great care of the Butchers Hooks at *White-Chapel*, they have been the Death of many a fair Ancient. Open your Files, that I may take a view both of your Persons and Munition: Serjeant, call a Muster.

Serj. A stand, *William Hamerton* Pewterer.

Ham. Here Captain.

Ralph. A Crosset and a *Spanish* Pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a Terror? *Ham.*

Ham. I hope ſo, Captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me.—'Tis with the weakeſt: Put more ſtrength *William Hamerton*, more ſtrength: As you were again; proceed Serjeant.

Serj. George Green-gooſe, Poulterer.

Green. Here.

Ralph. Let me ſee your Peice Neighbour *Green-gooſe*, when was ſhe ſhot in?

Green. And like you Maſter Captain, I made a ſhot even now, partly to ſcour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It ſhould ſeem ſo certainly, for her Breath is yet inflamed: Beſides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and ſtinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten ſuch touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army; Get you a Feather, Neighbour, get you a Feather, Sweet Oil and Paper, and your Peice may do well enough yet. Where's your Powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a Paper? As I am a Soldier and a Gentleman, it craves a Martial Court: You ought to die for't. Where's your Horn? Anſwer me to that.

Green. An't like you Sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it ſhould be ſo; 'tis a ſhame for you, and a ſcandal to all our Neighbours, being a Man of Worth and Eſtimation, to leave your Horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; ſtand till I view you all. What's become o'th' Noſe of your Flask?

1 *Sold.* Indeed law Captain, 'twas blown away with Powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the Cities Charge. Where's the Stone of this Peice?

2 *Sold.* The Drummer took it out to light Tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault my Friend, put it in again: You want a Noſe, and you a Stone; Serjeant, take a Note on't, for I mean to ſtop it in their Pay. Remove and march, ſoft and fair Gentlemen; ſoft and fair: (66) double

(66) —*double and files*;—] I have corrected this Place from the firſt Quarto.

your files; as you were; faces about. Now you with the ſodden Face, keep in there: Look to your Match Sirrah, it will be in your Fellows Flask anon. So make a Creſcent now, advance your Pikes, ſtand and give ear, Gentlemen, Country-men, Friends, and my fellow-Soldiers, I have brought you this Day from the Shop of Security, and the Counters of Content, to meaſure out in theſe furious Fields, Honour by the Ell, and Proweſs by the Pound: Let it not, O let it not, I ſay, be told hereafter, the noble Iſſue of this City fainted; but bear your ſelves in this fair action, like Men, valiant Men, and free Men: Fear not the Face of the Enemy, nor the noiſe of the Guns; for believe me Brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewer's Carr is more terrible, of which you have a daily Experience: Neither let the ſtink of Powder offend you, ſince a more valiant ſtink is nightly with you. To a reſolved mind, his home is every where: I ſpeak not this to take away the hope of your return; for you ſhall ſee (I do not doubt it) and that very ſhortly, your loving Wives again, and your ſweet Children, whoſe care doth bear you company in Baskets. Remember then whoſe Cauſe you have in hand, and like a ſort of true-born Scavengers, ſcour me this famous Realm of Enemies. I have no more to ſay but this: Stand to your tacklings Lads, and ſhew to the World, you can as well brandiſh a Sword, as ſhake an Apron. Saint *George*, and on my Hearts.

Omnes. Saint *George*, Saint *George*. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done *Ralph*, I'll ſend thee a cold Capon a field, and a Bottle of *March* Beer; and, it may be, come my ſelf to ſee thee.

Cit. Nell, the Boy hath deceiv'd me much, I did not think it had been in him? He has perform'd ſuch a matter Wench, that if I live, next Year I'll have him Captain of the *Gallifoiſt*, or I'll want my Will.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Yet I thank God, I break not a Wrinkle more than I had, not a ſtoop Boys? *Care* live with Cats,

I

I defie thee, my Heart is as ſound as an Oak; and tho' I want Drink to wet my whiſtle, I can ſing.

Come no more there Boys, come no more there:
For we ſhall never whilſt we live, come any more there.

Enter a Boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God ſave you Sir.

Old Mer. It's a brave Boy: Can'ſt thou ſing? [time.

Boy. Yes Sir, I can ſing, but 'tis not ſo neceſſary at this

Old Mer. *Sing we, and chaunt it,*
Whilſt love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little liſt to ſing.

Old Mer. *Oh the Mimon round,*
Full long I have thee ſought,
And now I have thee found,
And what haſt thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin, Sir, and your dead Son *Jaſper* in it.

Old Mer. Dead? *Why farewel he:*
Thou waſt a bonny Boy,
And I did love thee.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. Then I pray you Sir, do ſo ſtill.

Old Mer. *Jaſper*'s Ghoſt?
Thou art welcome from Stygian-lake *ſo ſoon,*
Declare to me what wondrous things
In Pluto's *Court are done.*

Jaſp. By my troth Sir, I ne'er came there, 'tis too hot for me Sir.

Old Mer. A merry Ghoſt, a very merry Ghoſt.
And where is your true Love? Oh where is yours?

Jaſp. Marry look you Sir. [*Heaves up the Coffin.*

Old Mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that I'faith?
With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin,
The World it runs on Wheels.
When the young Man's ———
Up goes the Maiden's Heels.

Miſtreſs Merry-thought *and* Michael *within.*

Miſt. Mer. What Mr. *Merry-thought*, will you not let's in? What do you think ſhall become of us?

Old Mer. What Voice is that that calleth at our Door?

Miſt. Mer. You know me well enough, I am ſure I have not been ſuch a Stranger to you.

Old Mer. *And ſome they whiſtled, and ſome they ſung,*
Hey down, down:
And ſome did loudly ſay,
Ever as the Lord Barnet*'s Horn blew,*
Away Muſgrave *away.*

Miſt. Mer. You will not have us ſtarve here, will you, Maſter *Merry-thought?*

Jaſp. Nay, good Sir be perſwaded, ſhe is my Mother: If her offences have been great againſt you, let your own Love remember ſhe is yours, and ſo forgive her.

Luce. Good Maſter *Merry-thought*, let me intreat you, I will not be denied.

Miſt. Mer. Why Maſter *Merry-thought*, will you be a vext thing ſtill?

Old Mer. Woman I take you to my love again, but you ſhall ſing before you enter; therefore diſpatch your Song, and ſo come in.

Miſt. Mer. Well, you muſt have your Will when all's done; *Michael*, what Song can'ſt thou ſing, Boy?

Mich. I can ſing none forſooth, but a *Lady's Daughter of* Paris properly.

Mich. Mer. Song.] *It was a Lady's Daughter*, &c.

Old Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.
If ſuch danger be in playing,
And jeſt muſt to earneſt turn,
You ſhall go no more a Maying ——

Merch. within.] Are you within, Sir, Maſter *Merry-thought?*

Jaſp. It is my Maſter's Voice, good Sir, go hold him in talk whilſt we convey ourſelves into ſome inward Room.

Old Mer. What are you? are you merry? you muſt be very merry if you enter.

Merch.

Merch. I am, Sir.

Old Mer. Sing then.

Merch. Nay, good Sir open to me.

Old Mer. Sing, I ſay, or by the merry Heart you come not in.

Merch. Well, Sir, I'll ſing.

Fortune my Foe, &c.

Old Mer. You are welcome, Sir, you are welcome: you ſee your Entertainment, pray you be merry.

Merch. Oh Maſter *Merry-thought*, I'm come to ask you
Forgiveneſs for the wrongs I offered you,
And your moſt virtuous Son, they're infinite,
Yet my contrition ſhall be more than they.
I do confeſs my hardneſs broke his Heart,
For which juſt Heav'n hath given me Puniſhment
More than my Age can carry; his wandring Spright,
Not yet at reſt, purſues me every where,
Crying, I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.
My Daughter ſhe is gone, I know not how,
Taken inviſible, and whether living,
Or in Grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh Maſter *Merry-thought*, theſe are the Weights
Will ſink me to my Grave; forgive me, Sir.

Old Mer. Why Sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.
And if the Wag in's Life-time play'd the Knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Merch. With all my Heart, Sir.

Old Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Merch. I do, Sir.
Now by my Soul I do.

Old Mer. *With that came out his Paramour,*
She was as white as the Lilly Flower,
Hey troul, troly loly.

Enter Luce *and* Jaſper.

With that came out her own dear Knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.
Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their Hands together, there's no more to be ſaid i'th' matter.

Merch. I do, I do.

Cit.

Cit. I do not like this; peace, Boys, hear me one of you, every Body's part is come to an end but *Ralph*'s, and he's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of your ſelf, Sir, we have nothing to do with his part.

Cit. Ralph, come away, make on him as you have done of the reſt Boys, come.

Wife. Now good Husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He ſhall *Nell*; *Ralph*, come away quickly and die, Boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he ſhould die, Sir, upon no occaſion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that, Sir Boy, is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? come away *Ralph.*

Enter Ralph *with a forked Arrow through his Head.*

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my coſtive Corps
Did lap up Figs and Raiſons in the *Strand*,
Where ſitting I eſpy'd a lovely Dame,
Whoſe Maſter wrought with Lingell and with Aul,
And underground he vamped many a Boot,
Straight did her Love prick forth me, tender Sprig,
To follow feats of Arms in warlike wiſe,
Through *Waltham* Deſart; where I did perform
Many Atchievements, and did lay on Ground
Huge *Barbaroſo*, that inſulting Giant,
And all his (67) Captives ſoon ſet at liberty.
Then Honour prick'd me from my Native Soil
Into *Moldavia*, where I gain'd the Love
Of *Pompiana*, his beloved Daughter;
But yet prov'd conſtant to the black Thumm'd Maid
Suſan, and ſcorned *Pompiana*'s Love:
Yet liberal I was, and gave her Pins,
And Mony for her Father's Officers.
I then returned home, and thruſt my ſelf

(67) —— *Captives ſoon ſet at liberty.*] The Quantity loudly reclaims againſt *ſoon*; and I wiſh the old Copies had not retain'd it, for the Senſe would not be a whit the worſe, and the Metre a deal the better by leaving it out.

In

In action, (68) and by all Men chosen was
The Lord of *May*, where I did flourish it,
With Scarfs and Rings, and Posie in my Hand:
After this Action I preferred was,
And chosen City-Captain at *Mile-end*,
With Hat and Feather, and with leading Staff,
And train'd my Men, and brought them all off clean,
Save one Man that beraid him with the noise.
But all these things I *Ralph* did undertake,
Only for my beloved *Susan*'s sake.
Then coming home, and sitting in my Shop
With Apron blue, Death came unto my Stall
To cheapen *Aquavitæ*, but e'er I
Could take the Bottle down, and fill a taste,
(69) Death caught a Pound of Pepper in his Hand,
And sprinkled all my Face and Body o'er,
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty Fiction i'faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walked in *Moorfields* to cool my self,
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And shot his forked Arrow through my Head,
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
My Fellows every one, of forked Heads.
Farewel all you good Boys in merry *London*,

(68) —*by all means chosen was*
—*Poesie in my Hand:*] The reading of *Men* for *means* was what I wish'd the Poets had wrote, and upon Examination I found the oldest Quarto retain that Lection. *Posie* might easily be chang'd to *Poesie*, tho' they are as different things as one can well imagine.

(69) *Death came and caught*—] What an idle Repetition have we here palm'd upon us? Compare this with the third Line above, and 'twill be plain that such Tautology is too rank to have any Pretence for standing in this Place.

— Death came unto my Stall
To cheapen Aquavitæ, *but e'er I*
Cou'd take the Bottle down———

Death came and *caught*, &c. Death's once coming was surely enough, and when he was (as 'tis plain he was) in *Ralph*'s Shop, what occasion for coming again. Thus I reason'd with myself, for leaving these two Words out of this Edition, and to my great Satisfaction found I had not reckon'd without my Host, but that they were really wanting in the Quarto of 1613.

Ne'er

Ne'er ſhall we more upon *Shrove-Tueſday* meet,
And pluck down Houſes of Iniquity.
My pain increaſeth: I ſhall never more
Hold open, whilſt another pumps both Legs,
Nor daub a Sattin Gown with rotten Eggs:
Set up a Stake, oh never more I ſhall;
I die, fly, fly my Soul to Grocers Hall. Oh, oh, oh, *&c.*

Wife. Well ſaid, *Ralph*, do your obeyſance to the Gentlemen, and go your ways, well ſaid *Ralph.* [*Exit* Ralph.

Old Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, ſhould not part without a Song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old Mer. Strike up then.

SONG.

Better Muſick ne'er was known,
Than a Quire of Hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the Gall or Spleen,
Learn of us to keep his Brow
Smooth and plain, as yours are now.
Sing though before the hour of dying,
He ſhall riſe, and then be crying
Heyho, 'tis nought but Mirth
That keeps the Body from the Earth.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUS.

Cit. Come *Nell*, ſhall we go, the Play's done?

Wife. Nay, by my Faith *George*, I have more manners than ſo, I'll ſpeak to theſe Gentlemen firſt: I thank you all Gentlemen, for your Patience and Countenance to *Ralph*, a poor Fatherleſs Child, and if I may ſee you at my Houſe, it ſhould go hard but I would have a Pottle of Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco for you; for truly I hope you like the Youth, but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own Diſcretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will wink, and whilſt you ſhall do what you will. I thank you with all my Heart, God give you good Night; come *George.*

The End of the Sixth Volume.

ADDENDA

To the SIXTH VOLUME.

By Mr. *SYMPSON.*

PAGE 10, Note 4. Mr. *Warburton* I hope will pardon me, if after him I endeavour to correct a Paſſage in *Cymbeline* from this Line in our Authors, Act 4. Scene 5.

Bel. *O Melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ——— *find*
The Ooze to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh Care
Might eaſieſt harbour in.

This Reading our great Critic judiciouſly rejects, and gives the Paſſage thus,

——— *thy ſluggiſh* Carrack,

Which certainly continues and compleats the Metaphor, but we may yet come much nearer the Traces of the Letters, by reading thus,

— *what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh* Crare
Might eaſieſt harbour in.

Page 205, Note 13. Since the drawing up of this Note the following Reading has occurr'd to me, which ſeemingly bids fair for reſtoring this Paſſage to that Clearneſs and good Senſe which originally ſhone through it,

——— *can do nothing*,
Imagination — bleſs us *who's that lies there?*

'Tis natural to ſuppoſe that the Sight of *Merione*, lying like a dead Woman before the Door, tho' the Prince, at the firſt View of her, did not know who ſhe was, wou'd interrupt his rapturous Diſcourſe, and cauſe him to expreſs his Surpriſe in the Words above,

——— *bleſs us*, &c.

If the Reader ſhou'd not like this, or either of the former Conjectures, yet he muſt own we have endeavour'd after Senſe, tho' we have been ſo unſucceſsful as not to have found it.

ERRATA.

Page 11, Note 5, Line 8, after *towards one* add *that he has offer'd*
34, Note 28. Line ult. for *ſubſidere* read *ſubridere*
113, Note 7, Line 2, for *appear* read *appears*
132, Note 14, Line 3, after *Authors* add *or their Editors*
139, in Note for 30*th* read 32*d*
155, for *Enter Diocles* read *Dioclesian*
174, Note (c) Line 8, after *Piperis* read *all*
—— 9, for *Regis* read *Reyis*
199, Line 22, for *to* read *unto*
226, Note 25, Line 1, for *deſigns me* read *deſigns to me*
229, Note 29, Line 1, for *receiv'd* read *recover'd*
233, Line 29, for *How* read *Whom how*
—— Note 33, Line 1, for *Whom I have* read *Whom how I*
275, Note 4, Line ult. for *inſerere* read *inurere*
280, Note 10, Line 4, for *if we ſhou'd read and the Poets wrote* read *if we ſhou'd not read and the Poets have wrote*
297, Note 21, Line 4, for *Will you ſee* read *Will you but ſee*
344, Note 57, Line 2, for *uniting* read *writing*
373, Note 16, Line 4, for *Sir Giants and Ettins* read *for Giants and Ettins or Etens*
404, Note 42, Line 2, for *bear* read *here*
410, Note 52, Line 2, for *pointed* read *handed*
423, Note 60, Line 4, for *Merryweathers* read *Merrythoughts*

FINIS.

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